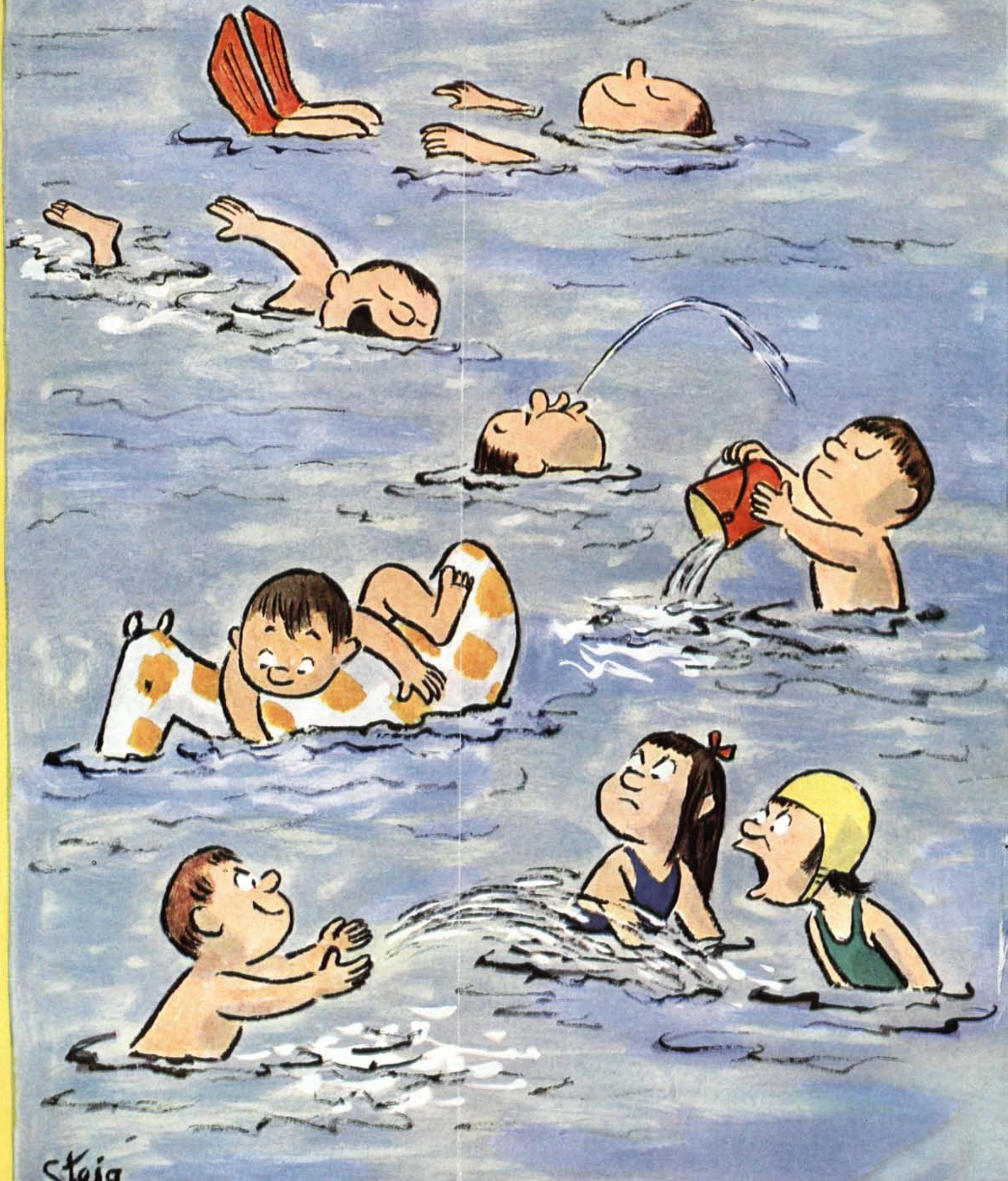
★ July 13, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



"My beer is Rheingold —the Dry beer!"
says MARGIE McNALLY
MISS RHEINGOLD 1957

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

It's beer as beer should taste!

Always refreshing – never filling

It takes the pleasant dryness of Rheingold Extra Dry to bring out the clean, clear, *real-beer* taste that's never sweet, never bitter—never duplicated. And this distinctive *real-beer* taste has made Rheingold the largest-selling beer in New York.

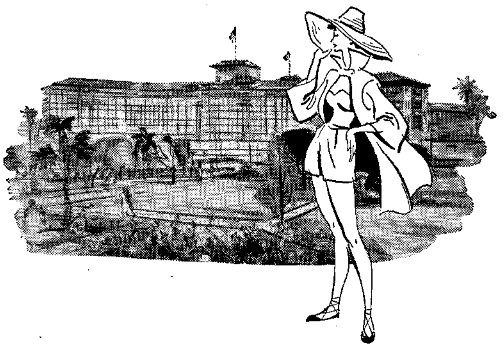
BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 120 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.

Copr. 1957, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

"BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A *Distinguished* HOTEL"

NEW YORK
The Commodore
Hotel Roosevelt ✻
BOSTON
Parker House
Somerset & Kenmore ✻
ATLANTIC CITY
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
BALTIMORE
Lord Baltimore
WASHINGTON
The Mayflower ✻
PITTSBURGH
Carlton House
CLEVELAND
Hotel Cleveland ✻
CHICAGO
The Drake
Edgewater Beach Hotel ✻
ST. LOUIS
Chase & Park Plaza
DALLAS
The Adolphus
OKLAHOMA CITY
The Skirvin
SALT LAKE CITY
Hotel Utah
SAN FRANCISCO
The Mark Hopkins
LOS ANGELES
The Ambassador
MEXICO CITY
Hotel Del Prado

Wherever you travel in North America, keep your eyes peeled for a Distinguished Hotel, last stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality and personalized innkeeping. If you get that marooned feeling in today's mass-produced impersonal hotel settings, give yourself a treat and seek out these independently managed, hostelries where friendly, individual service is a proud tradition.



The Distinguished Hotel in LOS ANGELES

The AMBASSADOR

Quite a number of Distinguished Hotels have their own swimming pools including the one at the famed Ambassador in Los Angeles.

dh
Distinguished
HOTELS
WARNER REPRESENTED

Instant Reservation Service *FREE RESERVATION SERVICE THROUGH ANY OF THESE HOTELS OR:*
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC. Service Offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Miami, Toronto and London, England, or GLEN W. FAWCETT, INC. Offices in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle.

✻—Hotel Corporation of America Cooperating With Distinguished Hotels

*WRITE FOR FOLDER: EXECUTIVE OFFICES, **DISTINGUISHED HOTELS** • 17 E. 45th ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • MURRAY HILL 2-4300*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MATINEE TODAY
AL FABRY

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, which he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is cast as a remarkably engaging bum in Arnold Schulman's not very credible comedy about the twin problems of operating a bankrupt hotel and bringing up a little boy. David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White also appear in it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—Bert Lahr is superb in this frantic and generally uproarious farce that Peter Glenville has adapted from Georges Feydeau's and Maurice Desvallieres's French original. The excellent supporting cast includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, and Douglas Byng, and Osbert Lancaster designed the highly ingenious sets. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Geraldine Page are in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 13, for seven weeks.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the cast, which includes Tom Ewell, is estimable. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is abetted by Edward Andrews (who has replaced Eddie Mayehoff), as an overstuffed Pentagon general. Philip Coolidge, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—no time for sergeants: All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy has lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 82
THE CURRENT CINEMA 45
LETTER FROM LONDON 46
MUSICAL EVENTS:
JAZZ RECORDS 77
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
MARKETS AND MENUS 51
THE RACE TRACK 71
THE WAYWARD PRESS 73

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Now with Devra Korwin, Stephen Douglass, and Howard Caine. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Susan Johnson, and Jack Irwin head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins (except on Saturdays, when Edward Mulhare takes over the role) and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Recital Hall—Haila Stoddard and Whitfield Connor in J. B. Priestley's "Ever Since Paradise." Opens Thursday, July 11. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 7-7460. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

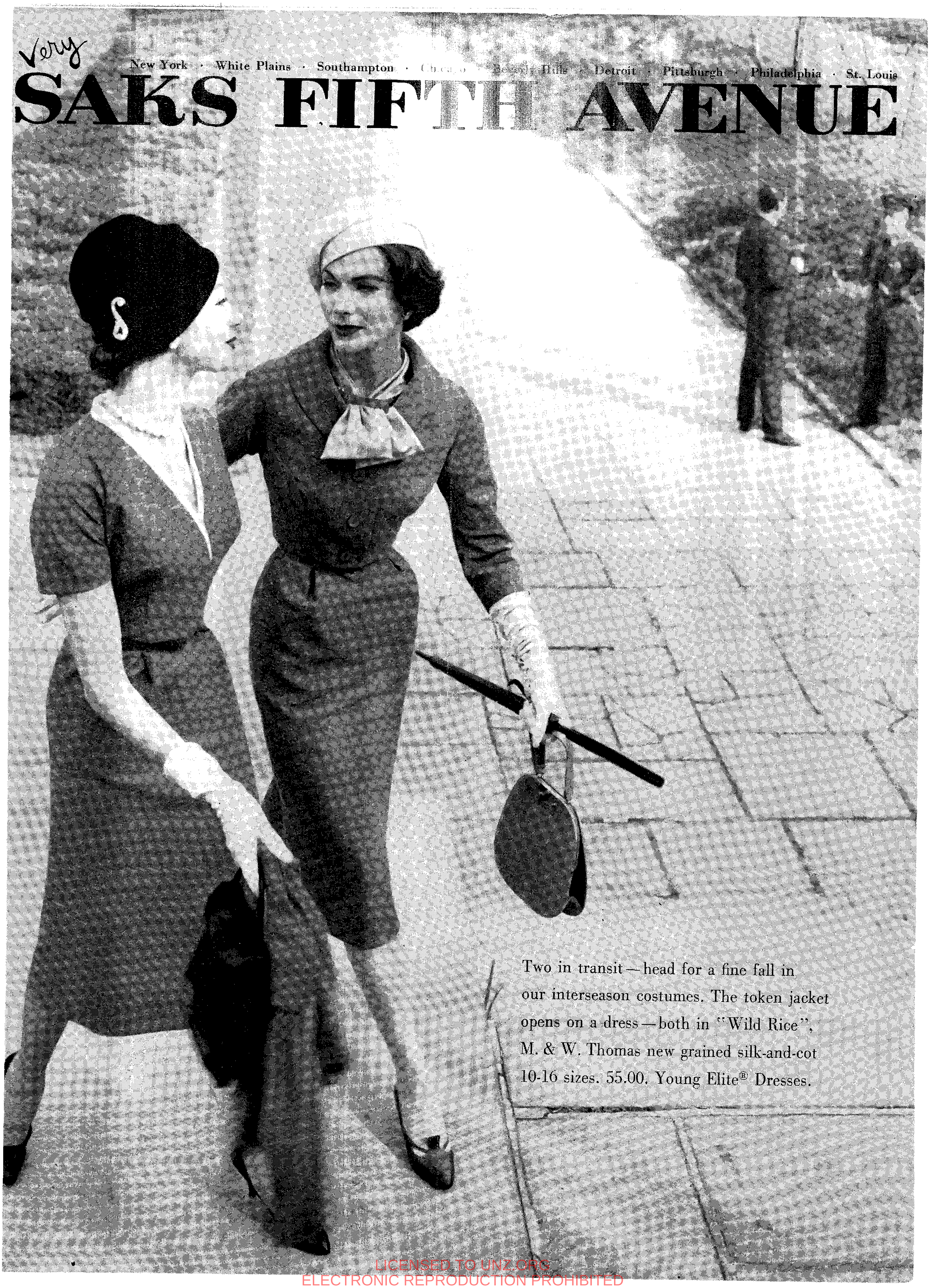
Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 21, July 13, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

Very

New York · White Plains · Southampton · Chicago · Beverly Hills · Detroit · Pittsburgh · Philadelphia · St. Louis

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



Two in transit—head for a fine fall in our interseason costumes. The token jacket opens on a dress—both in "Wild Rice", M. & W. Thomas new grained silk-and-cot 10-16 sizes. 55.00. Young Elite® Dresses.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Farquhar's eighteenth-century comedy "The Beaux' Stratagem": Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30; and Sundays at 2:40. . . . ¶ Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days": Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Pert Kelton. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—A musical revue with Cab Calloway's Orchestra and a number of singers and dancers. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:45.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 13: Marilyn Maxwell in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Robert Preston in "Inherit the Wind." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 13: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Sunday, July 14: "Witness for the Prosecution." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "Janus." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 13: "South Pacific." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: "Pipe Dream." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 15: "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Wednesday through Monday, July 17-22: "The Desk Set." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 13: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30. A free performance of "Our Town" will be presented by the American Theatre Wing Summer Workshop on Thursday, July 11, at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 13: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 13: Walter Slezak in "My 3 Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 14: "Witness for the Prosecution." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "The Desk Set." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, July 14: "Bus Stop." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "The Royal Family." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 13: "The Pajama Game." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: "The Boy Friend." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Sunday, July 14: Lillian Roth in "The Primrose Path." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: George Jessel in "Show Time," a new revue. (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sunday, July 14, at 6 and 9.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 13: "Naughty Marietta." Wednesday through Saturday, July 17-20: "The Barber of Seville." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 14: "Oklahoma!" Starting Tuesday, July 16: "Plain and Fancy." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 14: "Uncle Willie." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "Plain and Fancy." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 13: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Pajama Game." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten week repertory. Through Saturday, July 13: "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: "Iolanthe." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 13: Kim Hunter in "A Hatful of Rain." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Ruth Hussey in "The Desk Set." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 14: "The Reluctant Debutante." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "The Desperate Hours." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 20: Jack Cassidy in "The Mistress of the Inn," a new musical. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 13: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Nancy Walker in "The Desk Set." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 14: Ethel Smith in "The Desk Set." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "Witness for the Prosecution." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 13: "A Roomful of Roses." Starting Wednesday, July 17: "Craig's Wife." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, July 14: "Guys and Dolls." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "Brigadoon." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15.)

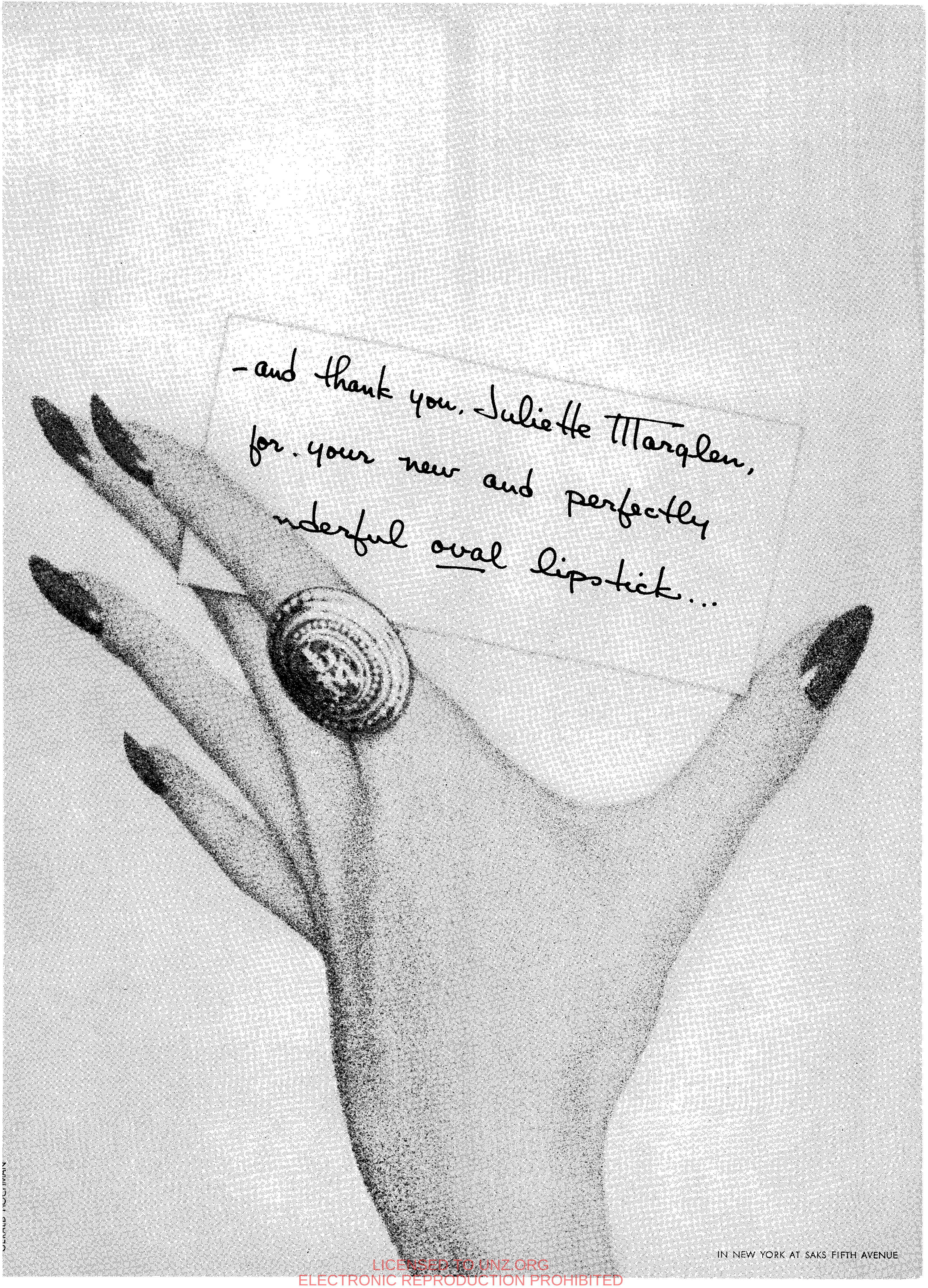
Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 13: Luther Adler in "A View from the Bridge." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: "Brigadoon." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 13: "The Loud Red Patrick." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 13: "Charm." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: "The Great Sebastians." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday evening, July 11; Saturday evening, July 13; Wednesday evening, July 17; Friday evening, July 19; and Saturday matinée, July 20. . . . ¶ "Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Friday evening, July 12; Saturday and Sunday matinées, July 13-14; Tuesday evening, July 16; Wednesday matinée, July 17; Thursday evening, July 18; and Saturday evening, July 20. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call CI 7-3975.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 13: Sam Levene in "Three Men on a Horse." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Constance Bennett in "Silk Stockings." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mon-



-and thank you, Juliette Marglen,
for your new and perfectly
nderful oval lipstick...

GERALD HOCHMAN

IN NEW YORK AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Through the steady downpour you're boring down the highway... eating up the miles to the steady flick-flick-flick of the windscreen wipers, thrilling to the round tiger-purr of the engine. As the curves go by, you never leave those tracks, never roll or sway. This is driving.

Suddenly you see him... backing out onto the highway. An immediate downshift to third, but you're going to need brakes... lots of brakes... and there's the difference; these are Girling disc-type brakes*. They laugh at rain and punishment... they respond every time, surely, effectively, constantly. And they're yours as standard equipment on the safe, exciting TR 3. Get the full story from your dealer now.

$2625. plus tax and license at U.S. ports of entry. (Slightly higher West Coast ports.) Wire wheels, hard-top, rear seat and overdrive optional extra

SPECIFICATIONS:
BRAKES: *Girling disc brakes on front wheels**
TOP SPEED: *110 MPH*
MILEAGE: *up to 35 MPG*
ENGINE: *4 cyl. (OHV) 1991 cc*
OUTPUT: *100 BHP*
ACCELERATION: *0-50 in 8 sec.*
MAINTENANCE:
Parts and service available coast to coast! Free Brochure and dealer list on request. Write now – for fun!

**A Triumph-plus ... as standard equipment.*

STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY, INC., Dept. N7 • 1745 Broadway, (at 56th St.), New York 19, N. Y.

Stops 'em every time!
TRIUMPH
TRIUMPH TR 3
only $2625

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

days through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, July 14: "Silk Stockings." Starting Tuesday, July 16: Bill Tabbert and Helena Scott in "Fanny." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 13: Ruth Chatterton and Arthur Treacher in "The Reluctant Debutante." Monday through Saturday, July 15-20: Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. Robert Frost will read from his own works, in the first in a series of four poetry readings, on Thursday, July 18, at 3:30. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 14: "The Reluctant Debutante." Tuesday through Sunday, July 16-21: "Desire Under the Elms." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting its twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 13: Eight soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet. Tuesday through Saturday, July 16-20: Erik Bruhn and Sonia Arova, Iva Kitchell, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which time Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings in their pet countinghouse. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which, in the circumstances, is probably supererogatory. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, an orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, who stays away Sundays, operates a guitar that conjures up heat waves in the tropics and castles in Spain.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, where Eddie Lane's summer-weight dance band is spinning summer-weight dance music, will wind up its current season on Saturday, July 13.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—High as the Alps in quality, partly because it's an Alp itself, and glass-enclosed. Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—People who like to be babes in the woods can play at it, on dry nights only, by sitting on the rim of the open-air terrace, which has dance music after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sarah Vaughan, one of the founding females of present-day jazz singing; Joe Williams, the cataclysmic blues man; and Count Basie and his crew, who have few equals in the field of rhythmic noise, will probably blast off on Saturday, July 13, from the Starlight Roof. On Tuesday, July 16, the new tenants will be the just-as-vehement band of Lionel Hampton, international playboy, as well as the tantalizing songs of the handsome little Diahann Carroll. As is the custom here, there will be dance music, too. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari concocts dance music from eight until one; Bela Babai's gypsy band takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The not-too-dizzying height known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can look down, if you have a window table, on everyone else. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

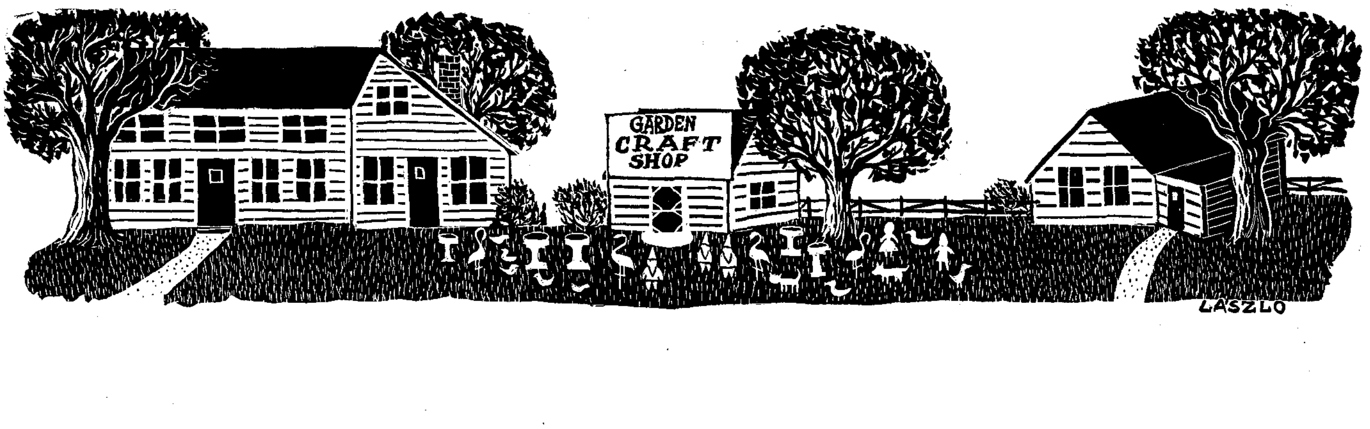
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A stylized Forest of Arden, evergreen and comfortable as can be, where Addison Bailey's sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Paul Morse subs for him Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern-style country fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument during the week; Fridays and Saturdays, Bill Taylor sits in for him. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Almost like being in Rome and dining as the Romans do. The strolling gypsies (Teo Fanidi is their ringleader) on the premises are a tidy lot, wholeheartedly devoted to the art of the violin rather than to fortune-telling. The music begins at seven and goes on until one, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The city's tiniest music room, which soothes urbane as well as savage breasts from cocktail time until cockcrow time. Sam Hamilton, of the *boîte* circuit, is the first pianist to report; Don Evans, of the show-business circuit, is the second. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of opulence, in the middle of which Fred Witmer plays mild piano at dinner and supper every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, which operate in the best tableside manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A cool, collected sanctuary in which Cy Walter imparts far more than the usual parlor magic to his polite but pungent piano. He performs from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A segment of life upon the not so very wicked stage. Events here, which are on the posh side, begin at dinner; after ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with polite words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and the Lee Evans jazz trio (with the magnificent Denzil Best on drums) fills in his idle moments. Mr. Pierce will take leave of absence Wednesday, July 17. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent picnic here (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the strolling music and the songs, is French and environs. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The new charivari involves Mae Barnes, a Vesuvius looking for a handy place to explode and a specialist in songs (or unreasonable facsimiles thereof); Carol Burnett, who has been through television and lived to tell the tale, which is profusely illustrated; and T. C. Jones, whose transvestite dissection of famous denizens of the second sex can leave scar tissue on both subject and audience. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard make everything sound its best. . . . ¶ In the front room, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a session, from 2 to 4 A.M., by the Lyonses. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Two ladies of odd but beguiling quality in the shade of an astonishing banana tree. They are Stella Brooks, transmuter of words and treader on clay feet; and Blossom Dearie, home at last from Paris, with her artfully artless way of singing jazz. The *padrone* is Julius Monk, a noted collector of such bric-a-brac. Closed



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Sylvia Syms, a one-of-a-kind stylist of blues and ballads, is breaking up the local housekeeping. She's kept company by the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels, not to mention the free-associational remarks of Jimmie Komack, a bundle of very nervous energy. It's best to go late and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Felicia Sanders, for all her gone-with-the-wind dynamics, is a singer to be studied with care and respect. She's under way about ten; a trio reports for duty earlier. The locale is hustle-bustle. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from their twin pianos. Right now, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, an old, established firm steeped in spoofery, are the jokers. Sundays, when this pair is away, there are silent movies; Monday nights, winners of amateur contests come back for more.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot news from the Sunny South, presented in the customary rough-and-ready fashion. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon are involved. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A valuable addition to the roster of music rooms. Irwin Corey, whose speech pattern is almost entirely a sort of progressive jazz, and the Stan Getz quartet, whose cool breeze hasn't blown our way for a couple of years, are now on the podium. On Sunday, July 14, at 4:30 P.M., there'll be a jazz concert presided over by Jean Shepherd, pastor of the night people, and by the Getz group, taking its final bow. The shop will be closed Monday; on Tuesday, July 16, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which doesn't often get to town either, will be arriving. . . . **LOWER BASIN STREET,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6000): Another new specialist in new sound effects. The quintet of George Shearing, a mastermind of the genre, will stay put through Wednesday, July 17; next evening, Teddy Wilson's trio (and this represents a deviation from the establishment's norm) and Kai Winding's septet will show up. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Listening to music occasionally becomes secondary to the downing of spareribs in this chophouse. The Jonah Jones quartet, old hands at spareribs music, and the Eugene Smith trio, newcomers to this specialized occupation, tee off around nine. The Smith trio will go away on Saturday, July 13, and on Monday, July 15, the Betty Miller trio, another set of novitiates, will take its place. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, extra hands occupy the podium. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six, whose product is identified by the label, is a recently installed heating device. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the back room is the better sound box. There, after nine, the trio of Marian McPartland, a pianist regarded as a latter-day saint by a considerable constituency, cuts some fairly sharp capers. Bernard Peiffer, whose advanced French piano has acquired interesting American overtones, runs another good threesome. The first group is off Mondays, the second Sundays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The virtuoso Oscar Pettiford has again yielded to that recurrent wish to run a band of his own, and Kai Winding, more accustomed to this gambit, is showing off his seven-man group. The resulting music has not a trace of the old-time religion. They all play out their string on Wednesday, July 17; the following night, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which is now and then subject to the screaming meemies, and the foursome of Phineas Newborn, Jr., will check in. The regulars are around except Mondays, when guests artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by the piano man named Billy Taylor, a perpetual fountainhead of extrovert ideas. The first chord is struck at ten. No action Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Eddie Heywood's trio, a group long set in its ways, is the jumping bean that keeps this establishment going from mid-evening on. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins, the principals in a shivaree that is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays, are all guilty of assault and battery on what sometimes sounds like Dixie and sometimes like Armageddon. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A celebrated beer garden for children who are in town weekends. Friday and Saturday, July 12-13, the boys involved in playing Southern airs and graces will (it is reasonable to expect) be Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments, all futuristic, conducted here sometimes go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle; the performers sometimes go off, too, without notice. However, it's no worse than even money that the revered Miles Davis and his quintet are still in residence, to say nothing of the Randy Weston trio. No doubt about this, though: the fare is progressive and the foundry is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Aug. 30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans, including William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Joe Lasker; through July 31. . . . **MILCH,** 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through July 26. . . . **REHN,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others; through Friday, July 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Green, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Aug. 23. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 32 E. 65th St.: An exhibition entitled "The City, 1900-30," comprising works by George Bellows, John Sloan, and others; through July 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Graphics by Gabor Peterdi, William Scott, Marino Marini, and others; through July 31. . . . **CRESPI,** 232 E. 58th St.: Ernest Quilter and Alvin Sella are among those represented in this showing of modern and traditional paintings and sculptures; through Monday, July 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 9.) . . . **FEIGL,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Albert Gleizes, Oskar Kokoschka, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other painters; through Saturday, July 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Clavé, Jansem, Tom Fogarty, and others; through July 26. . . . **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by, among others, Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Aug. 30.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug.

Chrysler 300-C hardtop. 2 four-barrel carburetors, high output camshaft. Torsion-Aire Suspension. Also in convertibles, choice of colors.

THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER 300-C

AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL CAR: 375 H.P.!

If your hands itch to get hold of the far-and-away top-performing car you can buy, look no further. The Mighty Chrysler 300-C gives you 375 hp in a car so brilliantly balanced it beats the sports cars at their own game.

From engine to wheels, this power train is specially built to dish out plenty. Its sleek, clean style is exclusive to the 300-C . . . so is its rich sports car leather interior. With Torsion-Aire suspension you get the feel and control of a racing car . . . no rock-and-roll, no lean and lurch.

If you're the kind of man who will settle for nothing less than the most any car can deliver, you'll be at home in this one. See your Chrysler dealer for all the fascinating details.

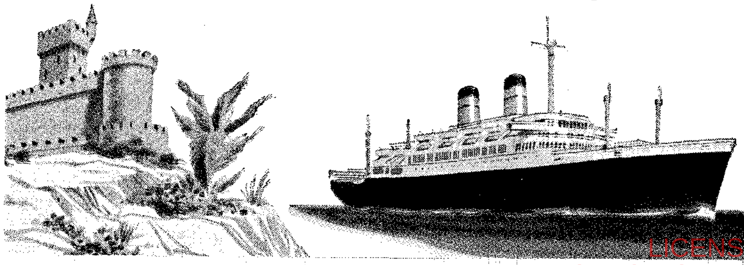
Join the fun...on the Independence and Constitution

THE picture shows the Barbary Tavern, one of the gracious public rooms at your disposal in Cabin Class on the *Independence* and her sister *Constitution.* There are also an outdoor pool, a children's playroom . . . and *every* stateroom has private bathroom with shower. Excellent First Class and Tourist Class accommodations are also available on these big ships.

The *Independence* and *Constitution* are in regular transatlantic service via the sparkling blue *Sunlane* between New York and the convenient *southern* gateways to all Europe . . . Algeciras for Spain, with special boat-train for Madrid . . . Cannes for France, good connections for Paris . . . Genoa for North Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria . . . and Naples for Rome, Sicily, South Italy.

Later this Summer and throughout the Fall, you can make a round trip Sunlane Cruise to Europe for as little as $535 in Cabin Class or $685 in First! Time for visits ashore at 3 to 8 ports, depending on cruise.

For an interesting variation, take one of the handsome, yacht-like 4 Aces, the s.s. *Excalibur, Excambion, Exochorda* or *Exeter,* calling at Barcelona, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Leghorn, Piraeus and Middle East ports. First Class only!



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman; through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by, among others, Gauguin, Renoir, and Modigliani; starting Friday, July 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Pierre Soulages, Joan Miró, Joseph Glasco, and others; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A second selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell; through Sept. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1957," made up of works in various mediums from fifteen invited schools; starting Friday, July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: The annual Clothesline Art Show; Saturday, July 13. . . . ¶ "Trees in Art," consisting of paintings, sculptures, screens, scrolls, and prints, by Veronese, Fragonard, Inness, and others; starting Wednesday, July 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman and Garrett Price are among those represented in the annual members' show; through July 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Edward Betts, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite and William Zorach are four of the members who have paintings and sculptures on view; through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by (for instance) Philip Malicoat, Will Barnet, and Robert Motherwell; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: The summer's second show (mixed mediums), including items by Ken Gore, Joseph Margulies, and others; through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Group show; starting Saturday, July 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30 and 7 to 9; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

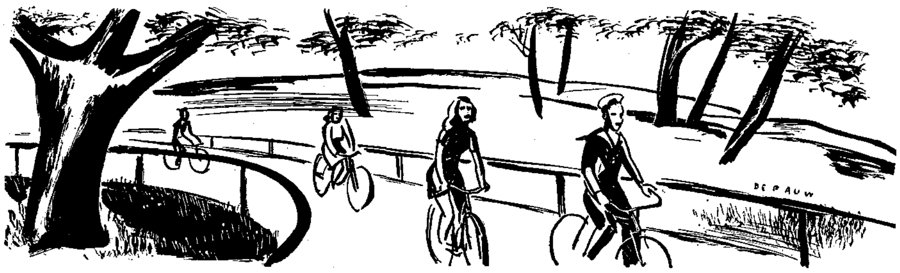
Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 11: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Brahms program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13: Thomas Scherman conducting Verdi's "Aïda," in concert form, with Gloria Davy, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, mezzo-soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; and Frank Guarrera, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, July 15: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Moura Lympany, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17: Thomas Scherman conducting, with John Sebastian, harmonica, and Ethel Barrymore Colt, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18: Alfredo Antonini conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Eileen Farrell and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Richard Torigi, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 3. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

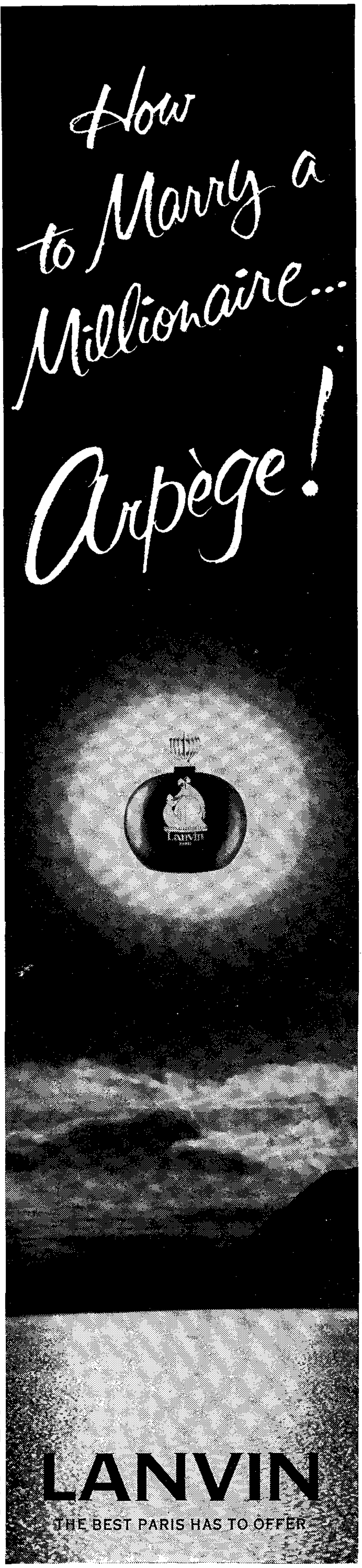
Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16. Leroy Anderson will share in the conducting on Friday, July 12.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of Bizet's "Carmen," with soloists. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 13, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra made up of Boston Symphony players in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 12, at 8:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, and with a chorus and soloists. Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: No soloists. Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: With Sherman Walt, bassoon, and James Stagliano, horn. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8:30: A chamber-music program by the Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Samuel Mayes, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony in a Koussevitzky Memorial Concert, with Isaac Stern, violin; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 13, at 4: Tom Lehrer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 8:40: Gerry Mulligan's quintet and the Lee Becker Jazz Dancers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8:40: "Africa Sings and Dances." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 4: Marais and Miranda. . . . ¶ Sunday,





Merry Coolness
christmas in july
COLOGNE
Andy Warhol

The snow-cool fragrance that lifts your spirits holiday-high.
Try it in refreshing Cologne, 1.25, 2.00 • Cologne Stick, 1.25
Purse Perfume, 2.50 • Dusting Powder, 1.50 • Soap, box of 4, 1.25

MONICO, INC., NEW YORK

July 21, at 8:40: Lionel Hampton and his band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill—Friday and Saturday, July 12-13: The Marlboro Orchestra and Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20: William Warfield, baritone. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: With Howard Hanson, guest conductor, and Mischa Mischakoff, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 3: With Ivan Davis, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16, at 8:30: No soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 8:30: A pop concert, with Muriel Kilby, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: With Leonid Hambro, piano. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Symphony of the Air—Thursday, July 11, at 8:30: Laszlo Halasz directing Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra," with Virginia Copeland and Ellen Faull, sopranos, and other soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8:30: Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting a program including his music for the dance-drama "Emperor Jones," based on O'Neill's play, with José Limón's dancers and Lucas Hoving. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Another performance of "Elektra." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 8:30: Another performance of the "Emperor Jones" program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: Leopold Stokowski directing Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum" and Orff's "Carmina Burana," with Uta Graf, soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Philip Maero, baritone; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Another performance of "Elektra." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Another performance of "Canticum Sacrum" and "Carmina Burana." (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire String Quartet, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 14, at 4.)

South Mountain—Chamber music by the New York Brass Ensemble and the New Art Woodwind Quintet. (Pittsfield, Mass. A performance primarily for children on Friday, July 19, and a regular performance on Saturday, July 20, at 3.)

Great South Bay Jazz Festival—Friday, July 19, at 8:30: A group led by Rex Stewart and Coleman Hawkins, another by Horace Silver, and songs by Maxine Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 3:30: The Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop, Billy Taylor's trio, and the Lawson-Haggart Dixieland Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: A reunion (as far as possible) of the Fletcher Henderson band, with Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton, Coleman Hawkins, Don Redman, and Buster Bailey, plus Buck Clayton's Kansas City Six. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: The Miles Davis quintet, a group headed by Marian and Jimmy McPartland and Bud Freeman, and songs by Annie Ross. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 7:30: A reprise by the Stewart, Mingus, and Lawson-Haggart groups. (Timber Grove Club, Great River Rd., Great River, L.I.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 11, at 1:30; Friday, July 12, at 8; and Saturday, July 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Sunday, July 14, at 2, and Monday, July 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, July 16, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, July 11, at 8, and Saturday, July 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Sunday, July 14, at 2, and Monday, July 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 16-17, at 8, and Thursday, July 18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2. . . . **roosevelt stadium,** Jersey City: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 12, at 8.

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 11-14.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Junior Championship.

(Manor Country Club, Washington, D.C. Wednesday through Saturday, July 17-20.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Miami Valley Golf Club, Dayton, Ohio. Wednesday through Sunday, July 17-21.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20. . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Southward Ho Country Club, Bayshore, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, July 18-21.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Mother Goose, Saturday, July 13, and the Astoria, Wednesday, July 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

TENNIS—Amateur matches: Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. Through Saturday, July 13.) . . . ¶ Professional matches: Richard Gonzales, Frank Sedgman, Dinny Pails, Tony Trabert, Ken Rosewall, Francisco Segura, and Jack Kramer. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Saturday and Sunday, July 13-14; Tuesday through Thursday, July 16-18; and Saturday and Sunday, July 20-21. Matches begin at 1:15.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:15.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

YACHTING—Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday through Sunday, July 19-21.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, July 20, through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 20, through Saturday, July 27.)

OTHER EVENTS

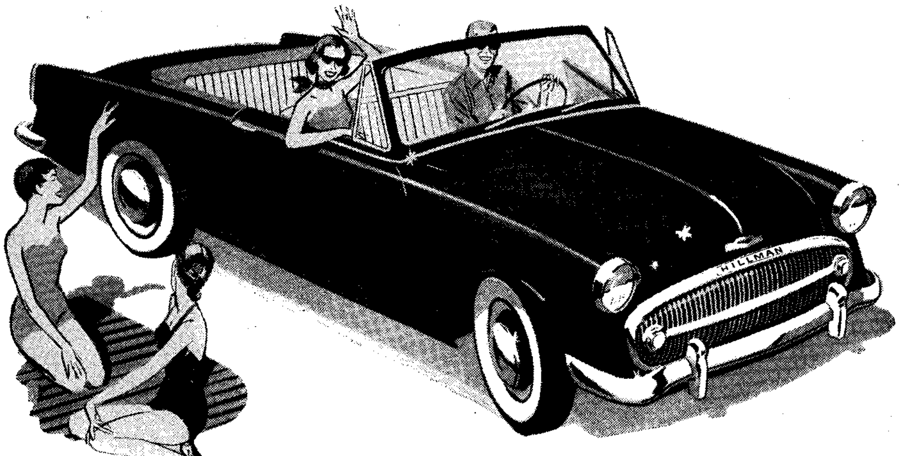
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Friday, July 12), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

MAYFLOWER II—The replica of the Pilgrims' ship that recently crossed the Atlantic Ocean is now on display here, along with a model Pilgrim village and various related exhibits. (Pier 81, W. 41st St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 10:30, and Sundays, noon to 10:30; through Nov. 15.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY TOY THEATRES—Six miniature stage models, collected by Alfred Lunt, containing scenes from "Oliver Twist," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Corsican Brothers," "Richelieu," "Timour the Tartar," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Also on view is a toy theatre with two settings that were designed and painted by Mr. Lunt when he was a child. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers will play in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Wednesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

BRITISH BUILT AMERICAN BEAUTY



All-New 1957 Hillman Minx Sports Convertible

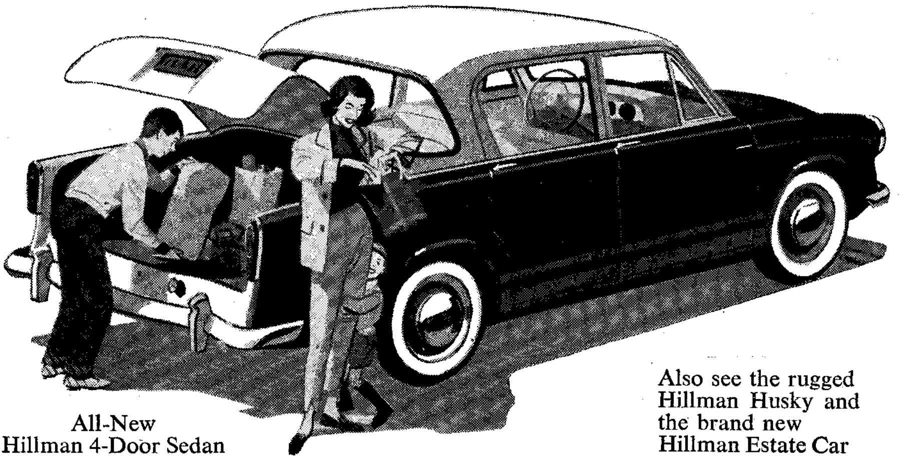
The all-new, British-built Hillman has a flair for fun that's sparked by its top-performing ohv engine with 8 to 1 compression ratio. Flashing acceleration surges from 0 to 60 m.p.h. in under 25 seconds.

Yet in spirit the Hillman is an American beauty. With the agile dash of a young Kentucky thoroughbred, the beautiful Hillman offers matchless motoring fun for the whole family. You'll love the big sofa-type seats, huge baggage space.

All four Hillman models are engineered for incredible operating economy and durability. Road-test a Hillman today.

Prices start at $1535 P.O.E.
Parts and service everywhere.

all new HILLMAN
A ROOTES GROUP PRODUCT



All-New
Hillman 4-Door Sedan

Also see the rugged
Hillman Husky and
the brand new
Hillman Estate Car

Rootes Motors, Inc., 505 Park Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y., 9830 W. Pico, Los Angeles 35, Calif.
In Canada: Rootes Motors (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Budd Schulberg, who wrote this work, and Elia Kazan, who directed it, never get far below the surface of the infamous television character they've put under scrutiny, but the film does have its melodramatic moments. Andy Griffith is most convincing as the guitar-playing TV terror. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Funny Face—An amiable excursion into the world of fashion, which presents Fred Astaire as a photographer and Audrey Hepburn as a girl who serves as his model, even though she wants to be an intellectual and above the modish battle. Kay Thompson, as the editor of a high-toned dress magazine, is helpful, and there are many captivating views of Paris. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 17.)

The Gold of Naples—The metaphorical metal in the title role is the ability of Neapolitans to bounce back after spells of adversity, and it is displayed to great advantage in this Italian film, based on the stories of Giuseppe Marotta and directed by Vittorio De Sica. The movie consists of four episodes, ranging in style from broad farce to poignant drama, and the cast, a laudable one in all respects, includes Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting July 17, tentative.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim having a high old time in an English film whose hero is a whimsical bomber crazy about blowing up people who get on his nerves. Between explosions, there are neat satiric expositions of some of the stranger English customs, and there is also plenty of boisterous slapstick comedy. George Cole, John Chandos, Jill Adams, Raymond Huntley, and Terry-Thomas are included in the expert cast. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lust for Life—As good a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through July 15.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through July 16.)

The Red Balloon—An appealing fantasy about a small boy who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon that has become his pet. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, and the small boy is played by Pascal Lamorisse, the creator's son. Unfortunately, the film, which is about half an hour in length, is coupled with a dim travelogue called "The Lost Continent." (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 16, tentative.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but piquant. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Sweet Smell of Success—Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman have put together an interesting, if occasionally overblown, script for this movie concerning a Broadway gossip columnist who is inclined to think that his prattle about patriotism and the mating habits of some urban types adds up to the last journalistic word. Burt Lancaster is all right as the columnist, and so is Tony Curtis as a publicity stooge who provides him with material. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Roaming among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard genius plodding along after a murderous safe-cracker. An English film not long on excitement but quite interesting as it goes about explaining the methods policemen have at their command. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Torero!—Probably the best movie about bullfighting ever made, with Luís Procuna, the celebrated matador, reënacting some of the high spots in his engrossing career. A Mexican film, with an English commentary. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

12 Angry Men—A rewarding exposition of the workings of the jury system, in the course of which the impanelled veniremen generate quite a head of steam while determining the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Among the jurors are Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden, good actors one and all. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 17, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French version of one of Dostoevski's novels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 14, tentative.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 14-16.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through July 13: "Un Chien Andalou" (1929), directed by Luis Buñuel; and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930), directed by Jean Cocteau.... ¶ July 14-17: "History of a Pair of Trousers" (1909); and "Le Million" (1931), with Annabella. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Beau James," Bob Hope, Vera Miles.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Delicate Delinquent," Jerry Lewis, Martha Hyer.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Prince and the Showgirl," Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

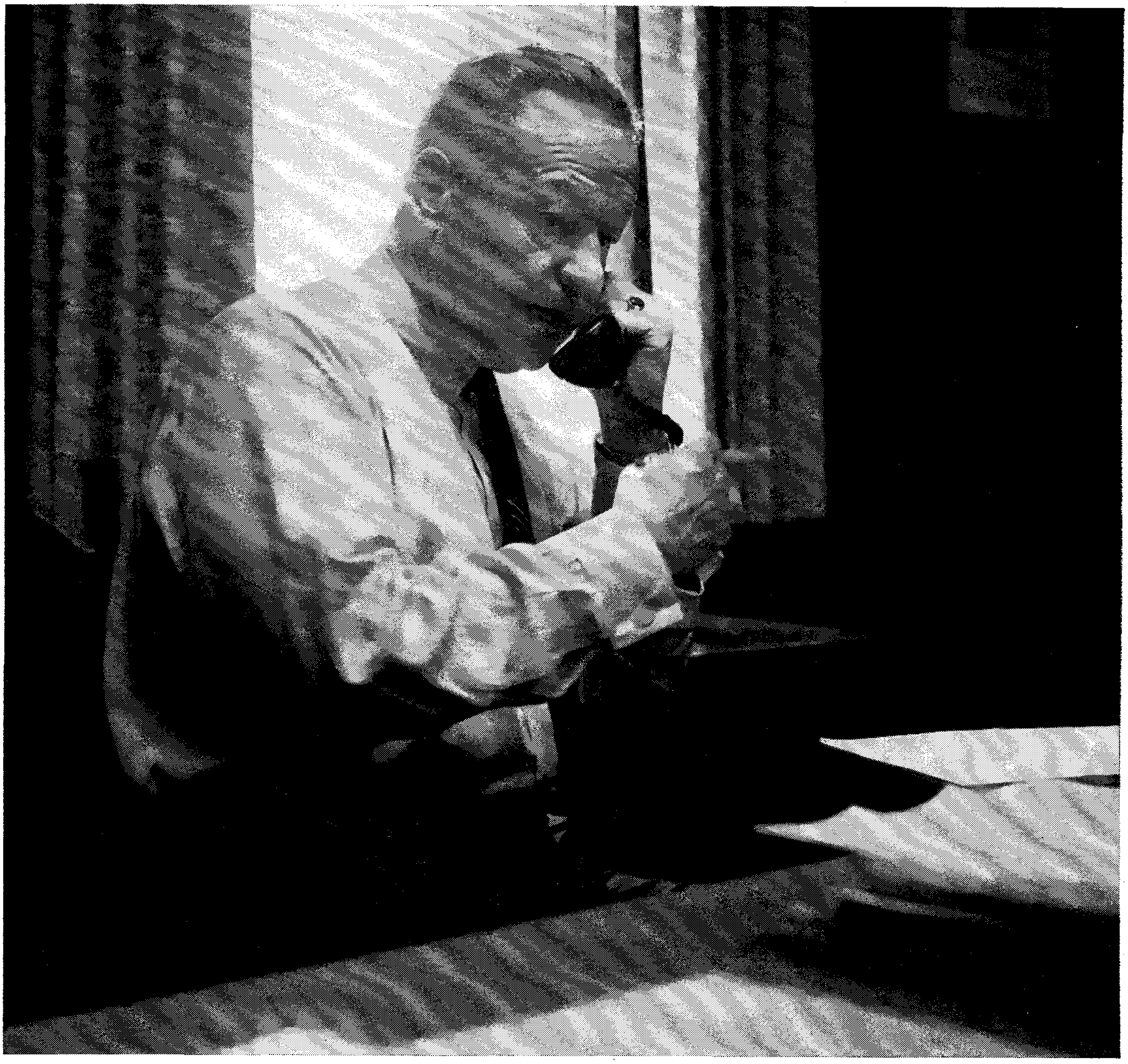
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Island in the Sun," James Mason, Joan Fontaine.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 16: "Saint Joan," Jean Seberg, John Gielgud.
From July 17: "A Hatful of Rain," Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.



Reformed spaceman

Just mention his name wherever people buy advertising, make ads, or offer space or time for sale.

Someone around the place is all but certain to know Edward Adolph Schirmer, though maybe not by that name. By "Bud," more likely.

For our Mr. Schirmer's been around and he's a hard man to overlook. In the magazine publishing field for 25 years, he worked his way eastward and upward from San Francisco to New York, from space salesman to executive vice-president.

Along the way, he learned some things that make him extraordinarily useful to us and our clients.

He learned a lot about selling—the kind of vigorous, forceful, positive salesmanship that seems to be in short supply today.

He acquired a good deal of practical knowledge about the marketing problems and solutions of nearly every kind of business that does national advertising.

And he deepened and sharpened his native liking for, and understanding of, people—what they respond to and what they don't, what makes them laugh and what stirs them to action, what makes them buy your product instead of another.

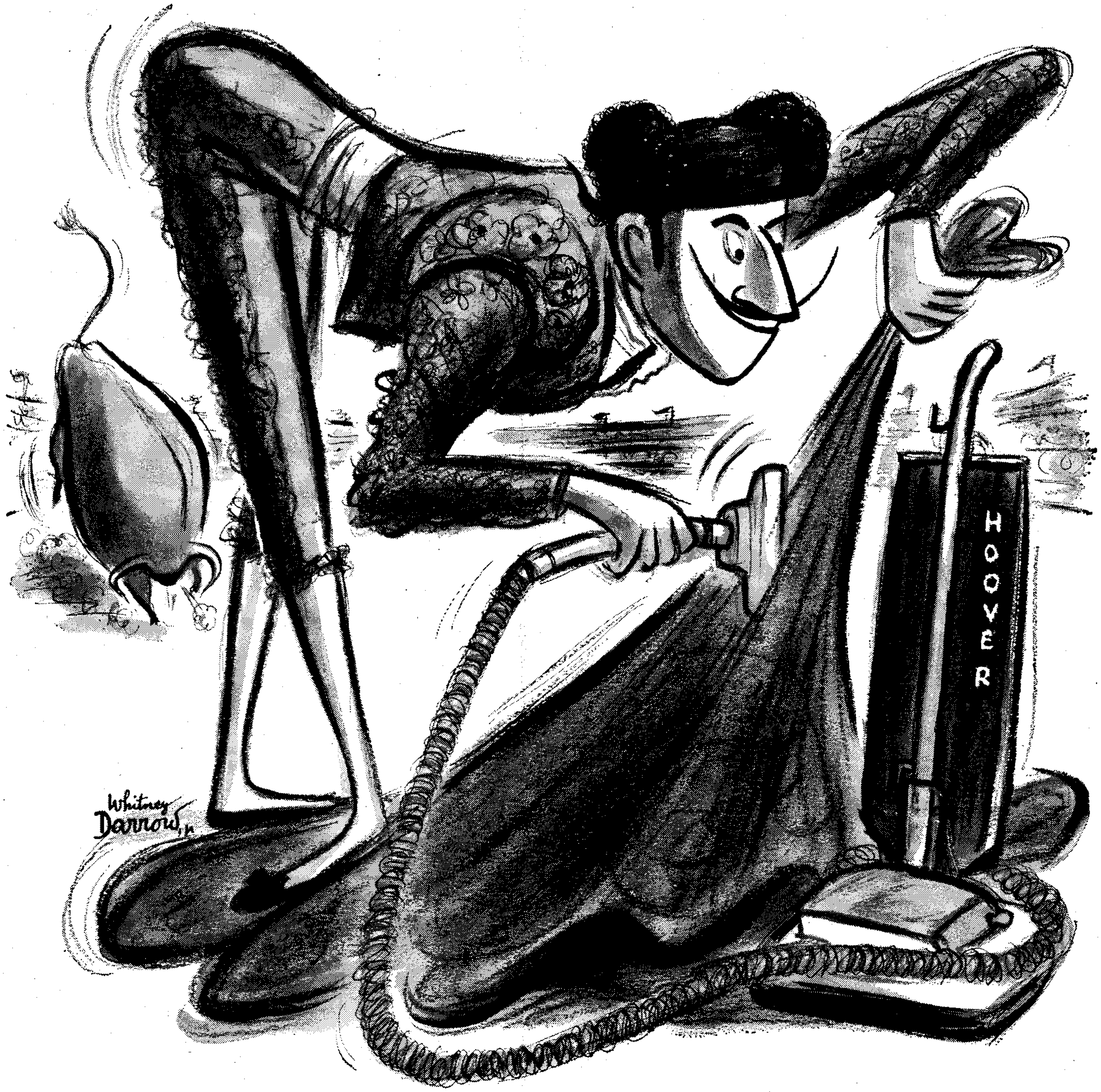
As Senior Vice-President, Director of Client Relations and Chairman of the New Business Committee, Bud's one of our most active and energetic, gregarious and ubiquitous wheels.

We're glad that in 1953 he agreed to bring his knowledge, ability and vitality into Campbell-Ewald. And we think our clients are glad, too.

CAMPBELL-EWALD *Advertising*

Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • Hollywood • San Francisco
Washington • Denver • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City • Cincinnati

Almost everywhere* you travel HOOVER already is



HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES...*around the house, around the world*

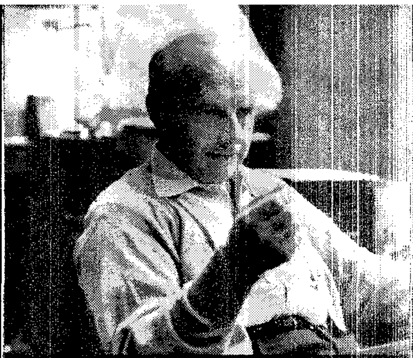
*From Spain to South Africa (whatever the native tongue) women in 97 countries say "Hoover®" when they want the world's finest cleaner.

SHOESTRING START

"Like a shoestring catch in center field, make it and you're the hero. Muff it and you're a dope. He made it." Thus New York's colorful *Daily News* reported the dramatic conducting debut of 25-year-old Leonard Bernstein. The day before, without a single rehearsal (and wearing a gray business suit, because he didn't own a tail coat) he had led the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York as an eleventh-hour substitute for ailing Bruno Walter. This was the general public's first and by no means last glimpse of the most versatile musician to come along since Mozart. Since then he has illuminated Broadway with three musicals; composed ballets, symphonies and an opera; been acclaimed as a piano virtuoso; discussed Bach, Beethoven and jazz on television; acquired a tail coat and conducted nearly every major orchestra in the world. Mr. Bernstein can be heard on Columbia in all of his many capacities. His latest album again brings him before the Philharmonic-Symphony, this time as one of its two permanent musical directors.

STRAVINSKY: Firebird Suite
TCHAIKOVSKY: Romeo and Juliet
—Overture-Fantasy.
ML 5182 $2.98 (July only)

ALL YOUR
RECORDS SOUND
BEST
ON A COLUMBIA
PHONOGRAPH



TOUR CONDUCTOR

Someone has observed that if all the records ever made by Andre Kostelanetz were stacked in a single pile it would be a great pity—since the owners of these more than 25 million pressings would thereby be deprived of 25 million hours of pure enjoyment. A thoroughly joyful man himself, Kosty brings out the joy in music. There's no finer demonstration of this than his latest album, in which he takes us on a musical tour de force that manages to dock in Spain, Brazil, England and the Orient, all within the space of 50 minutes. The ship's orchestra couldn't be in better form: it's the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.

GRAND TOUR: works by Chabrier, Villa-Lobos, Falla, Cyril Scott, Elgar and others.
CL 981 $3.98

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART

During the 1956-57 concert season, violinist Joseph Szigeti has been occupied with what he calls "an affair of the heart." In a series of three-night stands across the country he has performed a program of eleven sonatas, all written in the 20th century. A formidable undertaking even for so towering an artist as Szigeti, he thinks of it as "a sort of summing up of all my pioneering activities." Five of the sonatas were given their premiere performances by him; and many of them are popular today largely because of their frequent inclusion in Szigeti recitals. On this new release he plays three of the works from his 20th Century Cycle, among them the famous Sonata by Maurice Ravel, which Szigeti introduced to this country in a joint recital with the composer in 1928.

RAVEL: Sonata for Violin and Piano
HINDEMITH: Sonata No. 3 in E for Violin and Piano (1935)
PROKOFIEV: Sonata for Violin Solo, Op. 115. Five Melodies for Violin and Piano, Op. 35a
ML 5178 $3.98

HANDS ACRO THE PYRENE

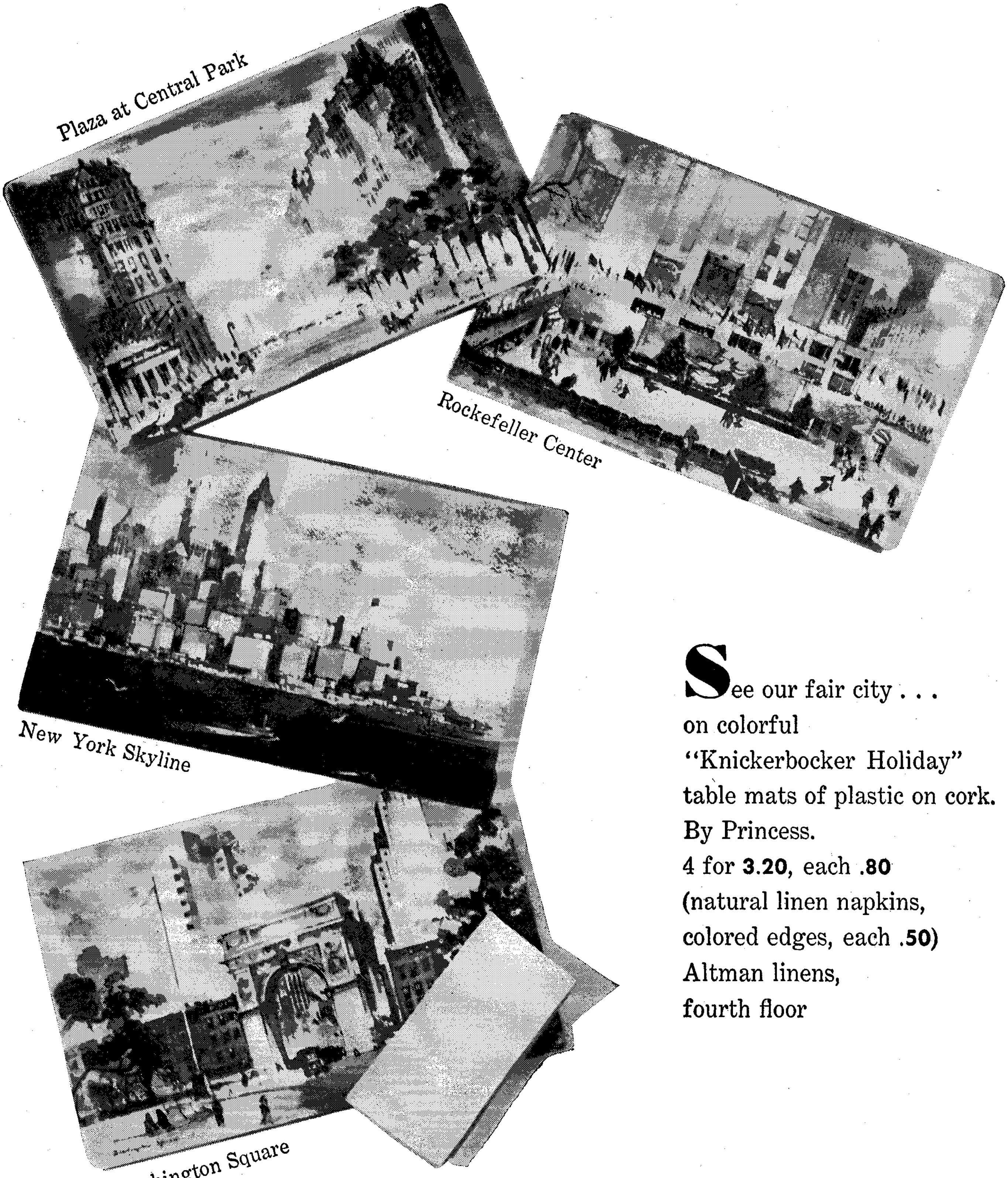
As far as most li
critics are conce
de Falla's "Nigh
Gardens of Spai
the personal pro
Casadesus. His
it, in tonal beaut
amazing guitar-l
is second to non
work of a Spanis
should become t
a French pianist
out of order whe
(a) that M. Casa
is Spanish in orig
comes from Cas
(b) that Falla wa
under the influe
impressionism w
the piece, at the
year sojourn in F
is, in fact, a typi
of the Franco-Sp
good neighbor p
been in operatio
Bizet's Carmen l
cigarette and sa
Habanera. It has
such dazzling in
confections as D
"Iberia" and Ra
The present Fall
"Nights" collabo
evidence that thi
in effect—and fo
of all concerned.

FALLA: Nights in t
Spain; Three Dance
Cornered Hat"; Inte
from "La Vida Brev
Casadesus, pianist,
Symphony Orchest
Dimitri Mitropoulos
ML 5172 $3.98

THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA RECOR

® "Columbia" ℗ Marcas Reg.
Prices are suggested list.
Available in Canada at slightly higher prices.

B. Altman & Co.


Plaza at Central Park
Rockefeller Center
New York Skyline
Washington Square

See our fair city . . .
on colorful
"Knickerbocker Holiday"
table mats of plastic on cork.
By Princess.
4 for **3.20**, each **.80**
(natural linen napkins,
colored edges, each **.50**)
Altman linens,
fourth floor

Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

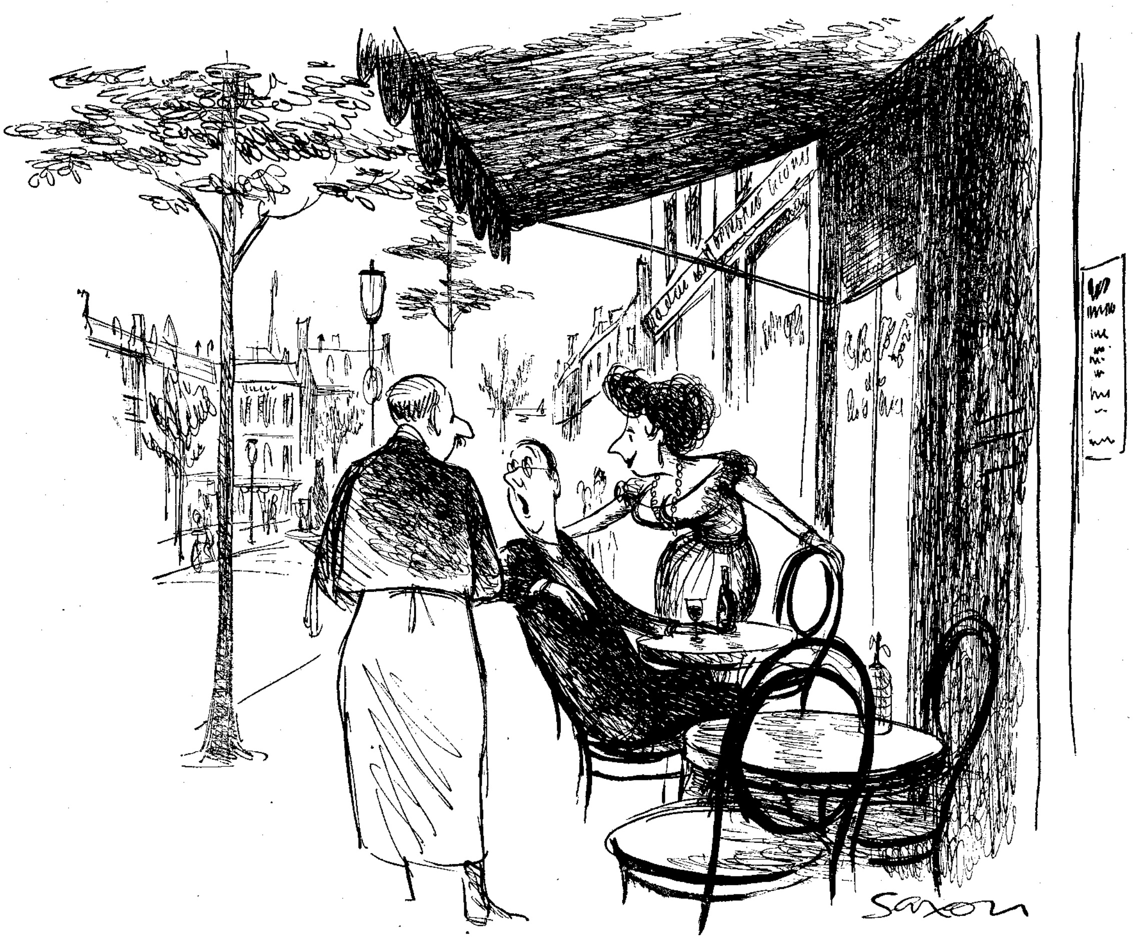
IT may have been happening all over, but we've only just learned about a ten-year-old boy who, after being raised on a steady diet of television, has for the first time—outside of an automobile—become really acquainted with radio. The kid got one of those compact transistor sets for his birthday, and is absolutely fascinated by it; he can carry it around without fuss or effort, and while listening to it he doesn't have to worry about being distracted from whatever else he may be doing by the nagging compulsion to look at a picture.

Boom

THESE days, the sensation of the stamp-collecting world is United Nations commemorative stamps. How come? Because when the United Nations Postal Administration opened the doors of its post office, back in 1951, it printed so many millions of ordinary stamps that collectors and dealers quickly lost interest in them, and the Postal Administration began to print commemorative stamps. These were issued in limited numbers, and after a couple of years the unsold ones were withdrawn from sale and destroyed. If this seems a fairly simple-minded exercise in artificial scarcity—well, that's stamp collecting for you, and how else are you going to make the acquisition of bits of cheap colored paper exciting and, what's more important, profitable? For the profit is there, if you know when to buy and sell, or not sell. Some people are making money out of U.N. commemorative stamps the way other people make it out of uranium, and we wonder why we didn't buy up a few thousand of the earlier U.N. commemoratives when the market for them was practically nonexistent. For example, a three-stamp sheet of United Nations Day stamps issued in October, 1955, at fifteen cents now brings as much as twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents. Wouldn't it be nice to have a drawerful of them? Or take a sheet of Human Rights Day stamps issued in December, 1954, at a dollar and a half; the lowest market price today is four hundred and fifty dollars.

In the past ten months alone, the value of many U.N. commemorative stamps has increased more than tenfold, which is about the most sudden and drastic boom in the whole history of philately. Moreover, the boom is growing, and a lot of hardheaded people who had never heard of stamp collecting are putting cash into U.N. stamps as an investment. We've been over to the U.N. for a talk with Reidar Tvedt, who has been head of the United Nations Postal Administration for the past five years. Mr. Tvedt, a fair-haired Norwegian in his middle forties, told us that the Postal Administration was established largely for the purpose of calling attention to the international character of the U.N., and that while the stamps are issued by the U.N., the United States Postal Service runs the U.N. post office and keeps all the revenue from stamps that actually go through the mail. Revenue from stamps sold to dealers and collectors and not mailed goes to the U.N. Besides its ordinary, day-to-day stamps, which are of no particular philatelic interest, because the supply is constantly being replenished, and its commemorative stamps, which, as we've seen, are eminently collectible, there are three kinds of stamps associated with the U.N. but not issued by it: member nations' stamps that have been overprinted with the name of a U.N. agency for the agency's use; member nations' stamps that have been specially designed to honor a U.N. agency; and member nations' stamps commemorating the U.N. Such stamps are also enjoying a boom, though a comparatively modest one.

The first U.N. commemorative, Mr. Tvedt told us, was a five-cent United Nations Day stamp issued in 1952, in a printing of six million. When the issue was withdrawn and destroyed, in March, 1955, less than a million and a half had been sold. The U.N. issued thirty-three and three-quarters million commemorative stamps between 1952 and 1954, withdrew and destroyed almost one-third of them, and brought its average printing of commemoratives down from four million to two and a quarter million. Nobody knows when the tide began to turn, but now it prints between nine and ten million, and since February, 1955, each special issue of U.N. stamps has sold out more quickly than the last. The United Nations Day stamp issued last October sold out in a single day and has already gone from five dollars and fifty cents a sheet to about nineteen dollars a sheet. A complete set of U.N. commemorative stamps—there have been forty of them—is currently worth about twenty times its face value. In the U.N. Postal Administration's first four years, it averaged four hundred thousand dollars a year from its philatelic sales; last year, it made a million two hundred thousand dollars. "There was such a demand for our most recent stamp—a U.N. Emergency Force commemorative—that we had to raise



"Could you explain to her I'm just over here on a Guggenheim?"

• •

the printing from seven million to eleven million," Mr. Tvedt said. "I doubt if it will ever become very valuable." Had Mr. Tvedt himself benefited from the boom? He shook his head. "I don't collect stamps," he said. "Never have, never will."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The National League for Nursing, at 2 Park Avenue, has a Committee on the Future and a Committee to Define Reasonable Progress.

Klieg-Light Kliegl

IT isn't often that we have a talk with a spry octogenarian whose surname (slightly modified) has enriched the language as a lexicographically accredited lower-case adjective, but this pleasure recently befell us when we called on Mr. John H. Kliegl, co-founder and president of the Kliegl Brothers Universal Electric Stage Lighting Company, in his offices, on West Fiftieth Street. The phrase "kleig light" means "a klieg light," says our Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, 1953, and its entry under "klieg light" reads, "[for Kliegl light, after the brothers A. and J. Kliegl, the inventors], a very bright, hot arc light used to light motion-picture sets: also spelled kleig." The latter spelling is preferred by the Dictionary of Business and Industry, 1954, which additionally lists television as a user of the light, but "klieg" is what it is in the Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary, 1951, and in the American College Dictionary, 1957, which also lists "klieg eyes," defined as "inflammation and edema of the eyes as a result of prolonged exposure to arc lights, as the klieg lights of the motion picture industry."

We found the father, or co-father, of this established adjective—Webster's Unabridged has carried it since 1927—to be a sprightly, bearded man of eighty-seven, working away at a roll-top desk. "I was born in Bad Kissingen, in Bavaria, and went to school in Munich," he said. "My father and grandfather were musicians—violinists and orchestra leaders. I learned the violin as a child and played occasionally in church. In the winter of 1888, when I was eighteen, a cousin in America sent me my steamship passage. I sailed from Hamburg on the Marsala and arrived during the blizzard. We couldn't get off the boat for three days. I got a furnished room at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and a job as a locksmith with a safe company at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. I took night courses in electricity at the American Institute of the City of New York, did some home bell wiring, and presently got a job with the Myerhofer Electric Stage Lighting Company. By 1896, my younger brother Anton, who had originally been a tinsmith, had joined me there, and we bought out the business and renamed it the Kliegl Brothers Universal Electric Stage Lighting Company. We made electromechanical and optical stage-lighting apparatus and effects of every description, stationary and portable—gallery reflectors, lens boxes, optiscopes (color wheels that produced weird optical illusions, such as apparently multiplying the number of performers), and sciopticons (these produced such stage effects as snow, rainbows, rain, lightning, waterfalls, water ripples, clouds, rising and setting suns and moons, ocean waves, rising fire with smoke), as well as various arc lights, fixed rheostats, footlights, proscenium lights, and electric signs and interior and exterior electrical decorations for buildings, balls, banquets, and special celebrations. We lighted Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's plays and produced widely acclaimed snowfalls for her in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' and 'Love Finds the Way.' "

Mr. Kliegl, whose eyes bore no trace of edema, fished around in his roll-top and produced an April 14, 1898, clipping from the *Sun*, which read, in part:

> In the two pieces at the Fifth Avenue there is more snow than has been seen on the stage since "Under the Polar Star."... It is not paper snow of the kind that used to fall in gusty handfuls over the shivering outcast, nor is it as much a realistic fall as that in "Way Down East." This snow is made by a different process and it suggests the possibility to which reflections in one way or another may still be put. The exterior view is through an open bay win-

dow. The background is close, and on it a white light is thrown in flecks that look like snowflakes falling slowly and regularly. When the storm ceases there is no spasmodic stopping and starting. It clears up entirely, and there is a suggestion of a higher power than the boy in the flies.

"We had some very peculiar orders during the years when the theatre was going into electric lighting," the purveyor of this higher power said. "One was for a sandstorm projected onto a screen. It was a howling success. We designed and installed the lighting for the Metropolitan Opera House back in 1905, and redid it in 1933. My brother and I invented the klieg light around 1911—the first practical light for taking motion pictures indoors. It projected a beam, by means of carbons, that emitted a light of high actinic power. It was first used in a studio on Long Island. The light they'd used there before was no good. We got fifty per cent more light with the same energy. The name of our company, originally descriptive, has become misleadingly limited. We've lighted schools, the first golf driving ranges, the Jones Beach Marine Theatre, hotels, museums, Henry Kaiser's offices, lots of gambling places, Madison Square Garden, part of the New York World's Fair, the new Vienna Opera House, and motion-picture studios in Mexico, Spain, India, and I don't know where else. When William Beebe went down near Bermuda in a bathysphere, we made him a special light to take photographs with. We've lighted all the city's swimming pools. Television has given us a nice lot of work, requiring some new methods of wiring. I'll never forget the display we did for the Combustion Engineering Building, on Madison Avenue, in 1927. They thought it would be attractive to have their tower lighted with flames, and we arranged that, but it was *too* successful. So many fire alarms were turned in that it had to go."

Anton Kliegl died in 1927, but one of John's two sons, Herbert, has been active in the business since 1924. The senior Kliegl, with his wife, who is seventy-eight, divides his time between a Central Park West apartment and a cottage in the Catskills. "I get up at seven and have breakfast," he told us. "My appetite is excellent. I'm especially fond of steak, black coffee, grapefruit, and a glass of wine. I've never liked beer. I'm at the office by nine, and stay until five or six. Our factory and eighty-five employees are here. I grew this beard fifty years ago. It used to be a *Spitzbart*. Then I opened it up. Now it's parted in the middle. I wanted to be somebody when I moved around."

Spelled Out

IN the current issue of the Congressional Directory, put out by the United States Government Printing Office, members of the Senate and the House of Representatives are listed alphabetically, and beside their names are symbols that are explained as follows:

> The * designates those who are married; the † designates unmarried daughters; the || designates those having other ladies with them.

Important

IT'S been almost six years since the Ritz-Carlton was torn down, and five since we told in these columns how some of the flooring from the main ballroom, the main dining room, and the Oval Room had found its way into the barn of a Fairfield County couple named Mr. and Mrs. Donn Barber. We had supposed that by now every last brick of the building had become the treasure of one incurable nostalgic or another, so when we heard that thirty-six marble mantels from the Ritz were on sale at Edwin Jackson, Inc., on East Fifty-fourth Street, we went over there to have a look at them and to learn their story. In the Jackson showroom, which contains enough fireplaces to make the sweat start to your brow on a summer afternoon, and where the management gamely preserves its integrity by using no heat all winter long except a wood fire and old-fashioned stoves, we met George B. Jackson, a smiling, tanned gentleman, who said he was the president of the firm and the grandnephew of its founder.

"At the time the old Ritz was demolished, the owners took a hundred or so of the mantels for Carlton House," Mr. Jackson explained enthusiastically when we expressed interest in the Ritz relics. "That's all they had room for there. They sold a few others, including fifteen that we picked up and gradually resold to private clients. The present batch went into storage at the John F. McGowan Marble Company's warehouse, up in the Bronx. We had wanted them all along, and kept dickering for them, without success. Well, this spring I got a tip from a decorator who deals with us that Gaston Lauryssen, general manager of Carlton House and a vice-president of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company—it owns Carlton House and the relics of the old Ritz—was tired of paying storage on the mantels, so I got in touch with Lauryssen and made a new bid. It was accepted." Signing a contract for the mantels was only the beginning, though, Mr. Jackson went on. A marble mantel isn't all one piece; as a matter of fact, a simple one is about ten pieces, and an elaborate one is twenty or thirty. McGowan had completely disassembled the Ritz mantels and, in packing them up, had shuffled the pieces around a bit, possibly to make the job of reassembly more of a sporting proposition; anyhow, it took three of Jackson's men a month and a half to get everything straightened out. "I will admit that McGowan had marked the

SALOON
VANISHING
JBModell

Ritz suite number on each part, and this was a great help in the reassembling, not to mention the sentimental interest of knowing which room a mantel came from,” Mr. Jackson said. “As we put them together, a pattern emerged. The really important mantels came mostly from the fourteenth floor and above.”

Mr. Jackson explained that in antique circles the term “important,” as applied to a mantel, refers to its size, quality, and antiquity. He then showed us, with commentary, several of the important reassembled Ritz mantels, and in a quarter of an hour our head was spinning with mantel lore. Most of the Ritz mantels, we learned, are excellent reproductions of the work of the Adam brothers—such good reproductions that even Jackson and his associates had a little trouble smoking out their non-authenticity. A few, though, are original eighteenth-century pieces, and pretty damned important. One of the latter that we saw—it had stood in Suite 1427—had in its center panel a bas-relief of a classical female figure in a boat powered by two dolphins; on its corner blocks more classical ladies, on foot, and some arcane designs; and, as facing, a yellowish marble that Mr. Jackson pronounced to be Siena. “A *very* good reproduction from Suite 1225 came the closest to fooling us,” he said. “British lion in the center panel, round rosettes at the corners, fluted pilasters, *fleur-de-pêche* facing. We’re pricing the mantels just as if they hadn’t come from the Ritz, so nobody will have to pay a markup to get the one from the room where he spent his honeymoon, say. Money isn’t everything! Even so, we don’t expect them to go like hot cakes, exactly. Mantels and fireplaces do not move in quantity.”

After thanking Mr. Jackson, we went back to our office and put through a call to Mr. Lauryssen to ask whether any other souvenirs of the grand old pile remain at large. Just a few lighting fixtures, which aren’t for sale at present, he said, and when they’re gone, the dispersal will be complete.

Class

A STAMFORD lady, recently returned from her twenty-fifth class reunion at Bryn Mawr, has told us that the first thing she did on arriving there was to seek out an old soda-fountain hangout that in her day had been known affectionately as The Greek’s. She found the establishment much as she had remembered it, except that its name was now El Greco.

Bats and Bandicoots

THE Museum of Natural History’s fifth Archbold Expedition to New Guinea came back a while ago after nine months of biological investigation and collecting in the eastern islands of the Territory of Papua, and we managed to have ninety minutes of talk with its leader and botanist, Leonard J. Brass, and its zoologist, Russell F. Peterson. Both men are attached to the Museum’s Department of Mammals, and the Archbold Expeditions are financed by a grandson of Standard Oil’s John D. Archbold, Richard Archbold, who lists himself in *Who’s Who* as a mammalogist, but a sound expedition transcends departmentalization, and the bag of the Messrs. Brass and Peterson contains not only thirteen hundred and eighty-two milk-suckled vertebrates but eight hundred and twenty-two reptiles and amphibians, fifty-seven fresh-water fish, fifty thousand insects and spiders, and fifteen thousand plants. The insects include some two hundred and fifty ectoparasites—various ticks, fleas, and mites that live on the outer surfaces of animals—and these are being sent to the Army Medical Service, in Washington, for research. Duplicate specimens of the expedition’s haul will be presented to the administration of Papua, for a new museum in Port Moresby, the Territory’s capital and chief port, and most of the flora has been routed to the Rijks Herbarium, in Leyden, for study.

“We got over six hundred bats, from insectivorous ones with an eight-inch wingspread to fruit eaters with a five-foot wingspread,” Mr. Brass said. “Netted them, shot them, or knocked them down in caves with switches. The natives eat the fruit bats—the meat is dark red—but I have never tried one. I’m not very adventuresome when it comes to food.”

“The natives also eat bandicoots, which are large, ratlike marsupials that sort of root in the ground,” Mr. Peterson said. “They have spiky hair and a distinctive odor. We brought some back, but we didn’t eat any. Too strong-smelling for my taste.”

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to twenty-five cents. We have made this change, regretfully, because the cost of distributing the magazine has greatly increased.

“What *did* you eat?” we asked.

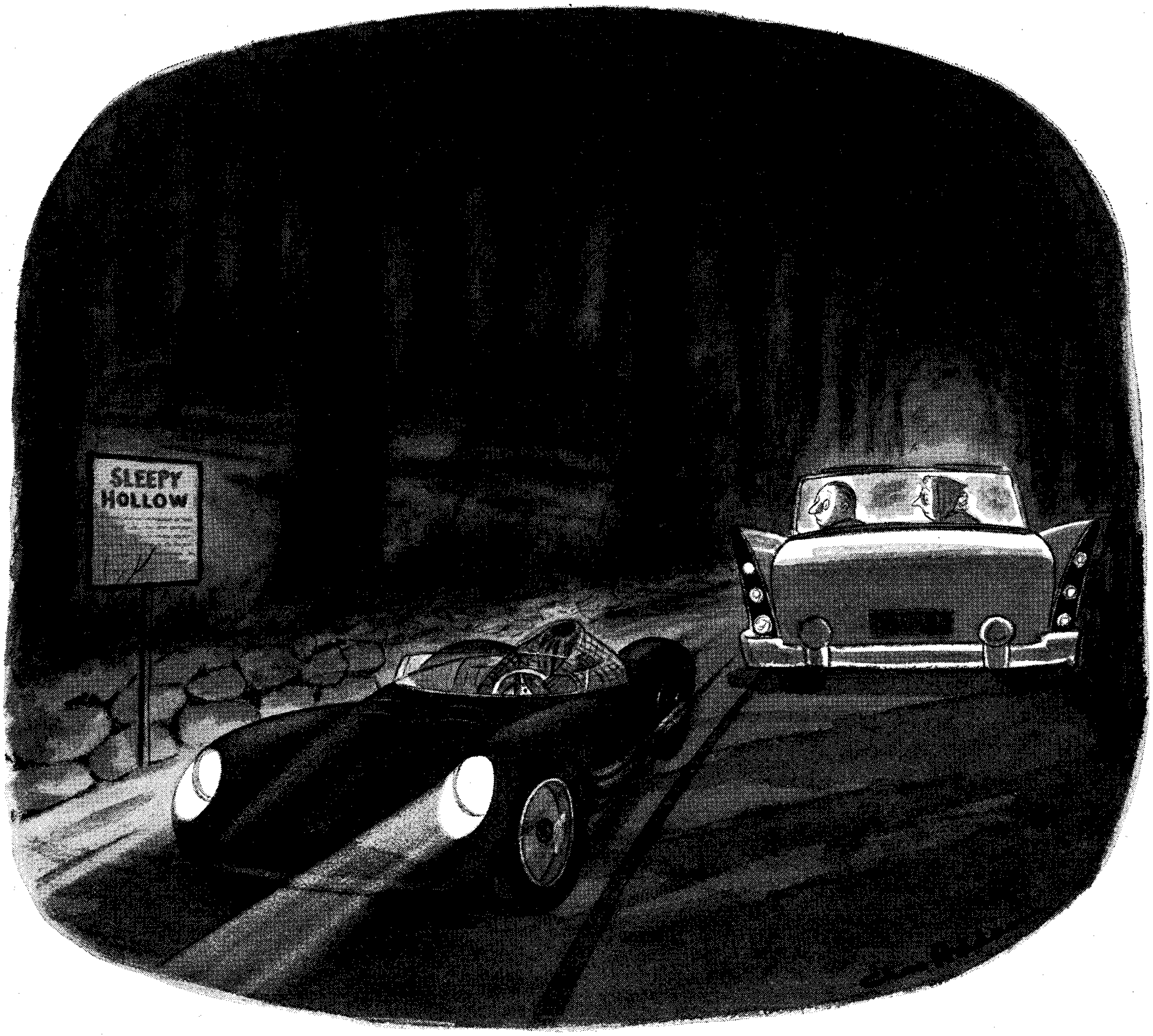
“Lots of sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, and papayas,” Mr. Brass said. “The staples we took along were canned corned beef, yeast bread, rice, and dried peas. Our native cook disguised them pretty well.”

“Sea turtles were a great delicacy,” Mr. Peterson said. “Our transport man, a white man we engaged in a village called Samarai, caught some delicious fish, mostly at night—reef fish, bottom fish, coral trout. I’ve never had such good fish in my life, even in French restaurants. He caught them on a hand line baited with hermit crab. The natives do some of their fishing with spider webs. Papuan spiders, which catch birds as well as insects, run up to an eight-inch spread and spin tough, viscous webs. The natives gather the webs on sticks, roll them into balls, and trail the balls through the water from kites, which they fly from their canoes. This enables them to put a good working distance between fisherman and quarry. The fish bites at the web and gets its teeth entangled.”

“The area we covered was practically unexplored as far as mammals and plants go,” Mr. Brass said. “I was born in Queensland, and I’ve collected on the New Guinea mainland for the Arnold Arboretum and all four of the previous Archbold Expeditions, but these islands were new to me. We shipped our supplies—three tons of equipment—from New York to Samarai via Australia, set up a refitting station at Samarai, and went on, by coastal boats forty to sixty feet long, to Normanby and Fergusson Islands, in the D’Entrecasteaux group; Misima, Sud-Est, and Rossel, in the Louisiade Archipelago; Woodlark; and Kiriwina, in the Trobriands. We found nineteen mammals in the Trobriands, where only twelve had been known before. I also made botanical studies in the Milne Bay area.”

“Thousands of American troops were there during the war, but no trace remains except rusted runways and relics of landing barges,” said Mr. Peterson, who had also spent some time at Milne Bay. “The roads have been taken over by scrub forest. On Kiriwina, we found a G.I. helmet sitting on a ledge in a cave.”

“We hired native boys as collectors,” Mr. Brass said. “They were small, friendly, and coöperative, but at first they didn’t quite understand what we were up to. They thought we were collecting mammals in order to can them



and sell them for food. The boys had names like Liklik and Isulele. Our cook was called Kim—or, rather, *we* called him Kim. He had a tremendous native name, which I never quite got."

"What were the girls called?" we asked.

"Gosh, I don't know any of the girls' names," said Mr. Peterson, who is tall, friendly, thirty-four, married, and the father of three. "We didn't meet any girls. Quite a few of them were awfully pretty, though. They wore grass skirts, some remarkably abbreviated, and the men wore calico wraps and dried-banana-leaf groin pouches. They love to smoke. We took them trade tobacco—twists of black-cured tobacco, heavily impregnated with molasses, that are made in Petersburg, Virginia, for the Southwestern Pacific trade."

"Like to smoke it myself," Mr. Brass said. "The natives would cut it with a knife and roll it in newspapers that we brought along. They seem to prefer newsprint to plain paper."

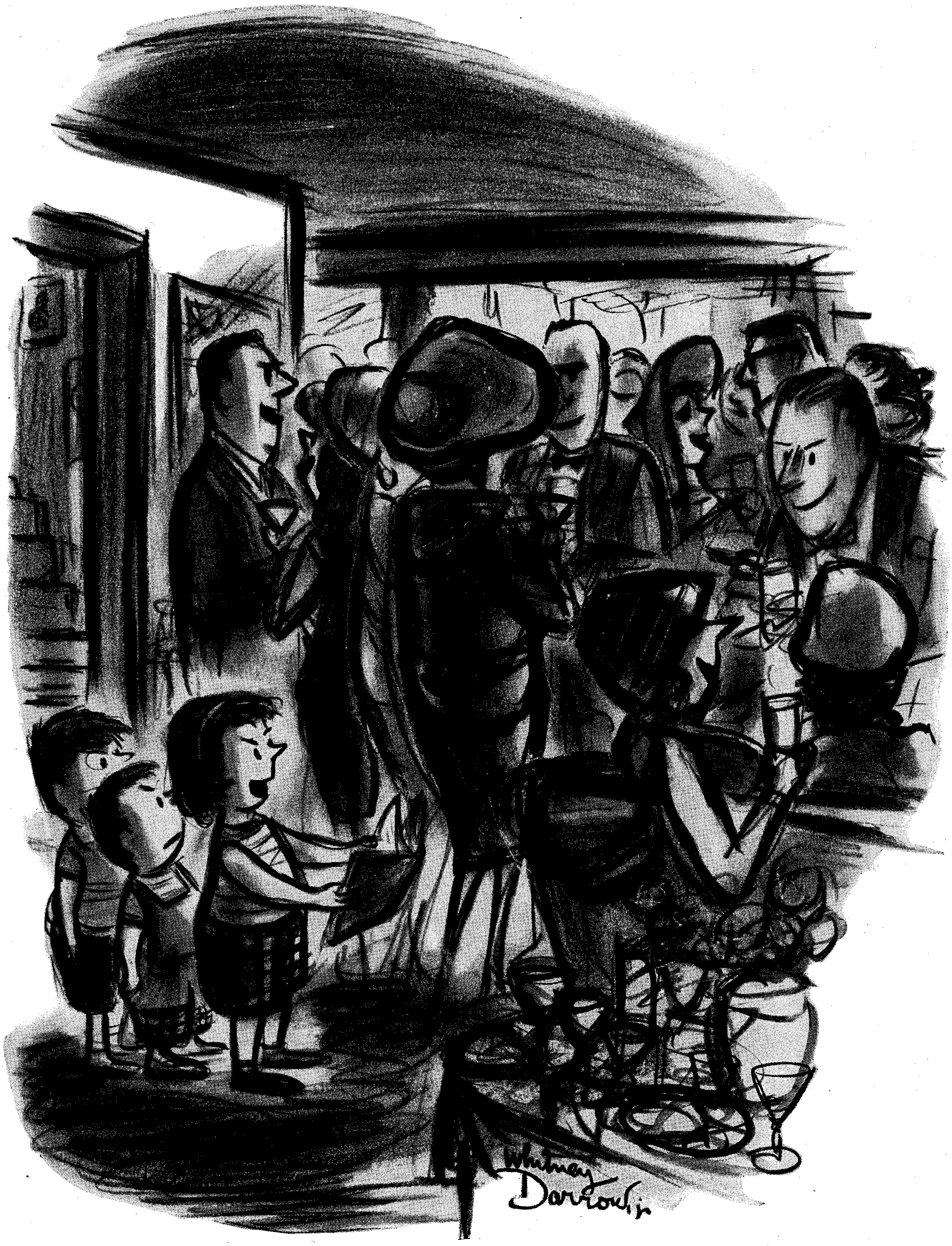
We asked whether they distinguished between the *Times* and the *Journal-American*.

"They liked the Newark *Evening News*," Mr. Brass said. "We took along seven hundred pounds of old newspapers, chiefly for interleaving dried herbarium specimens. The standard drying apparatus for plants is twelve by seventeen inches, and the only local paper from which botanical-specimen folders could be cut near this size used to be the Newark *Evening News*, which until recently was sixteen and a half inches across. Now, unfortunately, like the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, it's only fifteen inches across. I believe the Nantucket *Inquirer & Mirror* is twenty-six inches across, but that's *too* wide."

"Nantucket's pretty," Mr. Peterson said as we left, "but the Papuan islands are the most beautiful place in the world."

Diligent

WE shared a box at Yankee Stadium the other night with a young lady who, upon taking her seat, produced from a commodious pocketbook a score card and pencil, a batch of multicolored knitting, and a copy of Virginia Woolf's "The Waves." By the end of the game, we report with admiration, she had recorded a professional accounting of the plays, completed the upper half of what was recognizably an Argyle sock, and, in the intervals between innings, reached Chapter 2 of "The Waves."


Whitney Darrow, jr

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour."

BENEDICTION

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Engel was not a Catholic, she felt that to be in Rome and not see the Pope was to miss something essential. It was like eating an artichoke and ignoring the heart, she thought, but she had no practical idea how to rectify it. She was aware that the Pope gave a daily benediction from his window overlooking St. Peter's Square, but she and her husband had never been there at the right hour, which was approximately noon. The thing to do was to plan for it and go, she knew, but she was shy about suggesting it, for while she was an Episcopalian, Mr. Engel was a Congregationalist, when he remembered it, and she was not sure how he would take to being publicly blessed. She would go alone some morning when he was having his hair cut, or something, she promised herself, and then, one afternoon, she ran into Miss Murphy.

Half an hour later, she burst in on Mr. Engel, who was sitting on his bed with a number of lira notes spread around him. "What do you think?" she demanded, her eyes shining.

"I know one thing I think," Mr. Engel replied. "Something ought to be done about these ten-thousand-lira notes. No one will change them, and I've got to have something to tip with."

"I know, it's a shame, but who do you think I met buying postcards from the porter?" said his wife, in one breath. "Do you remember Miss Murphy?"

"No," said Mr. Engel.

"Yes, you do. She was on the boat with us coming over. She wore that suit with the funny pockets, and she has a sister who's a nun. Don't you remember her? You danced with her once."

"I never danced with a nun," said Mr. Engel definitely.

"I meant with Miss *Murphy*, the time they had that change-partners waltz. *She* remembers it. She spoke of it twice. Well, anyway, that's who she is, and she's staying right here in the hotel—and where do you think she's taking me?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Engel. "Waltzing?"

"*No*," said Mrs. Engel. "I *wish* you wouldn't spoil things."

Mr. Engel relented. "Where, then?" he asked, gathering his money together.

"Well," said Mrs. Engel, "she's taking me to an audience." Mr. Engel looked vague. "The *Pope*. She's taking me to see the Pope."

"Oh," said Mr. Engel.

"I can't *believe* it," his wife went on. "It won't be like seeing him from the Square, the way anyone can. This is *indoors*." She paused. "Not indoors in his *apartments*. That's only for very small groups. This one is for several groups combined, so it's sort of biggish. It's to be in St. Peter's."

"The church?"

"The Basilica," Mrs. Engel amended.

"That's more than sort of biggish, that's big. How will you be able to see him there?"

Mrs. Engel glowed. "Miss Murphy has tickets for places in a special stand, like a royal box, or something—I suppose because her sister's a nun. The tickets are a special color. Wasn't it wonderful that she had two? She was going to return one when she met *me*."

"When is it to be?"

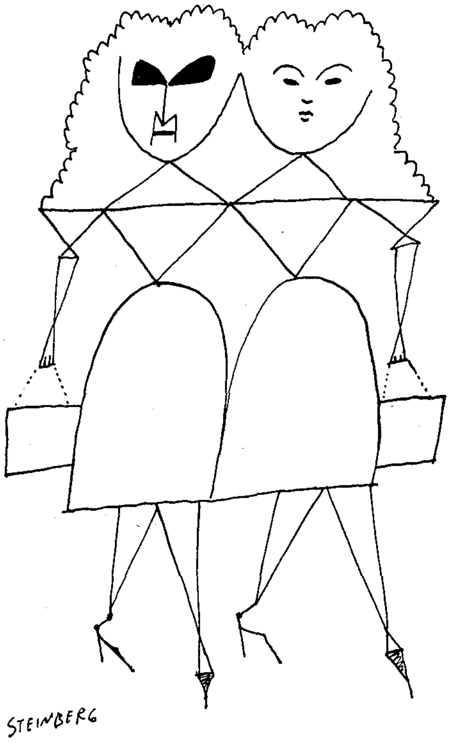
"Tomorrow, at noon, but we're going to get there at eleven, because they don't *reserve* the seats in the box, and we want to be right in front." She beamed at Mr. Engel. "Aren't you excited?"

"Excited?"

"Well, *interested*, then."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Engel, putting his money in his wallet.

Mrs. Engel hesitated. "Do you— do you *mind* my going?" she asked tentatively.



"*I* don't mind," her husband answered. "I just thought you didn't like crowds."

"We have *seats*," Mrs. Engel said. "We even go in by a private entrance. This isn't a *crowd*—this is an *audience*." She let the word linger, and then went to her wardrobe and surveyed her dresses. "*Now* the thing is, what am I going to wear? Of course, *she's* going to wear black with a mantilla, the way they do, but I don't think *I* should. . . . Anyway, I haven't *got* a mantilla," she added, a little wistfully.

"I don't see why you have to dress up for it," said Mr. Engel.

Before Mrs. Engel answered this, she somehow managed to give the impression that she had counted up to ten. "It wouldn't be dressing up if I wore a mantilla. It would be *manners*—like wearing three feathers when you're presented at court." She pushed her dresses along the hanger rail. "My black is too cocktaily. Do you thing my dark-blue would do, with my black hat, if I took the flowers off?"

Mr. Engel had collected a dacron shirt, and a box of soap flakes, which he shook experimentally. "Remind me to get some more of these," he said, and retired to the bathroom.

Mrs. Engel examined her black hat. Without its trimming, it would be no more than a head covering, but, after all, that was the idea, she supposed. She had one brief vision of herself correct and remote in the mystery of drifting black lace, and dismissed it. Mantillas and Mr. Engel would not mix, she decided. But before she reached for her scissors, she telephoned an order to the porter. If a mantilla was beyond her, the hotel car service was not, and the deference of a limousine she could, and would, contribute.

THE next morning, at ten-thirty, Mr. Engel helped Miss Murphy into the symbolic limousine and asked his invariable questions of Mrs. Engel. "Have you got everything? Bag, money, glasses?"

Mrs. Engel, whose mouth was oddly dry, nodded.

"Medals," said Miss Murphy. "Have you your medals?"

Mrs. Engel looked bewildered. "Medals?" She thought of Mr. Engel's Purple Heart. "I'm afraid not. Not *with* me."

"Ah, that's too bad," said Miss Murphy. "Any religious article you carry or wear will get the blessing." She indicated a small parcel tucked under her arm. "Rosaries and medals to take home."

"Oh," said Mrs. Engel. "You mean *saints!* I have a St. Christopher medal"—Miss Murphy smiled tolerantly—"but it's on the car at home. Oh dear, I would so love to have a *blessed* St. Christopher." She looked wildly down the street toward the shops. "I suppose there isn't time to—"

"There isn't," said Mr. Engel, "and you're blocking the taxis."

Mrs. Engel looked at him imploringly. "If only I had thought of it in time," she said.

"You'll be late," said Mr. Engel. He urged her in, nodded to the chauffeur, and stood, half waving, as the car started away.

"He's a fine-looking man," said Miss Murphy, "and a grand waltzer. He didn't remember me, though; he didn't know me from Adam."

Mrs. Engel wrenched herself from St. Christopher. "It was your mantilla," she invented hastily. "He's more used to you in a hat." She gave a side glance at Miss Murphy. Remembering some of her less fortunate shipboard costumes, Mrs. Engel thought that the Pope's ruling on dress had much to be said for it. It was not only modest, it was helpful. Miss Murphy looked actually distinguished, Mrs. Engel acknowledged—and wished she could think the same of herself. The denuded hat, softened with a veil ripped from another hat, looked better than she had hoped, and her dark dress was simple, but the total effect, she was afraid, was no more than unobtrusive.

"I would have worn a mantilla, too," she told Miss Murphy, "but I wasn't sure that I *should*."

"It isn't obligatory, it isn't obligatory at all," Miss Murphy assured her, just touching her own black lace. "The Holy Father has relaxed the rule considerably. Of course, this is a public audience. A private one would be another matter altogether."

"Have you been to one like that?" asked Mrs. Engel.

"I've not been to one of any kind," said Miss Murphy, "but there's established procedure for all."

"Is it difficult?" asked Mrs. Engel, seeing herself backing out of St. Peter's. "Will I be able to do it properly?"

"You'll not have to do anything," said Miss Murphy. "Just sit in your place and don't stir till we kneel for the blessing."

"But when the Pope—when the Holy *Father*—comes in," said Mrs. Engel, "don't we do anything then?"

"Well, he won't *come* in, he'll be carried in on his chair," Miss Murphy said. "It may be that we'll stand then, but we'll be told about that, I've no doubt. So relax, now, Mrs. Engel. We've no cause to worry ourselves." She laughed, a shade too brightly, and touched a cross at her throat with trembling fingers. "I'll say a prayer to St. Peter; he'll not let us disgrace him."

Maybe she ought to include St. Christopher, Mrs. Engel thought. He got you places safely; maybe he got you *through* things safely. She didn't know, but she wished again that she had one of his medals. Then she forgot the medal and everything else, for the car was approaching St. Peter's Square, and she saw how it teemed with people. "We'll never get there!" she exclaimed. "There isn't even room to walk!"

But the car ignored the congested Square and swept to a gateway at its left, where Swiss Guards made splotches of red and yellow against gray stone. A note from Mrs. Engel's guidebook leaped to her memory, and she recognized the entrance they were approaching. It's the Arch of the Bells, she thought, and we're going through it to see the Pope. She caught sight of herself in the car mirror, and made a final, token gesture. Taking her handkerchief, she quickly, almost with one movement, rubbed off her lipstick.

AS Miss Murphy presented her special tickets, the guards at the Arch saluted, and as the car rolled through it to a courtyard inside, Mrs. Engel bowed to them in return. It *is* like royalty, she thought. Now they drove up to a wide door, where they waited while a car ahead of them discharged three ladies in long mantillas and a man with a ribbon round his neck, from which hung a gold cross. Other crosses and medals were pinned to the breast of his dark suit. A Papal Count, Mrs. Engel decided, or a Knight of the Realm—no, of Malta, she corrected herself. Well, anyway, he was *someone*, she was sure, and she wondered if he would be in their stand. His car moved on, and it was her own and Miss Murphy's turn to alight. A man with gloves and a badge approved their tickets with a low bow, and Mrs. Engel, her heart thumping perceptibly, followed Miss Murphy up a short flight of steps toward the unknown.

Almost at once, there were people. Not guards—not chamberlains, as Mrs. Engel had half expected—but ordinary, everyday people, all in what was unmistakably a tearing hurry. "Where did *they* come from?" Miss Murphy asked as she and Mrs. Engel headed with the rest down a long stone cor-

NO TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS WILL BE EATEN
O. SOGLOW

ridor. Feet sounded behind them, and four nuns with winged coifs like flying birds passed on the double. Six young men in bright-red cassocks went by like a flash fire. "Seminarians. They're always rushing," said Miss Murphy. Two Norwegians and an American soldier skirted Mrs. Engel with the effect of being on skis. "I wonder if we're in the right place," said Miss Murphy, and waved her special tickets for the attention of an official stationed on the way.

"*Si, si*," he responded. "*Avanti, avanti.*" Mrs. Engel thought he sounded impatient, but she reminded herself that most Italians did.

"*Avanti!*" cried a man with a sword, and this time there was no doubt.

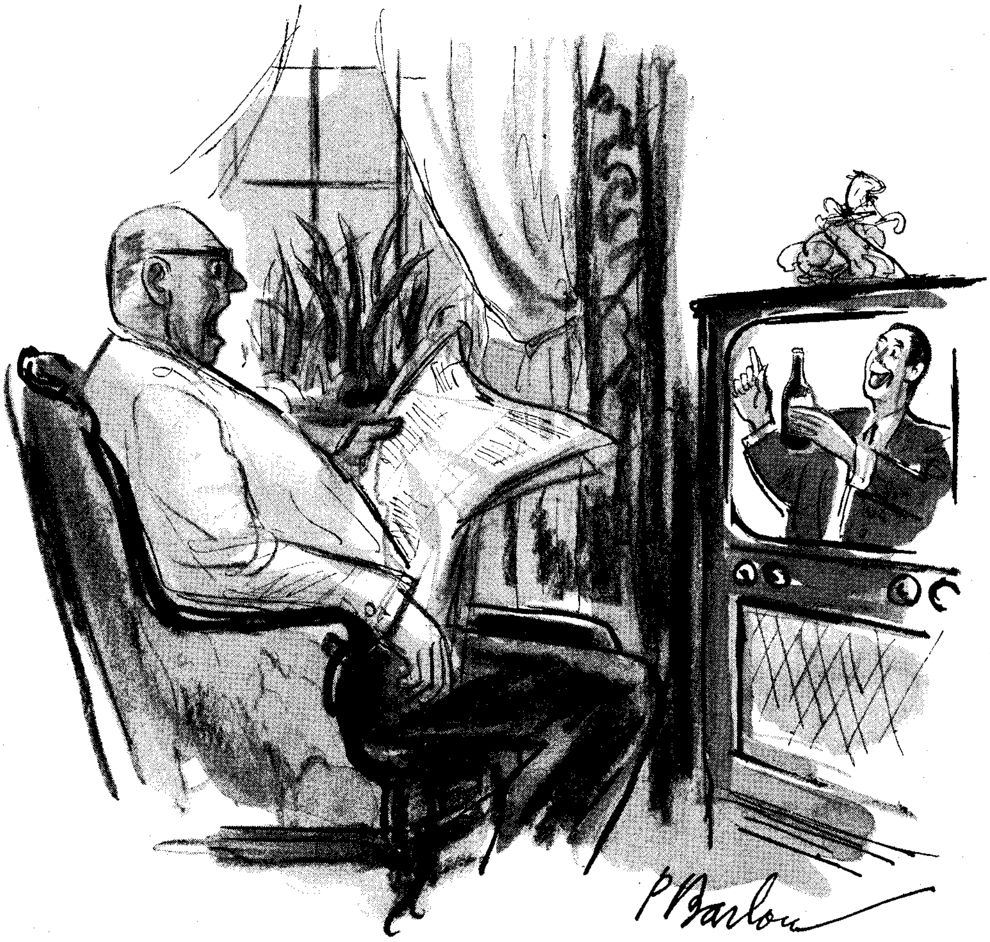
Unconsciously, Miss Murphy increased her speed, infecting Mrs. Engel, and soon they were almost running. Dignity was receding, and more and more people were overtaking them, all with the look of men and women who had just been told that the dam had burst. "Where do they think they're *going*?" asked Miss Murphy, rebounding from the impact of several small but solid little girls in white First Communion dresses.

If Mrs. Engel had an answer, it was smothered by an Italian family that converged on her and bore her through an opening into the arms of a man in a cocked hat. "*Avanti!*" he commanded, and Mrs. Engel found that she was out of the corridor and in the immensity of the church.

"We're all right," said Miss Murphy breathlessly. "We've come around a back way. We're in the transept, and the stand can't be far off."

Although the crowds kept them moving, Mrs. Engel could recognize, now, where she was. She was near the canopied High Altar, and the dome was just above. She looked up, and gasped. From top to bottom, for as far as she could see, the church was hung with blazing red and studded with lighted candelabra, as if scarlet ribbons had been pinned to the arches with diamond brooches, and there, in front of the lamp-lined tomb of St. Peter, she could just see a dais on which stood a tall chair, its pointed back glinting with gold. She stopped dead.

"*Avanti!*" protested a little man, who was behaving as if he were directing a line of fire buckets.



"A quart is a quart, damn it! How can it be a big, jumbo quart?"

• •

"We go to the *stand*," said Miss Murphy, waving her tickets again.

"*Si, si, va bene*," said someone soothingly, and Mrs. Engel and Miss Murphy were propelled up a step or two onto a railed platform covered by what seemed to be a low ceiling, and so choked with occupants that Mrs. Engel could only think of what she had heard of the New York subway at the rush hour. But before she could do more than notice that at least the front rows were decorous with long lines of motionless nuns, a hoarse injunction compelled her on. "*Di sopra!*" it said. "*Di sopra.* Up, please, up."

She nudged Miss Murphy, who was standing stock-still. "We have to go up," Mrs. Engel said. Miss Murphy turned, looking as if she were about to cry. "Up," Mrs. Engel repeated. "We go up."

The press of people impelled them to a stairway, narrow and quivering, that ran eerily up behind the platform and led to a tier above it—a balcony, which Mrs. Engel had mistaken for a ceiling. "It's as bad here," said Miss Murphy, like a Celtic Cassandra. "There's no hope for us at all."

Mrs. Engel looked around her. The first rows up here, like those she had noticed below, were neat with the black-and-white of nuns. Over in one corner, the man with all the medals cowered crestfallen, his ladies crushed against him. Anywhere one could sit, people sat, and where they couldn't sit, they stood. "We should have come earlier," said Miss Murphy inadequately.

"*Mi scusi*," said a Roman matron, squeezing herself into a space where none had existed.

"*Prego*," said Mrs. Engel, and wished she hadn't.

"Pardon," said an American voice, and a man with three cameras flattened her as he pushed by.

"We should have come earlier," said Miss Murphy again, standing as stiff and weighted as the statue of St. Andrew against which the stand was erected.

"Look!" said Mrs. Engel.

At the very back, on a line with St. Andrew's knees, she had spotted a bench that offered a suggestion of space. She steered Miss Murphy, who seemed incapable of independent action, toward it. It was mainly in possession of the

Italian family that had engulfed Mrs. Engel in the corridor. "No, no!" they cried in concerted defense. "We save!"

Mrs. Engel took courage. "*Non capisco*. No understand," she said, and hoped it was all right to fib in church. "Well," she said when she had inserted herself and Miss Murphy in the space, "this isn't so bad."

The balcony was crammed, but it sloped steeply, and it was possible to see the dais. "And there's no one behind us, so we can stand up to see better," she said. She thought a moment. "I mean, if that would be correct. Will people *do* that?"

Miss Murphy looked at the excited crowd about her. "I don't know *what* they'll do," she said through tight lips. "I'd put nothing past them."

Mrs. Engel attempted comfort. "They'll settle down," she said, raising her voice against the chatter of several languages. "They'll be wonderful. Look at all those nice nuns."

Miss Murphy stared stonily at the veils and coifs that had preëmpted the front rows of seats. "Why wouldn't they be nice?" she said. "All in the best places, like that."

"Maybe they got here *very* early," Mrs. Engel offered placatingly.

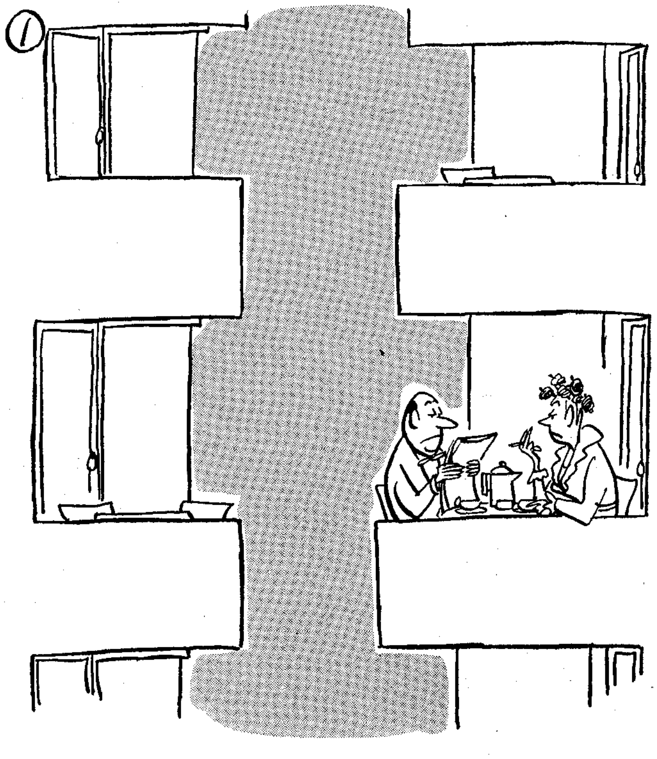
"I'd not be surprised if they'd slept here," said Miss Murphy witheringly.

Mrs. Engel gave up. Miss Murphy was disappointed, and so was she, but, after all, it was worse for Miss Murphy, because the Pope was *her* Pope. Surely, when the time came, it would be all right. Finally putting aside her ideas of royal boxes and velvet chairs, Mrs. Engel admitted to herself that at least the position of the stand was enviable. It faced the dais below, and when the Pope was there, and everyone was quiet, they would see him well. She craned for confirmation, and drew a breath at what she saw. The transept was checkered with groups of nuns, priests, children, and—"laymen" she supposed was the word—in orderly, squared-off sections. But away from these, stretching back beyond her vision, were masses and masses of people, so dwarfed by the vast space and distances that they had only the dark, packed quality of a homogeneous sticky substance. "Caviar," Mrs. Engel said to herself. "The church is full of caviar." Above the crowd's blackness, the Basilica soared in the brilliance of its decorations like a flaming, protective bird. Under the dome, the chair dominated, still waiting for the hush she was sure would herald the coming of the Pope. Dotted near it were Swiss Guards, their uniforms—so improbable by daylight—now as right as votive candles.

"Michelangelo knew what he was doing when he designed those uniforms," Mrs. Engel murmured, to distract Miss Murphy, who sniffed.

"I've read that he did it one day when he was annoyed," she said coldly. "And whoever designed this stand must have been in the same state. It's not safe. Listen to that, will you?"

The stairs were creaking under the strain of heavily ascending feet. "Someone ought to *stop* them," said Mrs. Engel. "It was full long ago."



A young Irish priest standing near heard her and grinned. "In Italy, there's no such word as full," he said.

"If you ask *me*," said Miss Murphy darkly, "the nuns are the worst. There's twice as many now as there were."

The priest chuckled. "They have a system," he said. "They spread themselves out, with their veils and all, and then move close together when other nuns come. They're a caution!"

They talk about them as if they were *people*, Mrs. Engel noted, amazed, but she supposed it was like being in a family. However, she argued to herself, they surely had more right to good places than—well, someone like herself. Or *sightseers*, she added scathingly as two stolid British tourists, complete with binoculars, increased the standees. If the nuns had their rights, then so had Miss Murphy hers, and she ought to assert them. Mrs. Engel was getting confused, but she was also getting angry. She glared at the binoculars and turned to Miss Murphy, who had subsided into misery.

Mrs. Engel couldn't bear it. "Get down there, Miss Murphy," she ordered peremptorily. "Get right down there in front."

"Me?" said Miss Murphy, startled. "There's no room there."

"*Make* it!" said Mrs. Engel. "Everyone else does, and you have more right. Go *on*. Tell them your sister's a nun." Miss Murphy looked uncertain. "*Per favore, attenzione*," said Mrs. Engel to the air. "*La sorella della signorina*—" She stopped. "I don't know the Italian for 'nun,'" she said, "but you go *on down*."

Miss Murphy, suddenly spurred, thrust herself forward. Mrs. Engel watched as she edged and pressed and insinuated herself, inch by inch, down through people, between people, until she was miraculously in a corner of the lower tier, by the railing, where at first she clung, and then knelt, to lean over it for an unobstructed view. Mrs. Engel sighed with relief.

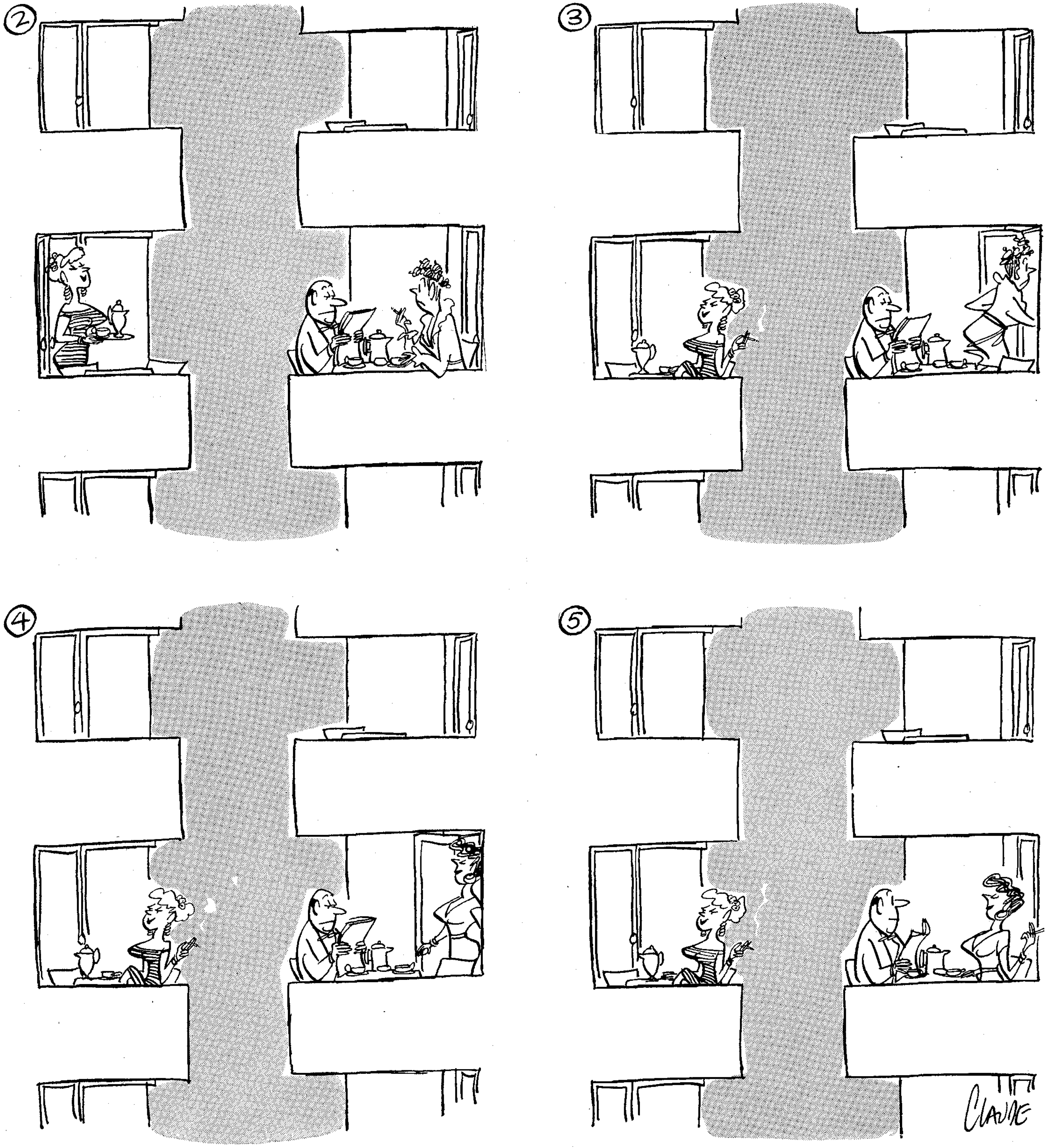
"Why don't you have a go at it yourself?" asked the young priest, who had been watching with amusement.

Mrs. Engel shook her head. "I couldn't," she said, and hoped he would understand. "You see, I'm not a *Catholic*."

The priest smiled. "Better stay where you are now, anyway," he said. "It's almost time Holy Father was here."

Mrs. Engel froze. In her concern for Miss Murphy, she had almost forgotten the Pope, and he was *coming*. She straightened her hat and tried to wedge herself more firmly onto the bench. Soon everything would be quiet, she knew, and she wouldn't want to move then, or disturb anyone.

"*Mama!*" cried the Italian family beside her, and reached ecstatic hands toward a panting old woman, hung with rosaries, who made her way to them. They pulled her down to the bench, almost obliterating Mrs. Engel, and burst into the volubility of people reunited after many years. "They'll stop any moment now," Mrs. Engel told



herself as she was pushed to the very end of the bench. She thought of the hush, and the Pope borne high to the dais, and she gripped her hands together to stop them from shaking. Then, all at once, as if some wordless signal had been given, the shuffling and the chatter were arrested, and a strange intensity took their place, as if something unseen were gathering itself in. From far back in the church came a murmur.

"He's coming," said the young priest, almost to himself, and Mrs. Engel saw his face whiten. The murmur rose and became a clamor. "*Viva!*" Mrs. Engel heard. "*Viva il Papa!*" The cry rose and was repeated. "*Viva il Papa!*" screamed a woman near her in the stand, and Mrs. Engel felt the crowd go mad around her. Everyone was standing, leaning forward; the shouting grew until it was a wall of sound. The Pope was there, below her, she thought, and she couldn't *see* him. Some people clambered onto the benches, to stand. She tried to climb onto hers, but there was no room there. She was in a well, she thought, a tight, dark well, while the people around her, who made the well, roared an acclamation to the Pope she couldn't see. Then the noise lessened, and a voice floated out and up. The Pope was speaking, she realized, and she

NIGHT TALK

I stayed up half the night to hear that hour
When birds would start the daylight up with song.
It was the stillest night to be endured
When nothing in the boreal silence stirred
Save one impertinent animal who scratched
There at the sidings of my little house.
Elsewise that moon with an unpitying frankness
Searched down the valley from her eminence.
What I did want was bird song and was day—
The way you want brook water on your breast
When, diving from the moss-fledged rocks, you go
Over and down its green sides into clearness.

The moon had just half slipped behind the hill
Still strongly shining (Who could keep it from
Declaring forth its bald-head aptitude?)
When, in my mind, I saw that moon grow big
And glowing like a melon in my room:
One instant then before some stars,
A swarm of them like angry bees,
Attacked the creature, and it was blown up!
Blown up at least in my own head.
At which a bird then started up,
The first one I could hear, far off.
I felt as if I'd called it forth
By that small wishful murder of the moon,
And wondered if I'd wanted other killings.
The violence of my sombre want astounded. . . .
In any case, one bird sang, then another,
Half out of night, half into day
That, save to birds, was hardly visible.
And when the fourth bird cried in icy light
Of that most cold and ultra loneliness
When not a wind stirred one black leaf—
Banked in the shadows much too black,
Since where the moon shone all was much too white,
A sickly greenish white—
I thought the birds were mad, or I,
And scarcely knew then which.
I only prayed they'd go right on;
I wanted no mistake, that much was certain,
As happens sometimes to one bird
Who wakes to sing some sleep-drunk song
Before he knows he's singing, and is gone,
Breaking the song half off to break the heart
Of one who tracks the heavy-coated dews, listening.

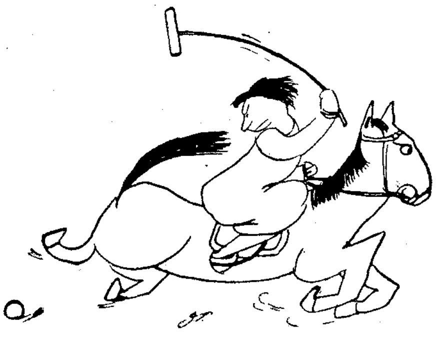
And so I sat and counted song,
Song after song that answered first song started.
What would the birds be saying that they answered
In a better than our language with fresh joy,
As if it were the first morning of the first great day?
Now I was certain that the birds would stay.
But still that moon burned like some bad,
Too bright hunk of ice or glass.
The eastern window seemed to hold it so,
Scrolled by the tree boughs, sunk in mackerel clouds.
Unless that light could be the sun?
Half gone with sleep, I had no eyes for seeing.
I wanted song to surge me on;
It was its signal freshness that I craved.
And more. It was a vision of a vision I'd once got
When first I heard this bird song years ago.
Say then I thought the morning was a wall
On which the rose briar song made its long weave,
Or seemed to think the air was one flower wall
The birds sat up to wind their voices on
And make the whole air vine weave of a thing
That only song can be and bear.
Or had I dreamed song sounded so?
I wanted, then, to know.
Well, sir, morning came on and it was so.
The birds were bright as water, cool as flowers.
I think I wept to know this much was true.

—Jean Garrigue

• •

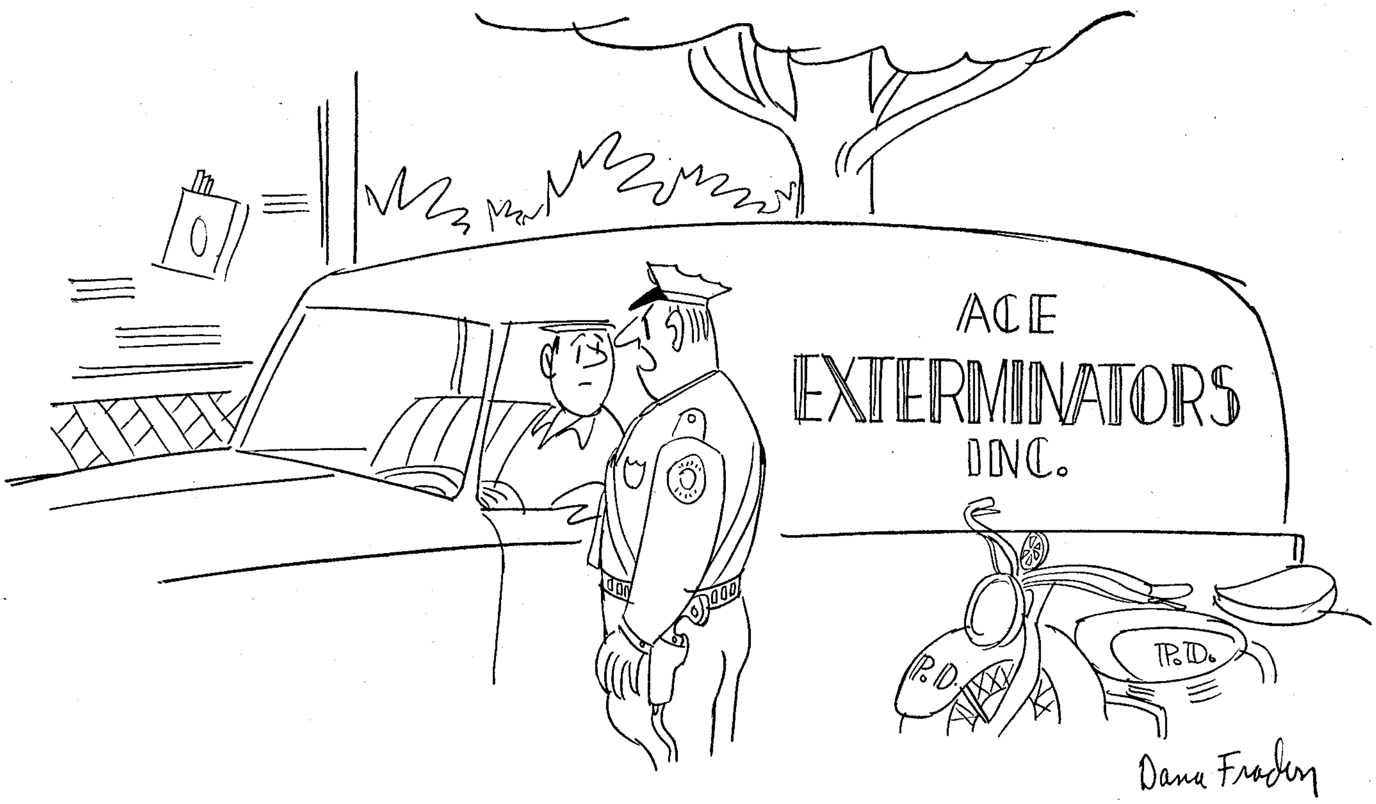
strained frantically to hear him. A half-understood phrase here and there told her he was welcoming the groups below in their several languages, going from one to another quite easily. Then, almost before she could take them in, the words came in English, pure and almost unaccented: "... our blessing to you and all your family and friends ..."

"Oh, *please*," she heard herself say aloud. "I want to *see*." She actually whimpered, and, from behind her, hands clasped her waist, and she was lifted into the air. She had one dazed glimpse of the figure in white rising from the chair on the dais before she was put down again. She turned and saw who had lifted her. It was the father of the Italian family, who was standing above her on the bench. "*Mille grazie*," she said, but he didn't hear her. He was looking out and down, his middle-aged eyes childlike with tears. The people were now getting down from the benches. Mrs. Engel felt panic. It's over, she thought. It's all over, and I've missed the blessing. But no one left, and the complete hush that Mrs. Engel had imagined would come when the Pope first entered came at last. All around her, and down in the church, the thousands dropped to their knees as one person, with a curious sound, like snow slipping from a roof. For a moment, Mrs. Engel stood alone, looking over the bowed heads before her, and now she saw the figure in white clearly. She saw the sweeping sign of the cross, and, light though the hand was that made it, it seemed to fill the length and breadth of the church. Then she, too, knelt.



THE next half hour was a blur. Mrs. Engel knew vaguely when the Pope left the dais and was carried down the nave; she followed his progress by the diminishment of the cheering. It stopped, and he was gone. Finally, Miss Murphy appeared, pale and tear-stained, her mantilla awry, her parcel of medals clutched in a death grip. Together they made their way out to the courtyard, where the car was waiting, and rode back to the hotel in shaken silence.

Mr. Engel was in the lobby, ready to take them to lunch. Miss Murphy refused. "I'm destroyed," she said. "I'll just have a cup of tea in my room above." She looked at them both. "It



"What's the rush, Mac? Bugs taking over the world?"

• •

wasn't the way I thought it would be, it wasn't the way at all," she said. "All that pushing and shoving and screaming at him, and himself a saint!"

Mrs. Engel thought back on the shouting and the intensity and the tears. She touched Miss Murphy's hand. "Maybe that's the reason for it," she said.

Miss Murphy's eyes filled. "Well, anyway, we *saw* him," she said, and an unexpected humor creased her face into a smile, "in *spite* of our special seats."

The Engels went alone to the garden for lunch. "What did *you* do this morning?" Mrs. Engel asked after she had given an account of hers.

"I saw the Pope," said Mr. Engel.

Mrs. Engel flushed. "I don't think it's very funny to joke about it, after all I've told you."

"I'm not joking," said Mr. Engel, prodding a piece of pastry. "I went to St. Peter's and saw the Pope. Here." He took a medal from his pocket and slid it across the table to her.

She took it up. "It's a St. Christopher," she said.

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Of course."

"It's blessed," said Mr. Engel severely, "so don't lose it."

"But how? How did you *get* it blessed?"

"I told you. You wanted a medal, so I got one and took it to St. Peter's."

"But how did you get in? It was jammed."

"There was a crowd," said Mr. Engel judiciously, "but I went in, in back of it."

"*How* in back of it?"

"The crowd was all in the big center aisle," said Mr. Engel patiently, "but the side ones were sort of empty. I just walked up one till I got to where the Pope was speaking. When he was all through, he walked around by the railing where I was, and that's when I saw him near to."

"You mean you were *close* to him?"

"Not very—about like that." He indicated a tub of geraniums some six feet away.

"You mean without a ticket, without waiting, without *anything*, you just walked in and saw him?"

"Certainly."

Mrs. Engel drank a glass of water. "What was he like, close to? Were you impressed?"

Mr. Engel retreated from the query. "I don't know what you mean by 'impressed.'"

Mrs. Engel changed her approach. "I just meant *imagine* seeing him so *close*. What a shame you didn't have a camera."

Mr. Engel took on what his wife called his Rock of New England look. "I wouldn't have used it," he said stiffly.

"But why not?"

"It wouldn't have been respectful," said Mr. Engel.

His wife looked down at her plate, satisfied with his answer. It was how she had felt about wearing lipstick, only she couldn't explain why. She turned the St. Christopher medal in her hand; if it had been blessed, she suddenly thought, then so had Mr. Engel. She looked at him and smiled, and then put the medal into her handbag.

Mr. Engel caught the movement. "Be careful of it, now," he said. "Don't lose it."

"I won't," said Mrs. Engel. "I promise I won't."

—PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

It was to the breeding-haunts of intellectuals and their bastard progeny of the communications industry that Mr. Potter's lecture itinerary naturally took him: the publishing and radio worlds of New York, eggheaded Washington, and the campuses of colleges and universities; in other words, to that part of America which is not merely white but Anglo-Saxon, is consciously liberal, is successful in living well-upholstered lives, and which is represented by *The New Yorker.* *—From a review, by Walter Allen, of "Potter on America" in the New Statesman & Nation.*

Somebody's got to work the breeding haunts.

THE PEACOCK VILLAGE

I REMEMBER the first time that I was badly frightened. I was a girl of twelve or thirteen, and had presumably run the gantlet of most childhood fears—fear of the dark, of certain animals, of ghosts and other inexplicable things. But these were more or less in the nature of hallucinations—self-induced, and generally conquered before they got the upper hand. The worst fear of all—fear of one's own species—had never seriously affected me until the year my family moved to a place called Aligarh, in what was then the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, in India.

My father, an Englishman, had lately retired as an officer of the Imperial Indian Police, and was practicing as a barrister, specializing in criminal law, for which he had a special flair. He was extremely successful, and was a friend and confidant of Indians of all creeds and classes, although something of an iconoclast where his own traditions were concerned—a complex man of many gifts. Shortly before we went to Aligarh, he had been stricken by the illness that was to kill him eventually, and this may have accounted for his moodiness. He had an increasing unpredictability of temper and a reputation for violent outbursts that had already cost him several good friends and was a cause of deep concern to my mother. It had also produced a wholesome wariness toward him in us children.

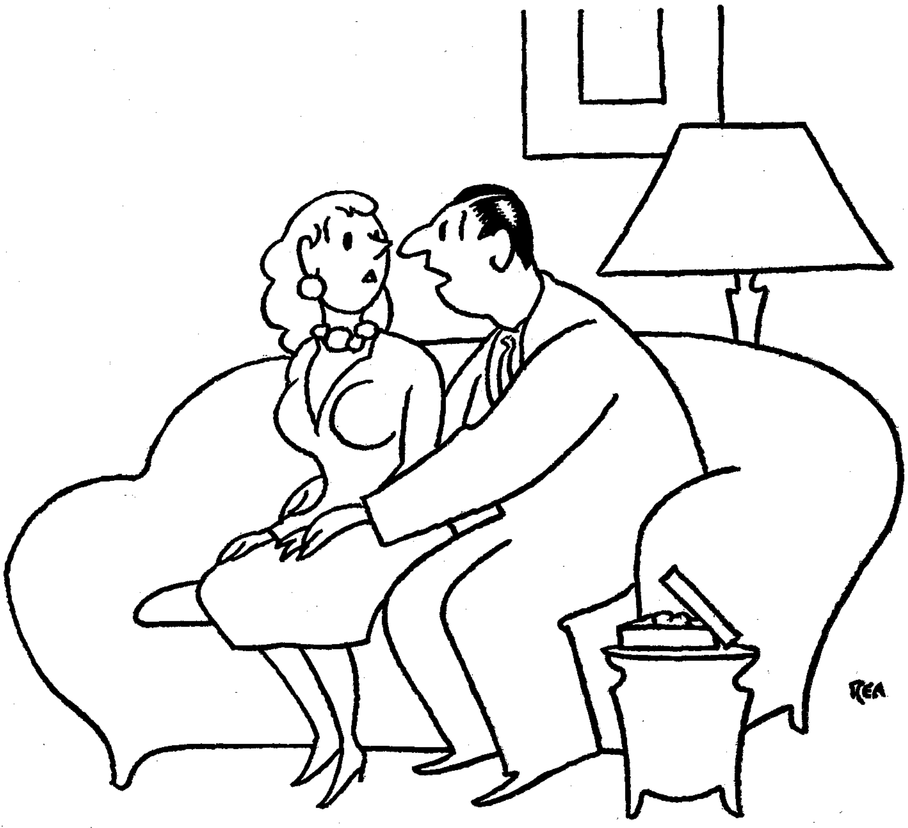
An Indian friend rented us his house on the outskirts of Aligarh. It was a huge house, painted a stark, glaring white. There were vast rooms and turrets and cupolas, and a small winding staircase that led up to the roof. By standing on the roof of this magnificent dwelling, we could see for miles around—flat plains dotted with thornbushes, dusty roads running straight as rulers between rows of shisham and neem trees, and, in the fields of distant villages, the rich green of new crops of mustard, wheat, and beans. The city of Aligarh was off to the east, veiled in the blue-white haze that hangs over this part of the country at any time of year and has its individual smell—a compound of wood smoke, cattle, and the vagrant dampness that rises off newly watered fields. The village nearest us was roughly three miles away, and comprised the usual collection of mud-walled houses roofed with pink tiles or thatch and threaded by narrow alleys, the whole place shaded by great pipal and mango trees, which were as indispensable to the scene as church spires are to New England.

Because there were few distractions of a civilized nature, we children early learned to do the best we could with what we had. People nowadays make a cult of going on safaris and expeditions into the wilds after game and fish; they pay handsomely for experiences that for us at that time lay close at hand. We had been taught to ride horseback, handle firearms, and walk for miles in all kinds of difficult country, without indulging in any self-conscious ideas of adventure. We enjoyed these things because, I suppose, there wasn't anything else to do.

My father was an enthusiastic sportsman, and we loved to go with him into the countryside when he went to hunt black buck or partridge in the early mornings before work or, better still, in the late afternoons, when you could hear the birds calling from every clump of thorn. The birds were wily and would lie like rocks, falling silent when they heard us, and it was the duty of my younger brother, Vee, and me to throw stones into the bushes and scare the creatures out, so my father could shoot them. They flew like the devil, an occasional pair flushing out of the same bush and going in different directions, and it was exciting to watch my father as he swung from one to the other, seldom missing either. Often, on these jaunts, we'd be tagged by a little bunch of villagers, always friendly and interested, ready to show us the best places to find game.

Besides partridges (and green pigeons, ducks, and sand grouse), there were any number of peacocks. They fed among the crops, and must have done some damage, but they were considered sacred by the Hindu community, and were therefore taboo to sportsmen. This is not to say that a peacock didn't once in a while get shot and end up as curry in our friends' kitchens or our own, or that one didn't sometimes serve in place of turkey at Christmastime—turkey as tough as leather and with wires for tendons, unless it happened to be a chick.

Although we knew that our father and his friends had shot peacocks, it had been dinned into Vee and me that we were on no account to do so, and we accepted this unfair discrimination as just one more example of adult inconsistency. Accordingly, we passed up many opportunities for bagging a peacock—and what opportunities they were, as the big birds scurried through the young green fields with necks outstretched, the tails of the cocks streaming in the afternoon light, the dowdy hens running behind! Everywhere one heard their cries as they fed in the fields

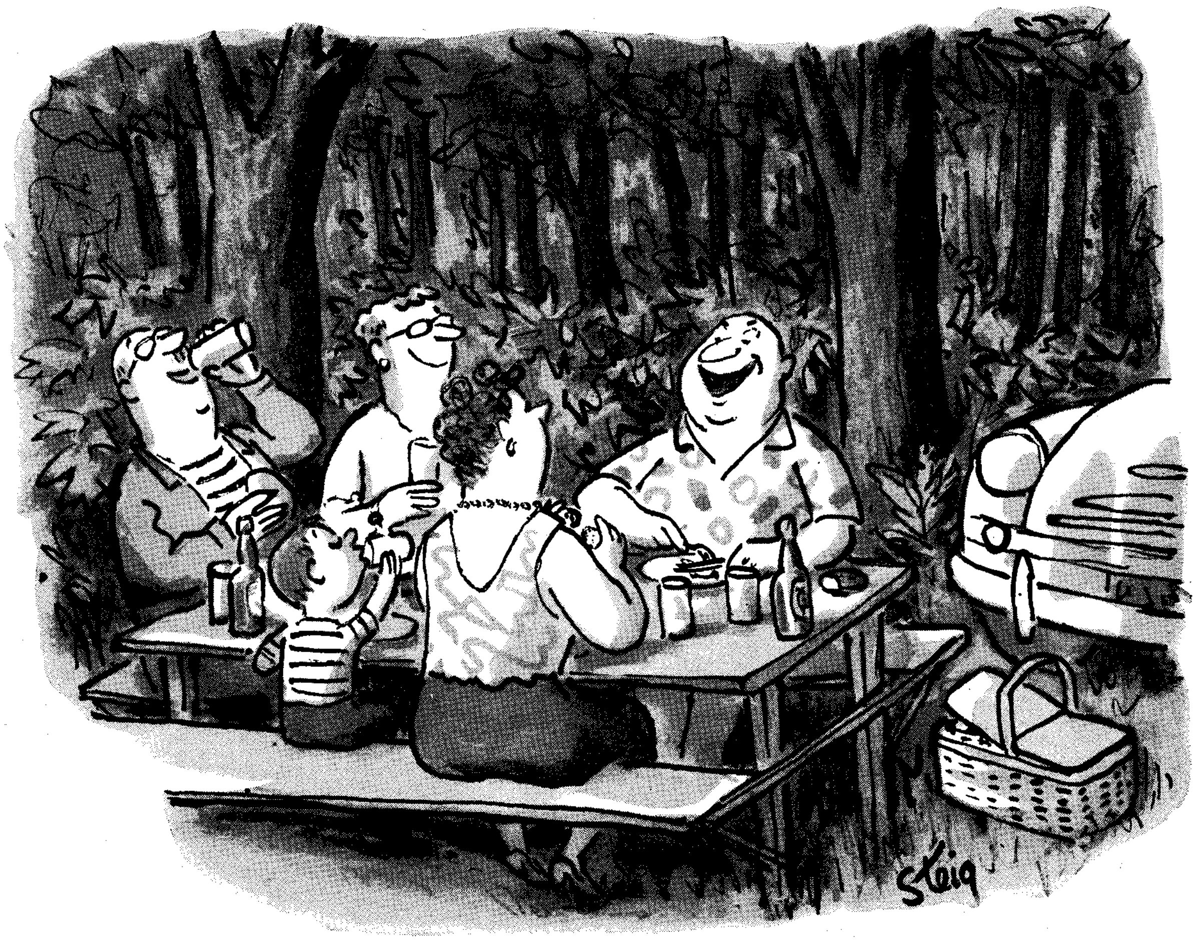


"Then it wasn't just my dry, unruly hair?"

or roosted in the trees, and in that flat, almost featureless landscape, upon which the sky rested like pallid silk, they were impressive and incongruous in their splendor. They did not really seem wild to me, since they were probably descended from birds that had fed from the hands of Jahangir and Shah Jehan, and one of them had spread its shining tail to keep the hot rays of the sun from the sleeping head of no less a lord than the god Krishna himself.

My brother, younger than I by two years, had at that time few such aesthetic ideas, and the subject nearest him in interest was hunting. His marksmanship was precociously good, and, attired in khaki shorts and shirt, shotgun on his shoulder, he often sallied forth with me into the fields and along the canal banks in search of game. A servant was supposed to accompany us on these trips, but we had our own reasons for preferring to go alone. We were forbidden to eat native food when it had not been bought under our parents' supervision, or to drink sugar-cane juice or unboiled water, but we were apt to be overcome by hunger and thirst long before the hunt was over, and—the villagers being by tradition hospitable—we were aware that we'd fare best without a chaperon.

The villagers knew us by sight, and some were well acquainted with my father, either from earlier days when, as a police officer, he had been stationed nearby or through his reputation as an advocate who had got some of their neighbors off stiff jail sentences and saved others from hanging. The Indian villager has a charm of manner you don't always find in the cities. One can generalize about him as one wouldn't dare to do about his urban brothers. Poor and hard-working, these people remain dignified, courteous, and hospitable. When, twenty years later, I revisited this area, I found them unchanged in a changing world, and—children though my brother and I were—I still reflect with shame on the day we abused their hospitality, and came, I do believe, close to paying dearly for it.



"To hell with New York City!"

• •

ON an afternoon in late February, Vee and I set out to hunt, leaving the servants still asleep in their quarters after their midday meal. The weather was warming up, and we were soon sweating freely and taking turns carrying the gun. Our objective was the neighborhood of a village we could see from the roof of our house, about three miles beyond a gullied plain where fields of mustard were just coming into flower. Puffs of scent from the mustard flowers were blown toward us as we went, and we could hear in the fields the voices of men who were mending the water channels that fed their crops, or driving the bullocks working at the wellheads. Peacocks were calling here and there, but the partridges were silent, perhaps because of the growing heat.

We must have walked for an hour without seeing anything to shoot except a flock of pigeons, at which Vee fired, missing them all, and a rabbit, at which I fired, missing likewise. By the time we reached the village, we were consumed with thirst. We made our way into the village's main courtyard—a pleasant, shady place that felt like heaven after the glare of the sun—and some of the villagers came out to greet us. Among them was the headman, an elderly, white-haired Brahman, wearing the sacred cord across his chest, who asked news of Father's health. We answered, and then—though we had been expressly forbidden to touch unboiled water—announced that we were thirsty. As we expected, the headman offered to draw water for us himself from the well in the middle of the courtyard. Reassuring ourselves with the dubious reflection that the Brahman's well must be purer than any other in the vicinity (and, after all, hadn't *they* been drinking from it all their lives?), we thanked the old man, who then lowered a brass lotah into the well, brought up water, and poured some carefully into our cupped hands. When we'd finished drinking, he sent his son—a boy of about Vee's age—to pick custard apples for us from their own tree. These we ate with relish, spitting the black, shiny seeds on the ground, while we complained about the bad luck we'd had in our search for game.

Some of the villagers amiably suggested that we try a patch of cane and thorn trees a few hundred yards beyond the village, near a pool where, they said, teal sometimes dropped in to feed. The headman's son offered to guide us; like any boy, he was eager to be in on the fun, and it was his idea that we should first take a turn along the village wall, where there were a few scattered bushes that sometimes harbored partridges and occasionally a quail.

The wall, we found when we got there, was built of unbaked brick, topped in places with slabs of red sandstone carved in a design of leaves, flowers, and peacocks. The carvings were old, eroded by time and weather, and the Brahman's boy explained that this village had been built on the ruins of another—a much older one that had been destroyed in some long-forgotten battle hundreds of years ago. As we walked along, I found bits of broken sandstone lying about, some half buried in the ground and all bearing that design with peacocks in it. Presently, we disturbed a little family of the actual birds—a cock and two hens—and the cock took wing gloriously and lit on the wall, improbably beautiful in the afternoon sun, with one small, alert eye peering down at us.

The village boy smiled at us, then nodded at the bird. "The peacock is very beautiful," he said.

"Why don't you allow people to shoot them?" my brother asked. "Why don't you shoot them yourselves?"

The boy shook his head violently. "We never kill them!" he said.

"Why not?" my brother asked. "You could eat them."

"We do not eat meat."

"Why not?"

The boy hesitated, still smiling. "We do not care for it," he said. "And the bird is beautiful, and quite tame."

The bird on the wall was indeed beautiful and tame. It made no move when we passed directly under it, walking so close that by reaching up a hand I was able to touch the end of its great sheaf of a tail.

We went on for a while, finding nothing worth shooting, and our new friend suggested that we go to a nearby canal, where there might be ducks. The sun was still high, but the shadows were getting longer and there was a hint of coolness in the air, and everywhere we could smell the scent of mustard flowers and hear the cries of peacocks feeding among them. We found no ducks on the stretch of canal we came to, but since it led toward home, my brother and I decided to continue our hunt along it. The Brahman's boy bade us goodbye, explaining that it was time he went back to the village, and invited us to come again soon. We left him, and, turning to look back, I saw him turn also, and look after us. I waved to him and he waved in response.

Vee and I went on down the canal. We heard a partridge call from a clump of bushes, and immediately we had an altercation about whose turn it was to shoot. My brother won the argument, because he happened to be in possession of the gun, and we advanced on the bushes, Vee leading. The partridge heard us and stopped its call, but we knew exactly where it lay. The field was clear, and no matter which way the bird flushed, it was bound to offer a good shot.

I began throwing stones into the bush, and the partridge suddenly flew out of it in the unnerving way they have, and Vee fired at it, missing with both barrels.

"It was an easy shot," I said. "I could have killed it with a stone!"

"Well, why didn't you?" he asked.

"Because I didn't want to be a bad sport."

He gave an angry laugh. "Just for that, I'm going to take the next shot, too," he said.

We walked on. We were a little away from the canal now. In the distance was a well, and a man in a white dhoti was driving a pair of buffaloes up and down the incline leading to it, drawing water. We could hear the creaking of the well wheel and the sound of the man's voice as he spoke to his beasts. Right ahead of us, a peahen darted out of the mustard and ran—head down, neck outstretched—along the narrow path that divided one field from the next, and I sensed, rather than saw, my brother's impulse to take a shot at it. It disappeared and we went on.

We must have been about a mile

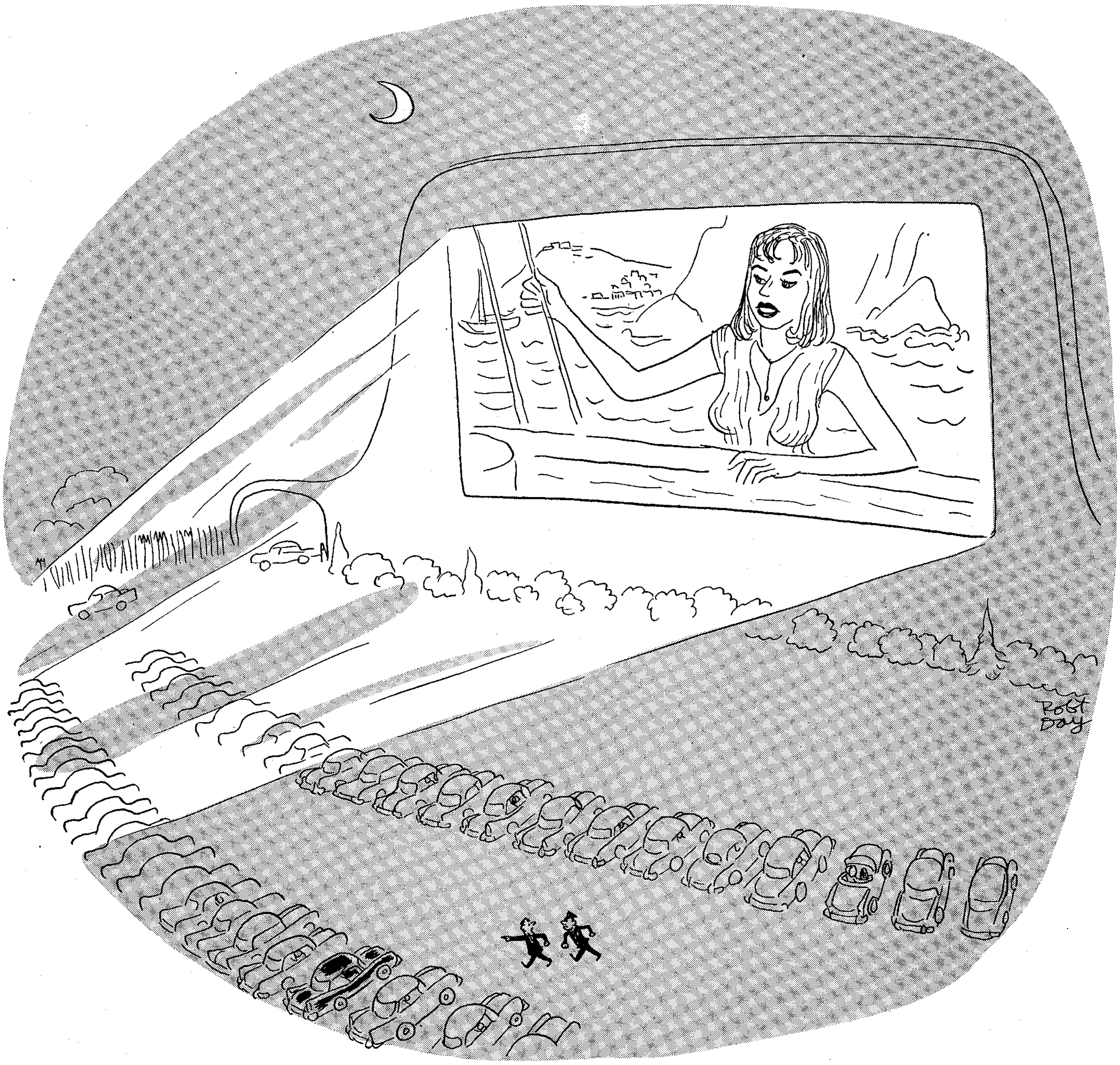
FROM MORNING-GLORY TO PETERSBURG

(The World Book, 1928, Revisited)

"Organized knowledge in story and picture"
    confronts through dusty glass
    an eye grown dubious.
I can recall when knowledge still was pure,
    not contradictory, pleasurable
    as cutting out a paper doll.
You opened up a book and there it was:
    everything just as promised, from
    Kurdistan to Mormons, Gum
Arabic to Kumquat, nothing more or less.
    Facts could be kept separate
    by a convention; that was what
made childhood easier. Now knowledge finds me out;
    in all its risible untidiness,
    it traces me to each address,
dragging in things I never thought about.
    I don't invite what facts can be
    held at arm's length; a family
of jeering irresponsibles always
    comes along gypsy-style
    and there you have them all
forever on your hands. It never pays.
    If one could only separate
    the morning-glory on the gate
from Petersburg in history—but it's too late.

—Adrienne Rich

• •



"Here's the man, Officer. Every time Sophia Loren comes on, he honks."

• •

from home. By standing on an anthill, I could see the roof and cupolas of our house. A few yards to our left, the mustard stirred as something large moved through it, and a gleaming peacock, all gold-green and sapphire slashed with chestnut color, broke cover and ran onto the path directly before us and rose a foot or two, and in an instant my brother had thrown the gun to his shoulder and fired.

The bird pitched forward and sprawled in the path with a great beating of wings, its tail rising up like a sail, the fringed edges catching the light as it thrashed about in the bruised mustard. My brother, handing me the gun, leaped on the bird, trying to catch hold of its neck. I felt, all around me, a sudden enormous confusion. On the instant that Vee fired, I had glanced across the field and realized that the man at the well could see what was happening. If I'd had any doubts about that, they vanished when I heard him yell and saw him start toward us.

"Leave the thing," I said to Vee. "Leave it, and let's get away from here."

But he was having none of that. The peacock was dead, and now Vee stood up, lifting the shimmering body so it lay over his shoulder and down his back, its tail trailing to the ground. Vee's hands were bloody, but for the moment his eyes shone with triumph.

People were shouting behind us, and we turned to see our young friend the Brahman's son racing in our direction, followed by a number of men carrying *lathis*—heavy sticks of iron-bound bamboo. The men sounded angry, like hornets into whose nest someone has tossed a stone, and it was then that the fear came upon me. It had its mainspring somewhere in my middle, and it went in two directions—up into my throat, paralyzing my powers of speech, and down into my legs, paralyzing them. Instinctively, my hands clenched the gun, and if the man who had been

"But suppose he doesn't stop at an occasional sonnet?"

working at the well hadn't reached us just then and snatched the gun from me, I think I might, in my terror, have fired the second barrel into the advancing throng.

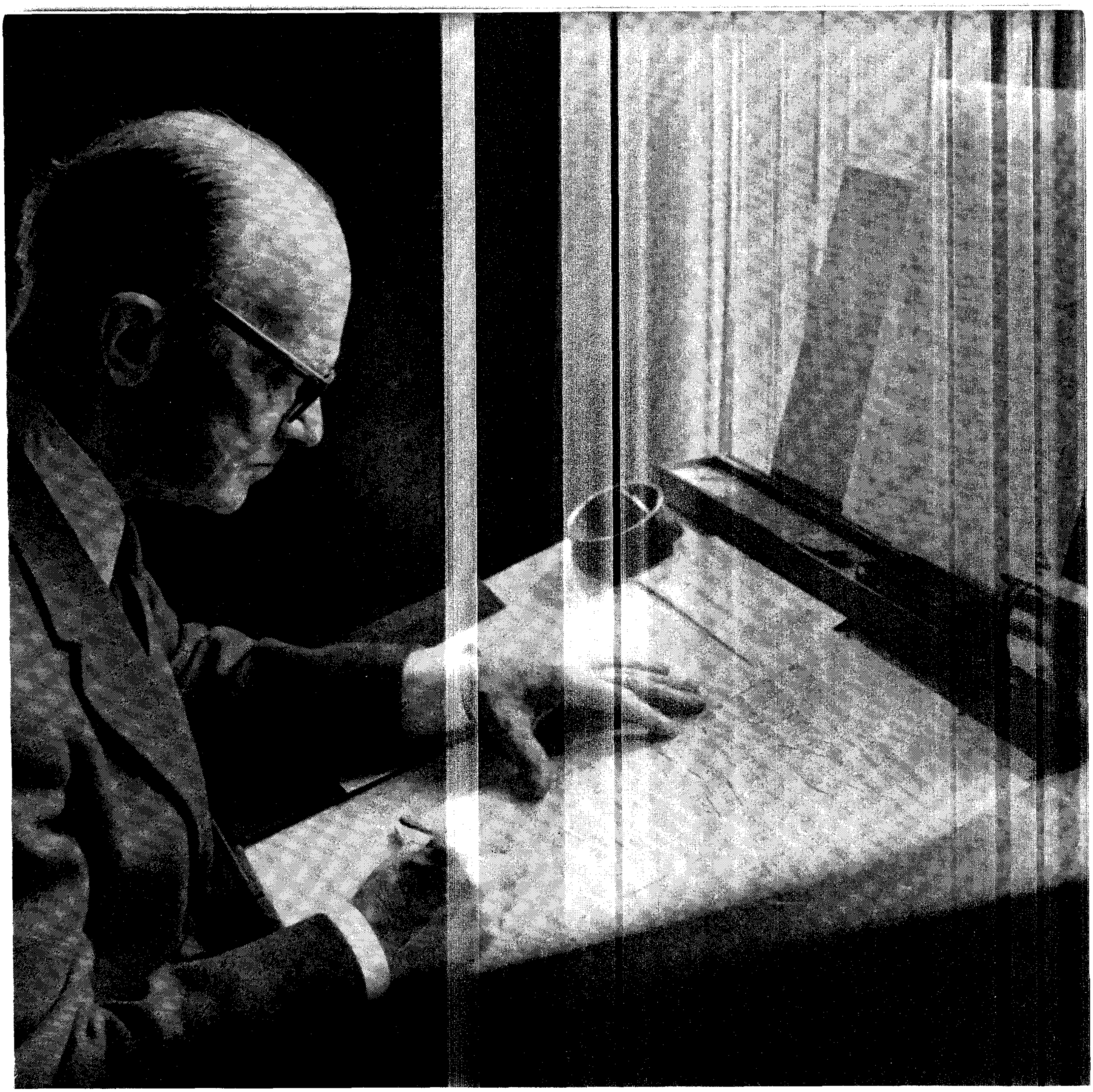
In no time at all, Vee and I were engulfed. We were pushed and jostled, half deafened by menacing shouts, and glared at by hot, angry eyes. Whether Vee was as frightened as I was, I don't know; he never admitted it later. But in me every drop of sensation had drained away to make room for fear. Fear stiffened my whole being into something bloodless and ossified, while into my imagination seeped memories of what I had read about the Mutiny of 1857, when Indians threw English women and children into wells or burned them alive, and skewered babies on bayonets. There was nothing to prevent such a thing from happening to my brother and me at that very moment! True, it would be found out, and the villagers punished for our murder. I had an insane mental image of my father, in the role of prosecutor, making an impassioned plea for the death sentence, and of all the people around me handcuffed and in leg irons, shuffling off to the gallows in single file. We would be avenged, all right, but a lot of good that would do us!

The elderly Brahman who had given us water and custard apples now appeared and was vociferously apprised of our crime. He looked grim, but his arrival seemed to have a restraining effect on the others. On his suggestion, it was decided that Vee and I be marched home to our father and that retribution be demanded at his hands.

I felt a slight relief from terror, but only slight. It was a mile to the house, and anything could happen before we got there. I didn't trust my brother, who had an excitable temper and who was already shouting abuse at our captors, most of them luckily too deafened by their own noise to hear him. A procession was formed, with the Brahman and his son at the head, the man who had confiscated the gun next, then my brother and me, followed by a growling mob of men and boys. My brother was carrying the peacock; no one else would touch it, because not only was it a sacred object but it was dead and to touch anything dead was against the villagers' creed. The bird must have weighed twenty pounds, and I wondered whether Vee would make it. As we plodded along, my fear took a more subtle twist: What would my father do when he heard the story? We were caught with the goods, and no amount of lying was going to get us out of our trouble. Frail with fright, I trudged beside my brother, who, clinging sullenly to his prize, had by now no breath left to use in verbal recklessness.

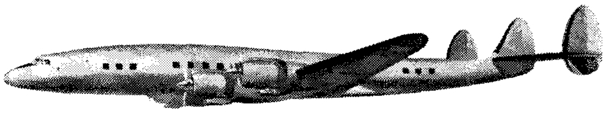
As we approached the house, I saw Father sitting in the front veranda, as he often did at that time of the day. He was dressed in white linen trousers and a white shirt, with a khaki sola topee on his head, and his eyes hidden behind a pair of dark glasses. The sight of those glasses set my heart pounding all over again. They seemed to sum up everything that was inscrutable in his nature. Would he meet the crowd head-on in our defense, and be massacred with us? I knew that my mother and the rest of the family were spending the afternoon at the club, and so were safe. But what a homecoming for them later, when it was all over and they returned to find us, a bloody pulp, spattered on the veranda steps!

My father didn't move, nor could I detect the slightest evidence of emotion on his part when finally we reached the bottom step of the veranda. My brother, with what sounded like a sob of relief, dropped the dead peacock on the ground and ran up the steps to my father's chair. I raced just behind him. Our noisy ap-



DEEMS TAYLOR: AMERICA'S MR. MUSIC

A fast-moving 71-year-old, Mr. Taylor has several careers—all variations on a musical theme. He's composed over 100 works from operas to waltzes . . . written 6 books and thousands of articles on music . . . was for years the familiar voice of the New York Symphony and Metropolitan Opera broadcasts. Like other notable travelers, Mr. Taylor prefers to get there *fast* . . . and *arrive refreshed* . . . on spacious Lockheed luxury liners. Mr. Taylor will fly to Paris this fall on the new, faster, longer-range *LOCKHEED STARLINER* (Model 1649) . . . via *AIR FRANCE.*



Now in service: The Super Constellation

COMING: THE STARLINER—largest, fastest Lockheed luxury liner—going into service for AIR FRANCE on trans-Atlantic flights between New York, Boston, Chicago, Montreal and Paris in 1957.

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

THESE SUPER CONSTELLATION AIRLINES SERVE THE WORLD: Air France · Air-India International · Avianca—Colombian National Airways · California Eastern · Cubana · Dollar Associates · Eastern Air Lines · Iberia—Air Lines of Spain · KLM—Royal Dutch Airlines · LAV—The Venezuelan Airline · Lufthansa—German Airlines · National Airlines · Northwest Orient Airlines · Pakistan International · Qantas · Real—Aerovias Brasil · Resort Airlines · Seaboard & Western · TAP—Transportes Aereos Portugueses · Thai Airways · The Flying Tiger Line · Trans-Canada Air Lines · TWA—Trans World Airlines · Varig—Airlines of Brazil

How to get your Travel Dreams Off the Ground
SAS
..and on to

EUROPE

for late Summer

Fly SAS to Europe during August or September. Linger on for Golden Autumn! Your first step is to fill out coupon, mail today. Get latest data on complete vacation trips, via SAS transpolar from Los Angeles and transatlantic from New York.

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM NY7-13
638 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Free Booklets:
☐ Extra-City Trips of Europe at no extra fare
☐ Passport Tips ☐ Plan-a-Trip Kit

We are__________persons.
Departing about__________
Returning about__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

proach had brought the servants scurrying out, and they now ranged themselves in a silent and apprehensive row along the veranda wall behind my father.

Meantime, Father made no move, but continued to sit with his legs stretched out, his hands clasped behind his head, and those mysterious black discs of eyes fastened, so it seemed to me, on space. It was impossible to guess what he was thinking. At the sight of him, the villagers fell silent, waiting for their spokesman, the Brahman, to tell the story. He advanced halfway up the steps, made an obeisance to my father, and began to speak with dignity and restrained passion, turning once or twice to his friends for corroboration, which he got from any number of excited voices.

"They came, these children of yours, Sahib, to our village and asked for water to drink," he said. "They had walked far, and were thirsty. We made them welcome. With my own hands, I poured water for them, and I sent my son, here, to bring fruit for them from my trees. We conversed. They complained that they had hunted for miles and had found no game. I sent my son to guide them to a place where they might find partridges, perhaps ducks. My son tells me that they asked him about killing peacocks and that he explained that it would be wrong for them to do this thing. Then he bade them goodbye and left them, and very soon afterward this bird rose from the fields and your son shot it."

The Brahman paused, and an angry mutter eddied through the crowd. I believe that if the muscles of my throat had not been so constricted, I might have been sick. My fear took another turn. Father was a man of law, and these villagers were not so simple-minded as not to understand their rights. If we should escape being massacred, they would have other resources. They could bring legal action against us, and cause untold worry and expense. I was old enough to have learned that it was out of just such trifling incidents as the shooting of a bird that big issues were made. Suppose these people decided to sue Father for some enormous sum of money, and he, unable to pay, had to leave us and go to jail? Still without moving, Father seemed to direct his invisible gaze from one face to another in the crowd before him. He asked, finally, "Who saw this thing happen?"

The man who had taken the gun from me stepped forward and laid it at Father's feet. "I did, Sahib," he said. "I was drawing water in my field and saw the boy shoot first at a partridge, which he missed. Then this bird rose, as Maharaj, here, has told you, and I saw the *baba* raise his gun, like this, and the bird dropped before my eyes."

"Who else saw it happen?" my father asked.

The Brahman's son, urged forward, now declared in a somewhat uncertain voice that he, too, had seen Vee shoot the peacock. "I had left them and was walking back to my village when I heard a shot and saw the partridge fly away. Thinking there might be another, I stood watching, and the *baba* shot again, and I saw the peacock fall."

Silence. Then, abruptly, my father directed his next question at me: "Is this true?"

For some reason, the question took me unawares, and I could only stare at him dumbly, not knowing what on earth to say. He repeated the question, and I managed to squeak out that I didn't think Vee had *meant* to kill the peacock.

Father repeated my words to the villagers, speaking in Hindustani, and there was an immediate furious outcry. He turned to my brother. "Vee, is this true?" he asked.

Vee replied, with characteristic bravado, "It was nothing but an old peacock!"

This, too, Father repeated to the villagers, and there was another yell of rage. The Brahman pointed a finger at the dead bird, which lay spread below the veranda steps like some beautiful shawl. "The Sahib knows—who does not?—that these birds are sacred to us," the Brahman said. "The boy knows it, too. There is no excuse, Sahib. In justice—and who has greater understanding of justice than yourself?—in justice, there is no excuse."

"You are right," said Father. "There is no excuse." He spoke over his shoulder to Ali, one of the servants, who was standing near him. "Fetch my cane."

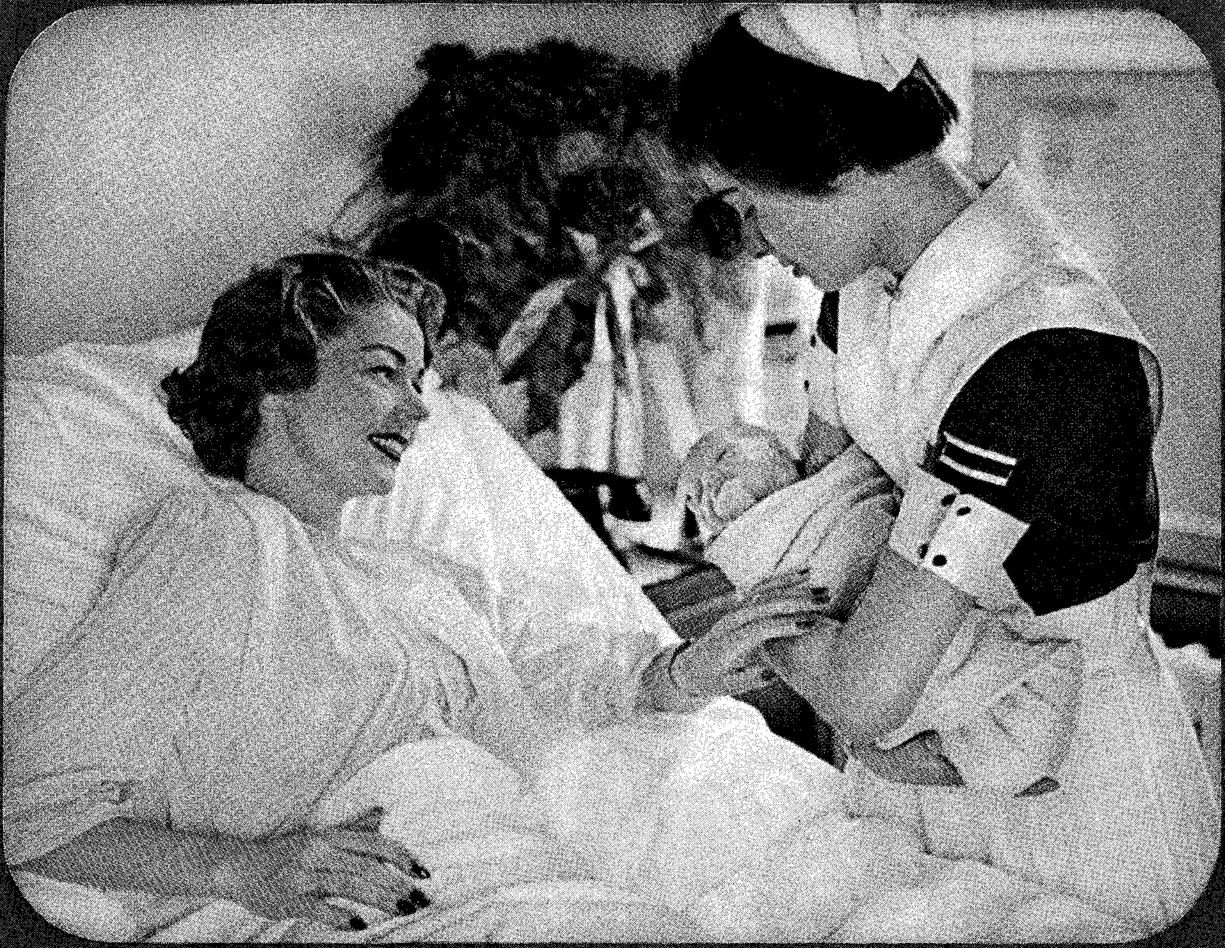
Ali hesitated, looking unhappy. "Huzoor—" he began pleadingly.

"Fetch my cane," said Father.

Deep silence settled on all of us. Ali fetched the cane. Father removed his hat and dark glasses and handed them to Ali, taking the cane from him. He did not get up but sat with the cane held in both hands before him. Without glancing at my brother or me, he again addressed the crowd. "I have tried to bring my children up to respect the customs and feelings of other people," he said. "There is, as you say, no excuse for my son's behavior."

I stole a look at Vee, who was obvi-

Now . . . color pictures by just the light from the window



TAKEN ON SUPER ANSCOCHROME AT *f*/3.5, 1/25 SECOND

NEW Super Anscochrome IS THAT FAST!

FILM SPEED 100 . . .

So now if the light is right for black-and-white, it's right for color, too!

With Super Anscochrome in your camera you make color pictures as casually, and successfully, as black-and-white snapshots. New Super Anscochrome (Exposure Index 100) is the only color film that's actually faster than standard black-and-white film.

The first truly versatile color film, new Super Anscochrome handles low-light situations and super-speed shots with equal ease. And the color quality is superb!

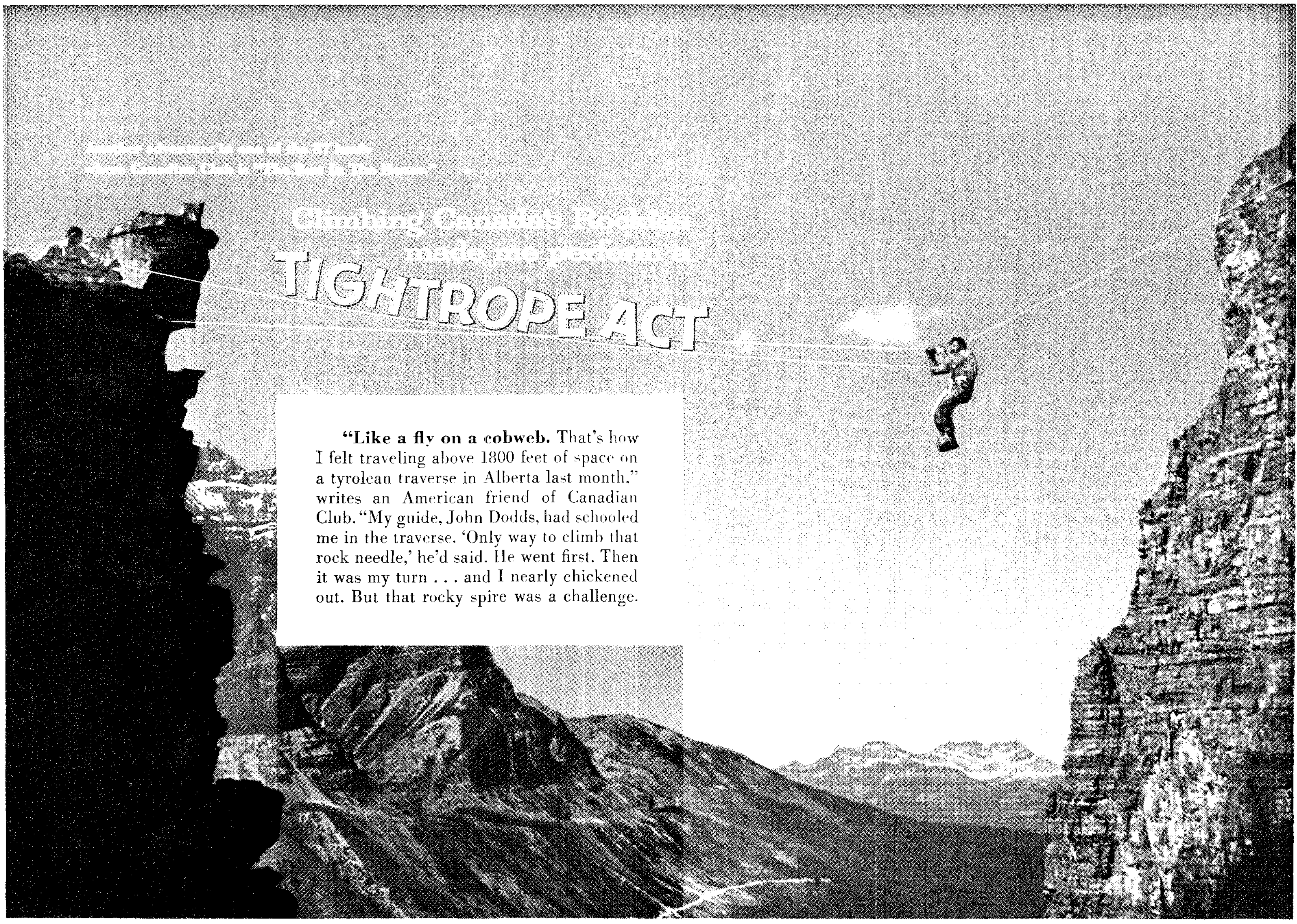
Important! If yours is a simple, inexpensive snapshot camera, Super Anscochrome is too fast. Use *regular* Anscochrome (E.I. 32). It's available in 35mm, 120, 127, 620, 828, 16mm and sheet sizes for indoor and outdoor use.

Super Anscochrome, the premium-quality color film, is also premium-priced. 120 and 35mm sizes; daylight type. Ansco, A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp., Binghamton, N. Y.

Ansco
SUPER-SPEED COLOR FILM
Ansco
SUPER ANSCOCHROME Color Film
Ansco
135
SUPER ANSCOCHROME
DAYLIGHT, 20 EX.

New from
Ansco Research

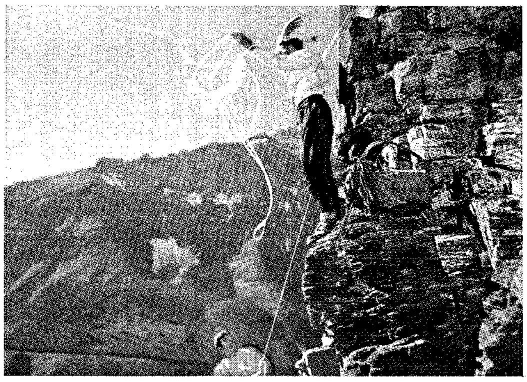
ANOTHER CONTRIBUTION TO BETTER PICTURE-TAKING FROM ANSCO . . . THE HOUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FIRSTS



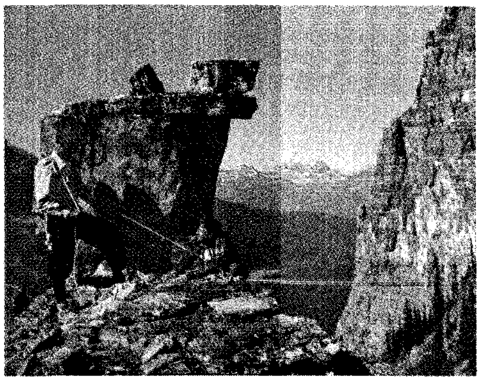
Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Climbing Canada's Rockies made me perform a TIGHTROPE ACT

"Like a fly on a cobweb. That's how I felt traveling above 1800 feet of space on a tyrolean traverse in Alberta last month," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "My guide, John Dodds, had schooled me in the traverse. 'Only way to climb that rock needle,' he'd said. He went first. Then it was my turn . . . and I nearly chickened out. But that rocky spire was a challenge.



2. **"Rigging the aerial bridge** had been John's job. It took nimble climbing, lots of time. Fascinated by the patient engineering, I didn't have a chance to lose my nerve until I saw John on the other side. Then it was up to me.



3. **"I didn't look down** until I'd made it safely across. John assured me we hadn't been reckless, but I hate to think what might have happened if a rope had slipped. I insisted that we rappel down, using our climbing ropes as friction brakes.

4. **"Steeple-jacking** over, John's cabin back in Banff looked like a palace. Complete with my favorite whisky—Canadian Club!"

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity?......Only *Canadian Club* has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch, the mellowness of rye, the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long.... in short ones before dinner, tall ones after.........."The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

6 years old · 90.4 proof. Imported from Canada.

IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

Imported in bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit, Michigan. Blended Canadian Whisky.

ously trying hard not to break down. He looked undersized and defenseless, with his white face and dirty knees. I began to sob.

Father tested the lithe cane in his hands, bending it this way and that, as he spoke to the villagers once more. "You have been kind to my children, giving them water to soothe their thirst and fruit to sustain them," he said. "You, Maharaj, sent your own son to show them game. They accepted your hospitality, your courtesy—and how did they repay you? By wantonly destroying this sacred bird under your very eyes."

He paused, and a queer, heavy murmur rose from his listeners. The Brahman said slowly, "It is truly without excuse."

"That being the case," said Father, "I shall now punish my son for what he has done. With my own hands I propose to thrash him, and to go on thrashing him until you give the word for me to stop."

There was another silence, except for my sobs, which were becoming uncontrollable. I could feel Vee trembling beside me. The Brahman's son spoke suddenly, in a tremulous voice. "Could it have been a mistake, as the Miss Baba says? Could he perhaps have shot thinking it was a rabbit, not seeing it until too late?"

The question remained unanswered. My father lifted the cane in his right hand and described a swift feint with it through the air, making it hiss. A deep, concerted sigh came from the villagers. Through my tears I saw their faces, the passion suddenly drained from them, a strange anxiety in its place.

"I shall thrash him," Father said icily. "I shall thrash him within an inch of his life."

"No," muttered the Brahman's son, turning his face aside. "No, no, no!"

The Brahman stared at Father. "You understand we do not wish to be unkind—to be harsh," he said. "We have not come here to demand blood, Sahib. And the boy is young."

"A child," said a voice from the crowd. "A mere child."

"He is ten years old," Father told them dispassionately. "Old enough to know better." He rose at last, a pale figure, tall, terribly forbidding. "I shall lift the skin from his bones."

The Brahman flung his hands wide in a gesture of appeal. "He is a child, Sahib. Let him promise, in our presence, that he will never again kill our peacocks, and we will be satisfied." He

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

NEW! STINGLESS LOTION TO SOOTHE TENDER SKINS AFTER SHAVING

A clear, greaseless lotion to stop that "scraped-face" feeling... $1.25 plus tax

YARDLEY
TENDER
SKIN
Shaving
LOTION

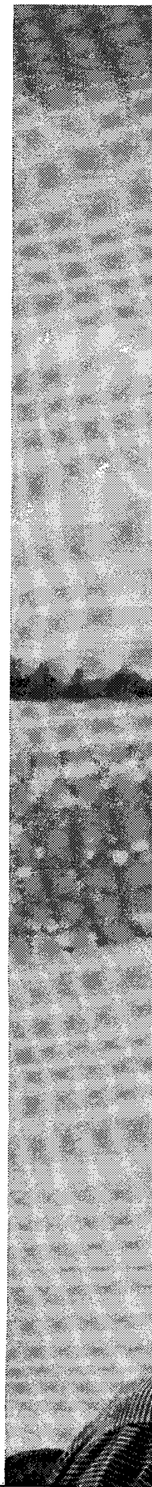
YARDLEY OF LONDON, INC.

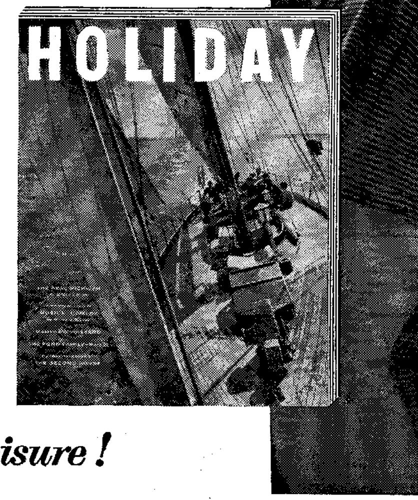
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

The great new selling opportunity
for advertisers today is

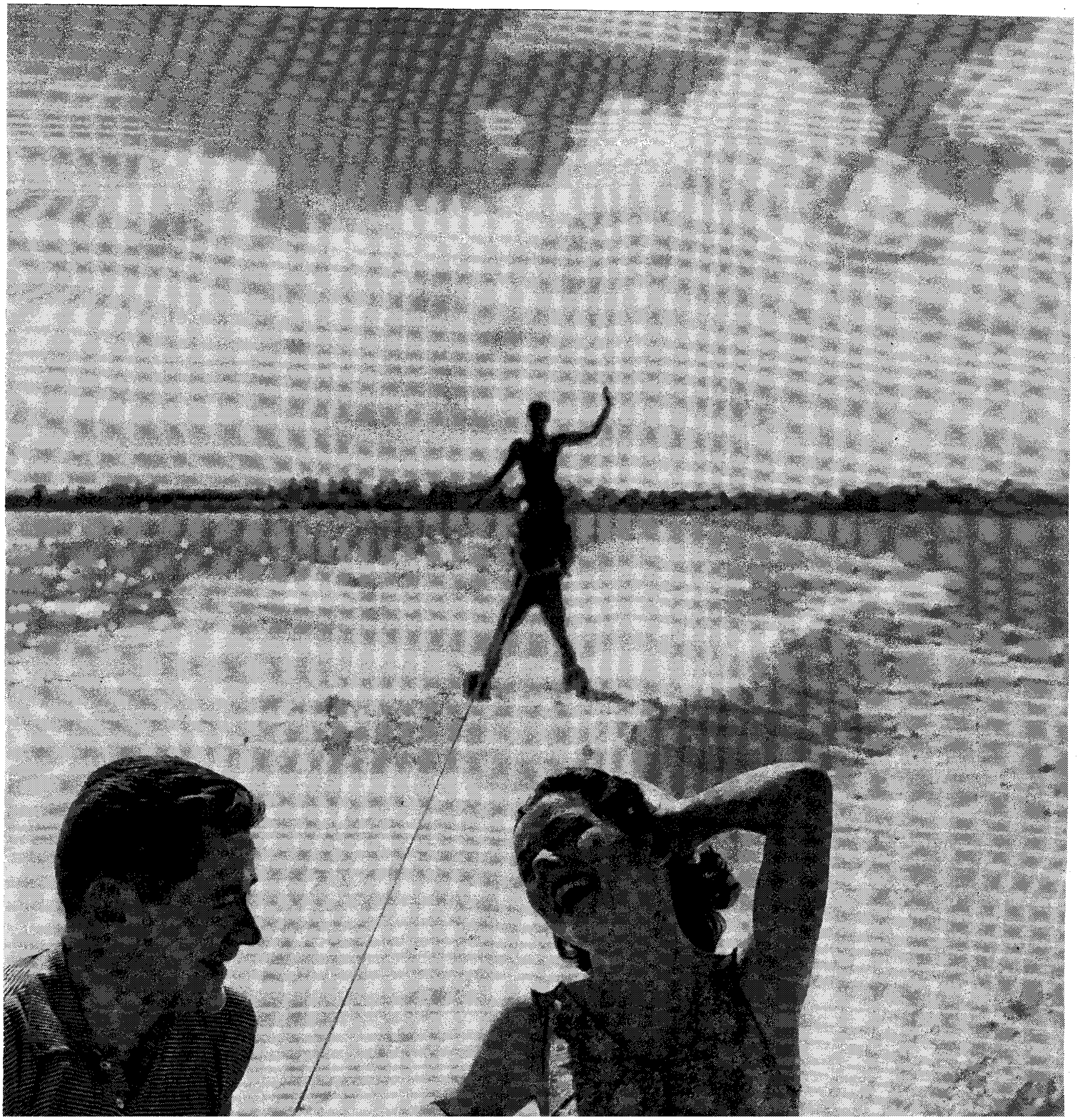
the new active leisure

...And the lively leaders of this go-more, do-more, buy-more age are Holiday's readers. With incomes nearly triple the national average, these 875,000 spirited families avidly seek new things to enjoy, around home or away...and find a world of exciting ideas in Holiday. If your product gives people more leisure or pleasure, it belongs in Holiday.





HOLIDAY *readers are the leaders of the new active leisure!*



Snobbish?

NOT CANADA DRY QUININE WATER! It's the friendliest tonic mixer in town. Here are 3 tonic recipes and a brand new drink idea to prove it.

CANADA DRY QUININE WATER, however, *is* distinctive. Reason: These 5 exclusive qualities.

1. Sparkling "Pin-Point Carbonation"
2. Distinctive glacier-blue color
3. Light and Dry—not too sweet
4. Priced right . . . why pay more
5. Versatile, perfectly balanced to blend with almost anything

TRY THESE NEW TONIC DRINKS

"LEPRECHAUN:" Irish Whiskey and Tonic
Take a tall glass, fill with ice cubes, add 1½ oz. Irish Whiskey. Top off with light, dry, versatile Canada Dry Quinine Water.

VODKA or GIN and TONIC
Into a large highball glass put lots of ice and 2 oz. of gin or vodka.
Fill to brim with sparkling Canada Dry Quinine Water. Garnish with slice of lemon or lime.

BRAND NEW DRINK IDEA!

The "Wagoneer," a special drink for on the wagon party-goers who don't want anyone to know their secret. *Recipe:* Fill a tall glass with ice and all the Canada Dry Quinine Water your taste desires . . . top off with slice of lemon or lime. **All by itself this tonic drink is a tasty summer cooler,** mighty refreshing and delicious.

CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER

CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER

glanced at the crowd. "Do you agree, my brothers?"

Their answers came, low-pitched: "We agree." "He is but a child." "He has had his lesson."

My father gazed at them silently. "You are the judges in this matter," he said, at last. "I shall do exactly as you say."

"Then let him promise, and it is enough," said the Brahman.

Father looked coldly at Vee. "Promise," he ordered. "Promise. Not me—*them!*"

Vee mumbled his promise, and the crowd turned away—subdued, grave-eyed, and quite different from the menacing mob it had been a short while before. When they had gone, Father said to the servants, "Take that bird away and bury it." He turned to my brother. "You are let off for shooting the peacock this time," he said. Then, glancing at me, he added, "But you drank well water when you'd been told not to. Hold out your hands, both of you."

It was almost with joy that I held out my hand and received the stinging rebuke of the cane twice across my palm. And not until much later did it occur to me to ask my brother what he thought would have happened had the villagers insisted on getting their pound of flesh. Vee shook his head and gave me a sly look. "They wouldn't have, and Father knew they wouldn't," he said.

Maybe Vee was right, maybe he wasn't; neither of us really knew Father well enough to be sure. But if there is one thing I *am* sure of, it is that I have never been so afraid of human beings as I was that day, nor do I quite believe that I ever will be again.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

•

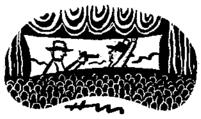
Pilots, private plane owners, and just plain air enthusiasts now have a new way to tour and enjoy Europe this summer. They can join air caravans which take off from Paris, in private planes, on three different tours which cover almost all Western Europe.

The first tour which assembles in Paris on July 8th covers flights to 17 cities in France, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Already six different air clubs en route have planned receptions, cocktail parties, special sightseeing and entertainment for their air-minded American friends. (One of the happy problems this kind of reaction creates is how to get the planes into the air again once tour participants have been taken in hand by members of the local flying clubs.)—*Press release from the Compagnie Mondiale de Voyages Travel Service.*

Rev 'em up, pour the participants in, and let 'em go!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Vistaphile



IN directing "The Pride and the Passion," Stanley Kramer, who had an important hand in such films as "Not as a Stranger," "High Noon," and "The Men," has succumbed to the Cecil B. deMille bug and, while the fever was upon him, created a picture as vast, heavily populated, and downright foolish as anything the Master confected in his salad days. Mr. Kramer and his associates must have spent on this film the equivalent of the national debt of the Spanish dictatorship, under whose mercenary eye the picture was made, and employed as many extras as Mr. deMille used when he was turning back the waters of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments." As a matter of fact, Mr. Kramer may be a few thousand extras up on Mr. deMille, but since my eyes went out of focus after counting to a thousand or so in one of the opening scenes, I can't be relied upon as a numerical expert in this contest. All the same, Mr. Kramer, newcomer though he is in the spare-no-expense and crowd-the-screen line, is a man to be reckoned with if you happen to have an unemployed army around.

In this effort, for which the script was furnished by Edna and Edward Anhalt, Mr. Kramer gives us a view—I can't vouch for its accuracy—of the Napoleonic campaign in Spain, latching on to a tremendous cannon as a sort of *deus ex machina* to keep things moving. This cannon is the last word in Spanish ironmongery, and a clutch of peasants in Andalusia get very low in their minds upon discovering that the thing has been abandoned by Spanish troops who took to their heels after an encounter with the French legions. One of these Spanish peasants—played by Frank Sinatra, who is supposed to be a shoemaker's son with a natural flair for leadership—decides that the cannon must be used to destroy a fort occupied by the French. The fort is a long way off, and in the course of hauling the huge contraption there, Mr. Sinatra and his companions learn a good deal about the rain in Spain that stays mainly in the plain. The cannon is forever bogging down, and the peasants resort to some heroic but implausible methods in their efforts to give Big Bertha a semblance of rolling along. Mr. Sinatra seeks to put over the idea that he is in Spain by speaking in heavily accented English, while Cary Grant, who turns up as an English naval captain anxious to get the cannon for his home team, speaks pretty much in his own clipped, near-Cockney style. Neither of them says very much, and their remarks are not very interesting, especially when they get to bickering about a woman, played by Sophia Loren, who lives with the peasant leader but likes the style of the English captain. Mr. Kramer, ever faithful to the movie precepts of Mr. deMille, alternates his vistas of old Spain with vistas of Miss Loren, and, all things considered, I guess this might add up to something of an argument for the wide-screen approach.

I am always hesitant about making an attempt to interpret movie titles, but I'll take a chance on this one and suggest that the "pride" in the title means the English captain and the "passion" the peasant leader. This may be as socially significant as bedamned, but I wish Mr. Kramer would get back to some smaller theme—possibly one in which a cast of about five hundred would suffice. I hate to look with a penurious eye at an enterprise that has offered jobs to so many people, but on the other hand I shouldn't like to have to repeat all the eyeball-twisting I went through at "The Pride and the Passion" just to prove that I'm in favor of getting work for actors. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Foot were among the 150 guests at St. Hugh's High School on Friday evening for the cocktail party which the joint Associations of Headmasters and Headmistresses and Assistant Masters and Mistresses gave in honour of Mr. R. N. Murray, Chief Education Officer.

The party, held on the lawns just outside the Headmistress's office, was the joint Associations' expression of appreciation of Mr. Murray's recent appointment to the post of Chief Education Officer, and everyone was well served by Mrs. A. D. Scott, Convenor of the Social Committee and her battery of helpers.

It was a very pleasant party which ended precipitately because of the earthquake at approximately half-past seven.—*Kingston (Jamaica) Gleaner.*

Many a hostess has prayed for just that.

•

When they left, the Americans received royal gifts. Col. Mastellone got a gold dagger and two small rugs; the others each got gold watches and two small rugs.

They described the royal palace as "palatial."—*Washington Star.*

Natural phrase-makers.

Look, Maestro
no hands!

It was the evening of March third, 1956. As Conductor Enrique Jordá strode to the podium at San Francisco's Opera House, an expectant hush fell over the audience.

Conductor Jordá bowed, and turned to face the world-renowned San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The baton rose, held momentarily, and descended with a gesture of sweeping authority to command the presentation of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

It was a brilliant performance, and as the audience was soon to discover, a historic one. Part way through, a strange and surprising thing happened. The conductor put down his baton, and the musicians laid aside their instruments, *but the music played on!*

The audience gasped involuntarily. To their immense astonishment, the orchestra's stilled strings and silenced horns now explained the loudspeakers on the stage. Though "The Marriage of Figaro" had never sounded better, the music was Ampex Stereophonic Sound, recorded on magnetic tape!

This remarkable event, before an alert and discriminating audience, proved that Ampex Stereophonic Sound could be indistinguishable from an actual flesh-and-blood performance. We'd like to prove it to you, too. Drop in at your dealer's and hear it today!

In the meantime, we've saved you a copy of our extravagant Home Music Systems brochure. Send for it.

AMPEX AUDIO INC.

1020 KIFER ROAD, SUNNYVALE, CALIF.
Please send my copy of the Ampex brochure:

NAME ____

ADDRESS ____

CITY ____

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

For business or pleasure
trips, long weekends
or extended vacations,
insist on . . .

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK, at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only 1%.

Sign when you buy them . . .

. . . sign as you spend them. Your matching signatures are the only identification you need.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 1

SUMMER and the London season are both in full swing right now, and for once nearly everybody seems satisfied with the way they are going. The hotels, the restaurants, and the theatres are all packed. On these still, lovely evenings, when the sky behind the Cockney chimney pots often imitates the luminous, smoky aquamarine of Venice, dance music floats from ballrooms on leafy squares where débutantes are being expensively launched by fathers wanly forking out from capital and by mothers grimly battling toward ends that Jane Austen's Mrs. Bennet would have recognized without difficulty. Thousands of warm, happy, unfashionable Londoners swarm into the parks to swim in the Serpentine, stroll admiringly beside blue lakes of delphiniums and oases of antirrhinums, or stretch out and sleep on the parched grass. The summer, making up for the chill disappointments of last year, is producing temperatures that climb nearly into the nineties, which the English consider excessively hot. At Wimbledon last week, two hundred fainting people were fished out of the stands in an afternoon. When the heat broke temporarily in the inevitable series of thunderstorms that follow an English warm spell, the farmers were glad to see even that amount of rain, since the dry spring has left great cracks across their fields and has spoiled the nursery gardeners' strawberries and green peas, which are sad, wizened things. Because the drought threat is so serious, local authorities everywhere are asking people to go slow in tipping gallons of water onto their precious drooping plants and bald back lawns, but the water-consumption figures look as though no one had listened much to date. Apart from the farming community and other worried parties, though, everybody is deriving enormous pleasure from this best bit of old-fashioned English summer in recent mixed-up, back-to-front nuclear weather annals.

THE coolest art show in town is the Max Beerbohm Memorial Exhibition, at the Leicester Galleries, where the eye is refreshed by a hundred and seventy drawings of pure and perfect line, tinted with Max's faint wild-flower water colors. It is the perfect farewell party, to which museums, London clubs, and Merton College, Oxford (Max's old college), have all sent along distinguished guests on loan, and the gallerygoers move among them with murmurs of delighted recognition. The Junior Carlton Club has lent the superb series of "Mr. Gladstone in Heaven," in which that statesman, frock-coated and clasping his umbrella, storms the celestial citadel with such a stunning flow of oratory that St. Peter, "in order to avoid the peroration," hastily unbars the pearly gates. Once in, Mr. Gladstone addresses a mass meeting of angels, paying "an eloquent and graceful tribute to God;" is cut by the Prince Consort on one of the Heavenly boulevards; bumps awkwardly into Mr. Parnell ("Oh, Mr. Parnell, don't be so hasty. Give me two hours and a half and I can explain all to you"); and finally departs to find "peace with sulphur" in another place. The Ashmolean has lent, among other drawings, one of Henry James gathering a pretty little germ of a subject for a small thing from the sight of a pair of gentlemen's high-buttoned boots and a pair of ladies' slippers standing outside a bedroom door. The big treat of the show, though, is the rarely or never before viewed Maxes that were lent by private owners, such as a circular sketch for a mural of Zuleika Dobson (the beautiful conjurer was to figure on a wall of the Beerbohm villa in Rapallo), which he sent to Sir John Rothenstein, then about to enter Oxford, with the drawing framed by a pencilled letter hoping affectionately that the young man would not become so elegantly Oxfordish as to be frightening to his old friends the Beerbohms. The show includes Max's last drawing (of George Moore, made in 1955) and his last self-caricature. The self-caricature—pale-pink-washed dome of head and slight, tapered figure set against a pale-blue wash of Italian sky—has been dated, in Max's minute, beautiful, clear hand, "Anno Domini 1949 or (to anticipate the chronology of future ages) Anno Atomico 4."

WHAT many people think is the most remarkable play in London at the moment is by an Australian and about tough Australians—a stimulating change from all the tough American and polite English slices of life that have turned up here as theatrical entertainment in recent years. Laurence Olivier saw "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" in Sydney when he was on tour there, and he has now imported it, with its cast, to the New Theatre, where it is a sellout hit. It was written by an actor, Ray Lawler, who also appears in it, and its enormous vitality and funny, truthful, brutally candid situations, played fast by a highly talented cast whose voices agreeably murder standard refined English vowel sounds, jolt audiences into bursts of startled laughter and equally startled silence. Its theme states, not originally, that no passion can last forever at boiling point, and that men wake up one morning stone-cold middle-aged, but the idea is made to seem new. The play deals with a couple of buddies, Roo and Barney, who for sixteen years have been coming down to Victoria every December from the sugar-cane fields, where they work, to spend the seasonal layoff riotously and amorously with Roo's girl, a barmaid called Olive, and Barney's girl, Nancy, who at the start of the play has prudently walked offstage into respectable matrimony. The sordid sitting room of Olive's home is decorated with sixteen tawdry paper-skirted kewpie dolls that Roo has given her, one for each year—originally a joke but now a tenderly prized love token. With the seventeenth summer and doll, everything falls apart, helped along by a deadpan character named Pearl (splendidly played by Madge Ryan), who is brought in as a sleeping replacement for Nancy and who proceeds to tell the others some laconic home truths about themselves and their dogged sixteen-year-old good-time fantasy. In the role of Barney, Ray Lawler gives a wonderfully comic and touching study of a battered little cock-of-the-walk who still thinks that every hen finds him irresistible. If you are coming to London, this is a play to see.

DOWN in Sussex, Glyndebourne led off its two-month opera season the other evening with Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri," which is new in the company's repertoire, and new to many English operagoers, too. Rossini was twenty-one when he composed it, in 1813, three years before his celebrated "Barbiere di Siviglia," and it was wildly popular in every European opera house for seventy years or so, but then it was inexplicably shelved until the nineteen-twenties, when Conchita Supervia sang it in Turin and London. Possibly the more serious tastes of the end of the nineteenth century found this lightest of post-Napoleonic comic trifles too frivolous. In Venice, where it was first produced, also in 1813, the audience apparently wiped tears of merriment from its eyes and gasped for breath. At Glyndebourne, it seemed less funny than that but still good fun, as

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's

Ballantine's
Ballantine's
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

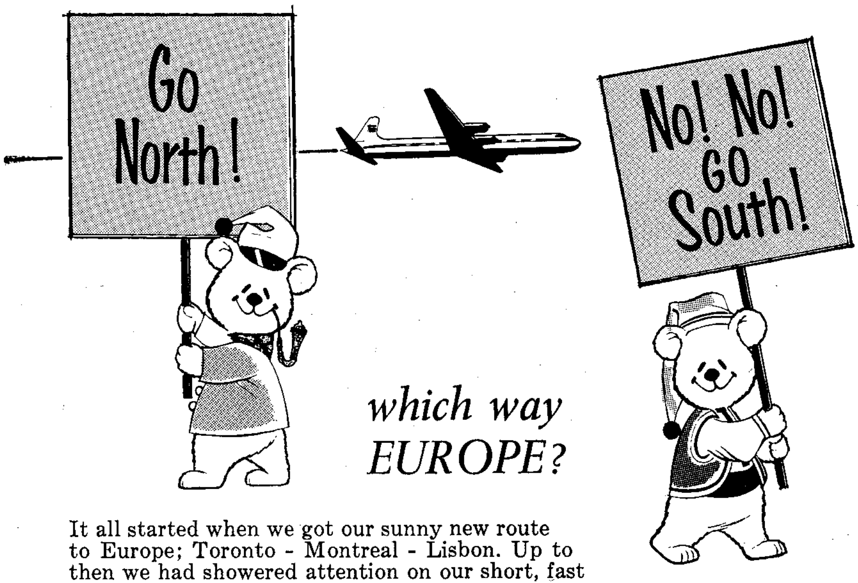
"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

conducted by Vittorio Gui and sung delightfully by the Mexican contralto Oralia Domínguez, in the title role of a sharp-witted little Italian baggage who neatly keeps the lustful Bey Mustafa (sung by Paolo Montarsolo, a tall, gaunt man who used his arms like windmill sails to signal frustration and dismay) at the tip of her elegant striped parasol. Osbert Lancaster did the sets and costumes for this peaceful, operatic Algeria, supplying it with stately pleasure domes and palaces that—especially in one brilliantly deceiving arrangement of white columns and dark shadows—seemed to make Glyndebourne's tiny stage look about as big as Covent Garden's.

A BOOK that has caused a great deal of violent argument, both for and against, is Caitlin Thomas's "Leftover Life to Kill," which will be published in America later this year. To judge by the explosions of rage or appreciation it has evoked here, no one who has read it has remained lukewarmly unmoved. After Dylan Thomas's death, there seemed to be a tendency in certain quarters to romanticize him in the special light that surrounds an exceptionally gifted individual who has died young, or youngish. John Malcolm Brinnin's book on Thomas's last months in America was a shock to many of the poet's admirers (Mrs. Thomas, in her book, incidentally, gives a portrait of Brinnin that is sensible and generous), and now his widow seems to have offended them again with her account of those same ruinous months, of her subsequent heartbroken plunging off to Elba with their small son, and of her self-imposed winter exile there, which included vast drinkings of the local *vino* and a love affair with an eighteen-year-old local miner called Joseph. The book is made needlessly difficult to read by the author's disconcerting use of her favorite semicolons, dotted like hurdles in a stiff obstacle race along the track of her galloping sentences. But her shrewd eye and her descriptive gift are very good indeed—her strange, haunting picture of the awful Elba winter, for instance, and the gentle, touching portrait of Joseph. What also emerges clearly from the book is the fact that she and Dylan Thomas, through all the rows and the rest of the much publicized horrors, made good or bad weather for each other. People find her book either deeply moving or deeply shocking—no halfway verdict, it seems, from anyone.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES


Go North!
No! No! Go South!
which way EUROPE?

It all started when we got our sunny new route to Europe; Toronto - Montreal - Lisbon. Up to then we had showered attention on our short, fast Polar Route, Vancouver - Amsterdam. To settle the quarrel - you Easterners go through Lisbon. You West Coasters take the Polar Route. The hospitality's wonderful both ways.
See your Travel Agent.

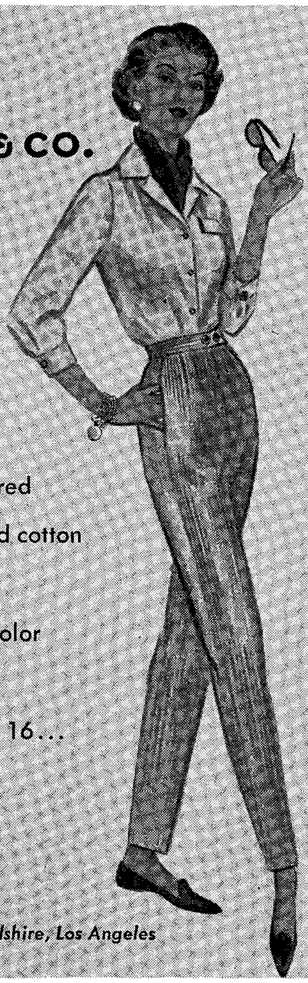
The bears above are both Polar but their loyalties, alas, are divided.

Canadian Pacific AIRLINES

Offices in major U.S. cities

to: Europe, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, South America, The Orient

WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



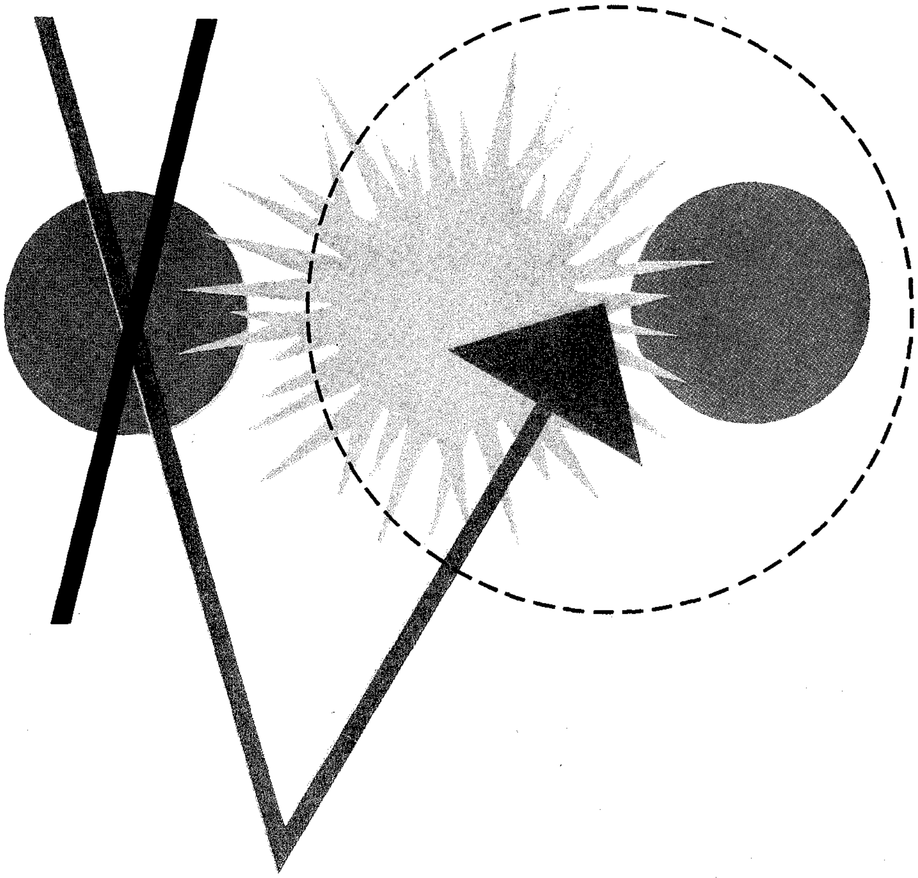
I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

Well-matched pair . . . tapered corduroy trousers and cotton shirt by Fleischman . . . dyed-to-match for a handsome one-color look . . . both in beige, pink or pale blue, sizes 8 to 16 . . . shirt 7.95, trousers 12.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for shipping) to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES

ARTIST: LESTER BEALL



HORACE MANN

on

achieving greatness

If any man
seeks for greatness,
let him forget
greatness and ask for
truth, and he will
find both.

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

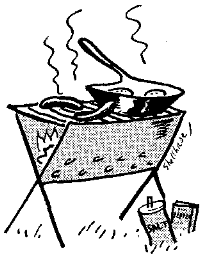
WOLFSCHMIDT
LIMITED
SINCE
1847
GINAL RIGA RECI
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
ORIGINAL
GENUINE VODKA
SINCE 1847
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Is there a connoisseur in the house?

Some people demand more out of life than others. Whether it's food, drink, clothes, cars, or casual conversation, they look for the very best available. When they want a superior Vodka Martini, for example, they want it made with Wolfschmidt . . . America's Premium Vodka. Wolfschmidt's superb quality has won 37 gold medals for excellence in international competition over the past 100 years. For even more convincing proof, try *your* favorite drink made with Wolfschmidt's Original Genuine Vodka. Then, with pardonable pride, tell your connoisseur friends about your great new discovery. Wolfschmidt Ltd., Dundalk, Md., 80 or 100 proof. 100% grain neutral spirits. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

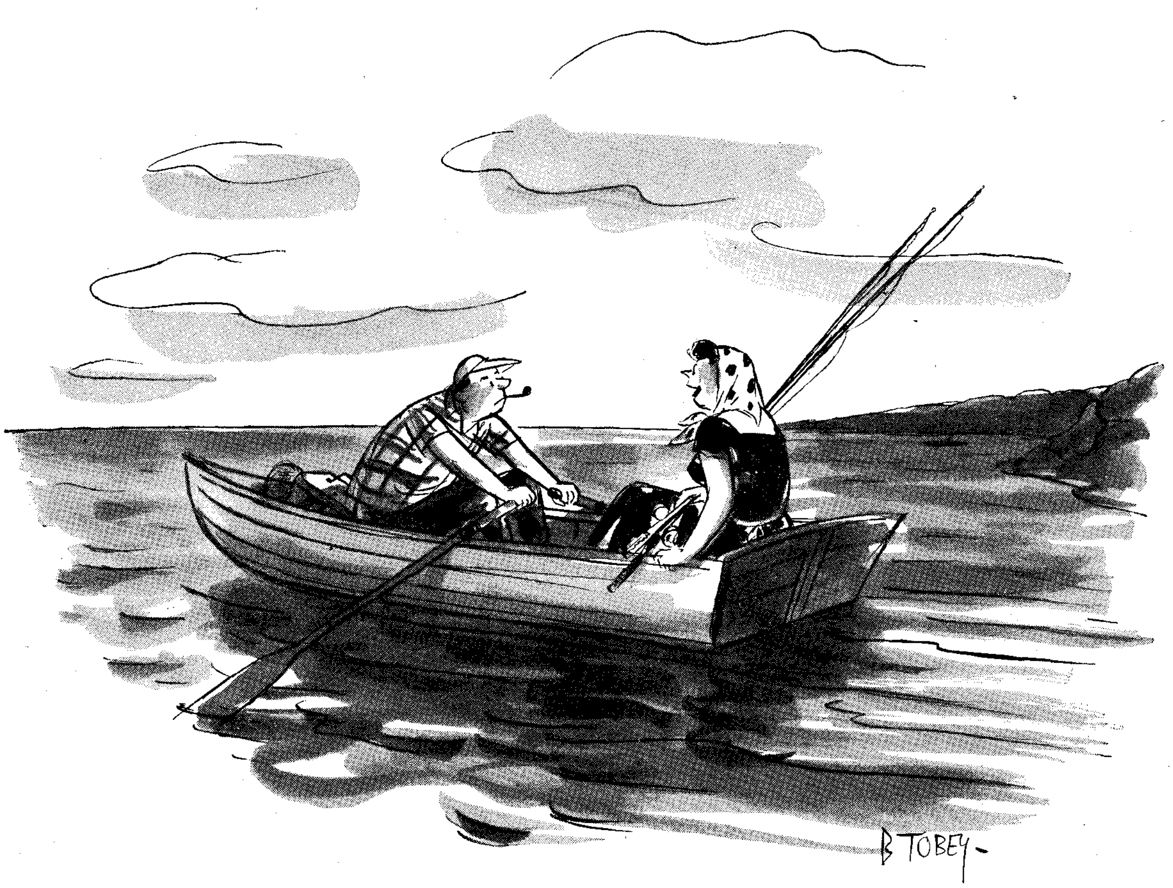
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS



IT'S a funny thing that the do-it-yourself mania, having taken over in almost every field of human activity in this country, should have stopped dead just short of the kitchen, where there seems to be an increasing tendency to let *anybody* but yourself do it. While I wouldn't presume to buck so well-defined a trend, I shall suggest in these culinary notes some procedures that perhaps correspond, in cabinetmaking, boatbuilding, or mosaic construction, to the activity known as assembling it yourself—a less sternly self-reliant and considerably less arduous business. In the discussion of cold soups that follows, therefore, when I speak of "making" this or that I don't mean for a minute that you are to get out the soup pot and buy yourself a veal knuckle. (I'm not *that* crazy.) What I have in mind is the combining of palatable ready-made ingredients, and the heightening of their flavor by judicious seasoning. The catch here lies in finding palatable ready-made ingredients; if you think it's easy for anyone to pick a way through a myriad misleadingly handsome labels and separate a few canned sheep from the innumerable goats, then you underestimate the dedicated zeal that has inspired these small housewifely experiments. I should warn you, though, that you won't come across any tips here for dealing with all those chocolate-coated ants, grasshoppers in oil, and nutria steaks that are currently crowding the shelves of the grander food shops, and are so obviously intended to *épater le bourgeois.*

To start with a dish about whose excellence I should think there can be no two opinions, let's take a canned version of that grand old standby of the French family table—*la soupe à l'oseille.* Let's take it, that is, and add our own little variations, which may very well land it not too far from the top of the *haute-cuisine* column. There are numerous difficulties in the way of making this pottage from scratch, as Americans who have tried it know only too well. To begin with, the season for sorrel, the leafy vegetable that is the principal ingredient, seems entirely unpredictable, and the ambitious soup-maker almost never hits on the right week or month; moreover, these greens are rarely carried except by grocers in the most discouragingly remote neighborhoods, and—most serious inconvenience of all—the sorrel leaf, once found, contains a coarse spine that is rather troublesome to remove. All three problems, however, are now done away with by a canned sorrel purée, imported from Belgium, that is not just a make-do substitute for the fresh vegetable but is practically indistinguishable from it. To transform this into a perfectly splendid cold soup (there is something about the sharp, acid flavor of sorrel that is so exactly right in a cold soup that it's a wonder the French never thought of it), just empty a can of clear chicken broth into a bowl, add a few very finely minced shallots or scallions, enough of the puréed sorrel to make it quite thick, about half a cup of heavy cream, some salt, a drop or two of Tabasco, a pinch of sugar, and a little Accent. Mix thoroughly and chill—not only the soup but also the plates in which it is to be served. The sorrel, packed under the Vauban label, is on hand at Maison Glass, 52 East 58th Street; William Poll, 1120 Lexington Avenue (78th); Altman; and Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd). The price varies wildly (between forty-three and eighty cents for a thirteen-ounce can) from shop to shop. And right here perhaps I had better caution you that the chicken broth to be added to the sorrel must not be of the kind that congeals when chilled. This eliminates most homemade chicken stock, as well as the superb strong broths made specially for Maison Glass, Charles, and Vendôme, 15 East 48th Street, which are ideal for hot soups or for soups that are intended to be jellied. A more ordinary canned chicken broth,



"Now, be sure and tell me when you want me to start keeping my damned mouth shut."

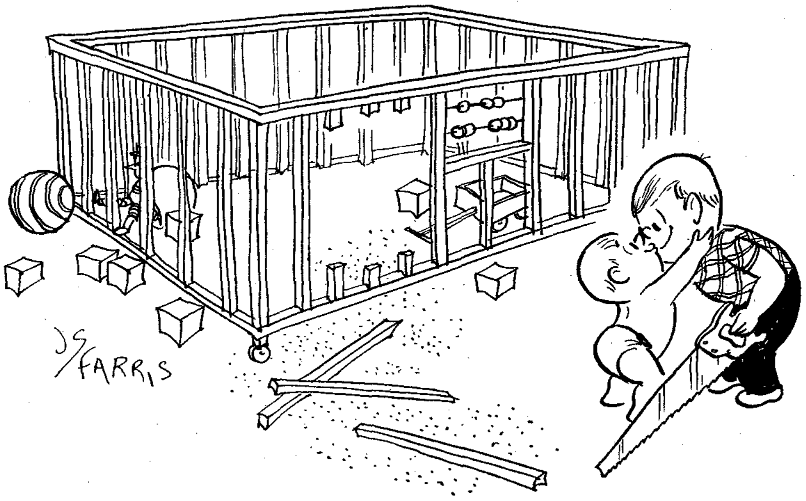
PICTURE yourself WITH JOHN STUART FURNITURE

Picture by Picasso
Chair designed in Denmark by Finn Juhl
Early American Secretary with Adam carving

Consult your dealer or decorator

JOHN STUART INC.

Please send $1. for new John Stuart catalog 52 pages 175 illustrations Fourth Ave. at 32nd St. New York



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

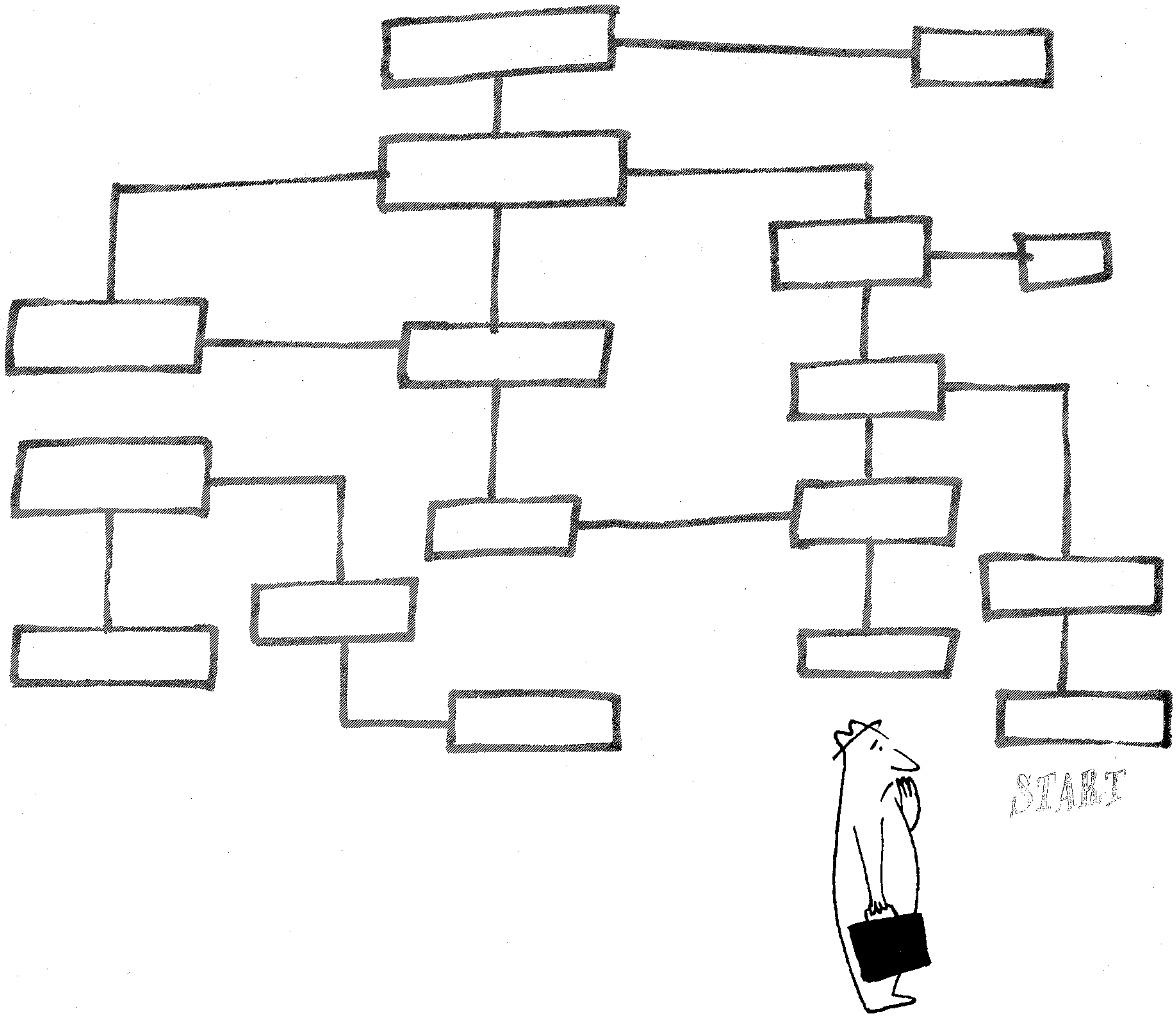
(*Advertisement*)

provided it is packed without rice, will do nicely for the sorrel mixture.

Cold vichyssoise is unquestionably a good soup and a great help in hot weather, but long before the summer is over, it does get mighty tiresome staring you in the face day after day from the luncheon menu of every restaurant in town—especially when the chances are that vichyssoise is what will turn up on your own dinner table a few hours later. To date, there has not been produced, as far as I know, a packaged vichyssoise that can measure up to the best home production, but there is a dehydrated soup by this name put out under the Maison Julien label that, although it proves no startling exception to this generality, lends itself pleasantly to fanciful variations that change it a bit from the ubiquitous leek-and-potato affair. The basic mixture is made simply by the addition of milk and cream. (In spite of the directions on the jar, the milk should be boiled, to give the soup a richer flavor.) Supplement this with a little grated cucumber, enough beet juice to make a pretty pink color, a dollop of the liquid from a jar of cocktail onions (or a good squeeze of lime), a teaspoonful or so of chopped chives, a dash of Tabasco, and salt. Mix well, chill, and serve sprinkled with chopped dill. Ellen Grey, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), Maison Glass, Vendôme, and Charles & Co. have a six-ounce jar of the powdered soup (enough to serve twelve), for ninety-five cents, and it can be bought in ounce-and-three-quarter packages, for around thirty cents, at Altman and all the Gristede stores.

If you have travelled in Rumania, or if you happen to remember the delicious food of the Rumanian Restaurant at the Flushing Meadows World's Fair, you may be familiar with a series of piquantly sour soups, called *ciorbas*, that form a part of native Rumanian cookery. Since the *ciorbas* are more or less poor man's nourishment, they are made of whatever ingredients are at hand—vegetables, fish, meat, eggs, anything—suavely blended and with the flavor sharpened by the mild acidity of the stock. These reminiscences were inspired by an extremely good canned soup that came my way recently—an exotic purée of chicken, vegetables, clams, eggs, herbs, and spices, made and packed by a restaurant in Lake Wales, Florida, called the Chalet Suzanne. This is not to say that the soup claims to be a *ciorba* (for all I know, its originator may never have heard of the Balkan dish), but at the very first spoonful my taste buds recognized

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



Top management men are harder to see than the inside of a harem!

That was the problem of a company that wanted to sell an automobile concern on the advantages of changing to a special steel. Since the switch would be of gigantic proportions, it meant not only selling top management but also engineering, designing, styling, purchasing, and the head guard on the main gate. It was quite a problem . . . but not insurmountable.

This enterprising steel company thought of reaching them by radio. (And when you think of radio in the Detroit-Great Lakes area, you think of WJR!) The steel company used announcements. The announcements caught the undivided attention of the men that had to be reached. A series of selling messages on WJR resulted in the grand sale. The keymen had been pre-conditioned, pre-sold.

The steel company was most lavish in its praise of WJR. It figured its salesmen would have required years to accomplish what WJR did in short order.

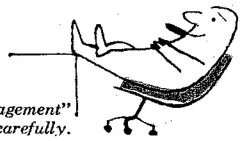
Whether you want to reach millions of people, or just a select few, you can do a better job on WJR—the station that dominates the Detroit-Great Lakes market. Call your nearest Henry I. Christal office for complete facts on this case and hundreds of others—facts which prove that WJR can do more for your product and do it quicker, too!

The Great Voice of the Great Lakes

WJR *Detroit*

50,000 Watts *CBS Radio Network*

35 years of service



You'll never be a part of "top management" unless you drive carefully.

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD

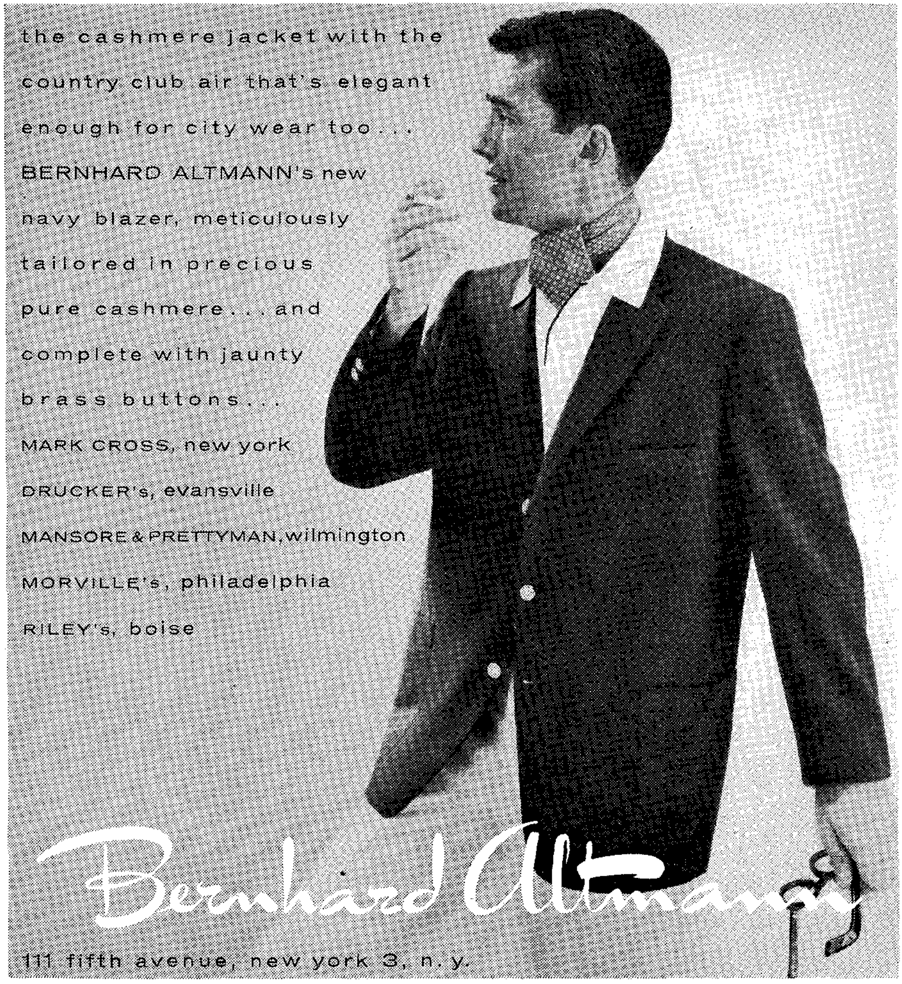
SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK


the cashmere jacket with the country club air that's elegant enough for city wear too . . . BERNHARD ALTMANN's new navy blazer, meticulously tailored in precious pure cashmere . . . and complete with jaunty brass buttons . . .

MARK CROSS, new york
DRUCKER's, evansville
MANSORE & PRETTYMAN, wilmington
MORVILLE's, philadelphia
RILEY's, boise

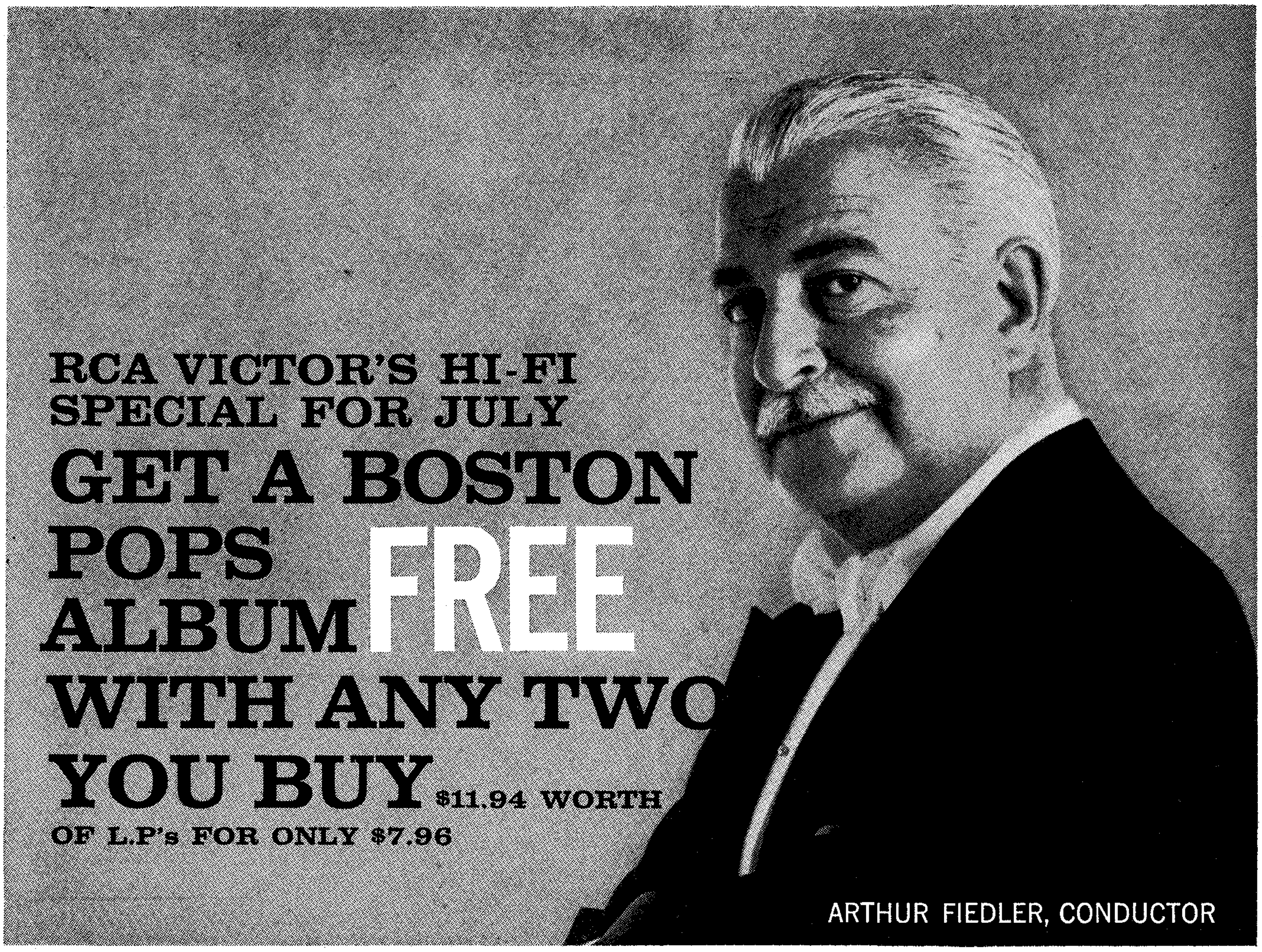
Bernhard Altmann

111 fifth avenue, new york 3, n. y.

a mixture that, with some slight additions, would resemble—or even be an improvement on—the Rumanian specialty. The additions are a little sourish white wine (if your cellar is too grand to produce sourish white wine, squeeze a few drops of lemon juice into any white wine you have), about a third of a cup of heavy cream, a couple of tablespoons of tomato juice, some chopped chives, and a touch of Accent. This concoction is to be served very cold, but I should add that in cold weather you will find the Chalet Suzanne soup entirely satisfactory when it is heated just as it comes from the can. It is available at Madelon Rogers, 18 East 60th Street, Maison Glass, and Vendôme, at eighty-five cents a can (ten and three-quarters ounces).

The trouble with most jellied consommés on the market, aside from their not being very interestingly seasoned, is that they are usually overstiff with gelatine. Happily, you can overcome both these disadvantages by mixing a can of any jellied clear beef soup (old Campbell's consommé will do all right for this) with about a fourth that quantity of tomato juice, adding some chopped scallions, green pepper, celery, and a thin slice of garlic, and letting the mixture stand at room temperature for half an hour. Then, if you strain out the vegetables, set your soup in the refrigerator to congeal to a not too firm consistency, and sprinkle chopped dill over the top, you have a most appetizing beginning for a hot-weather meal.

AMERICAN cooks with wit enough to appropriate what is best among the profusion of packaged products confronting them already know the endless usefulness in winter cookery of dried flageolets, the flavorful beans that come to us from France and Belgium. Beans of any kind may seem an unfortunate summer suggestion, but, as it happens,



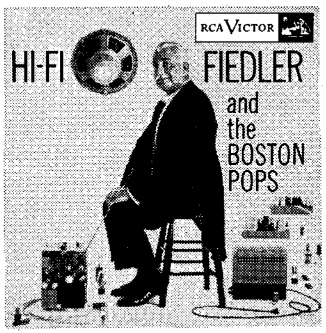
RCA VICTOR'S HI-FI SPECIAL FOR JULY

GET A BOSTON POPS ALBUM FREE WITH ANY TWO YOU BUY

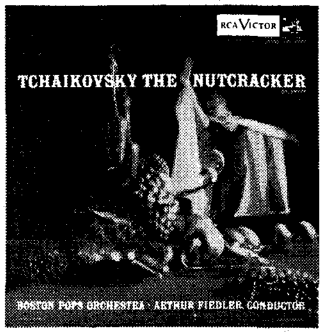
$11.94 WORTH OF L.P's FOR ONLY $7.96

ARTHUR FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR

JUST RELEASED! Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Pops Orchestra in these exciting New Orthophonic High Fidelity recordings! And you can get all 3 for the price of 2!


RCA Victor
HI-FI FIEDLER and the BOSTON POPS

LM-2100

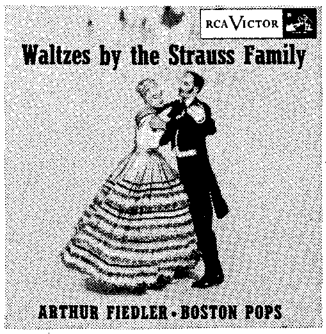

RCA Victor
TCHAIKOVSKY THE NUTCRACKER
BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA · ARTHUR FIEDLER CONDUCTOR

LM-2052

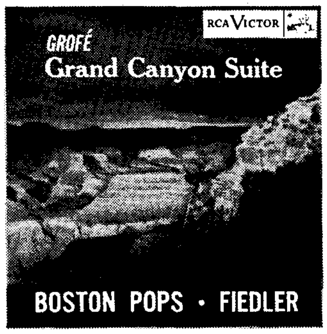
Curtain Going Up
RCA Victor
ARTHUR FIEDLER

LM-2093

OR—TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF ANY FIEDLER ALBUMS LIKE THESE. THEY'RE ALL NEW ORTHOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY. AND YOU GET 3 FOR THE PRICE OF 2!


RCA Victor
Waltzes by the Strauss Family
ARTHUR FIEDLER · BOSTON POPS

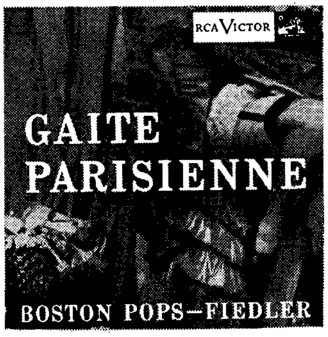
LM-2028


RCA Victor
GROFÉ
Grand Canyon Suite
BOSTON POPS · FIEDLER

LM-1928

La Boutique Fantasque
The Incredible Flutist
Divertissement
BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA ARTHUR FIEDLER
RCA Victor

LM-2084


RCA Victor
GAITE PARISIENNE
BOSTON POPS—FIEDLER

LM-1817

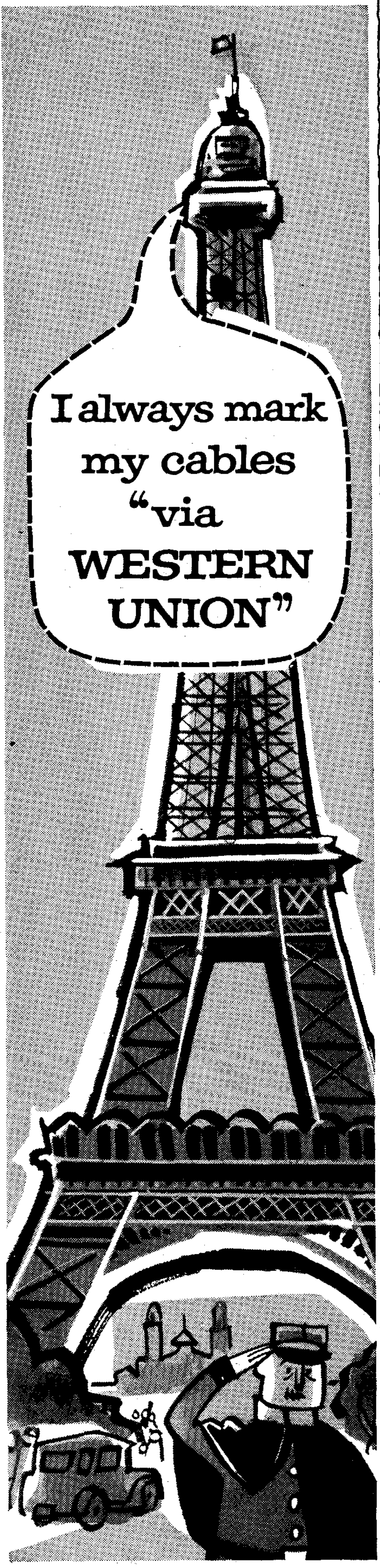
RCA VICTOR & CANON CAMERA ALBUM COVER PHOTO CONTEST! Win valuable prizes! Get the details at RCA Victor record dealers or Canon Camera stores.

*ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT RCA VICTOR'S NEW 45 ECONOMY PACKAGE AT THEIR NEW LOW PRICES

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

BASED ON MANUFACTURER'S-NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES


I always mark my cables "via WESTERN UNION"

Western Union offices in principal cities of the world.

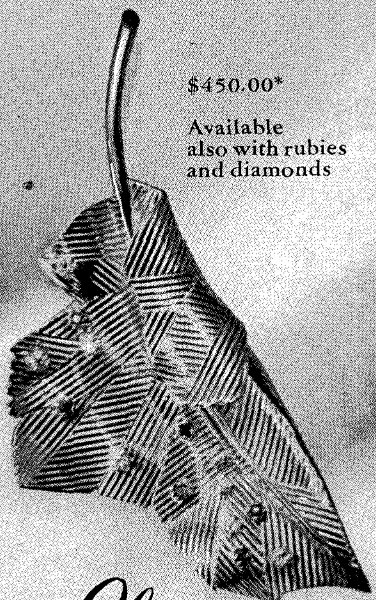
the flageolets that now arrive canned in a light brine open up a great many possibilities for warm-weather salads. When they are added to a tossed salad of garden lettuce or romaine, along with some beet slices and a discreet sprinkling of tarragon and chives, they are mighty good, and when they are combined with an herb-seasoned French dressing, sliced hard-boiled eggs, chopped anchovies, scallions, beets, small quartered tomatoes, and romaine, they make a substantial summer luncheon. The beans are to be had at Fraser-Morris, 872 Madison Avenue (71st), Ellen Grey, Charles, Maison Glass, Bloomingdale, and Vendôme. The price varies from around sixty cents for thirteen ounces to seventy-five cents for fourteen ounces.

A REAL delicacy that has reached us from Italy just in time to be a lifesaver in country-menu planning is a canned sliced prosciutto packed in San Daniele by the house of Molinaro & Testa. As far as I know, this is the first prosciutto that has ever been tinned, and the experiment is highly successful. The ham is delicious with melon or ripe figs, or made into picnic sandwiches, or served up with cold chicken for luncheon. A five-ounce can costs around $2.50, at Maison Glass and Bloomingdale.

For some reason, the good sliced Westphalian-style ham put up by Noack, in Holland, has been absent from the town's grocery shelves for months, to the despair of hostesses who had come to count on its zesty flavor in constructing special canapés or sandwiches. I am therefore pleased to announce its recent return and, at the same time, to pass along the formula for what I have found to be a very satisfactory hot cocktail spread: Sauté a few coarsely chopped mushrooms in butter, pour in some heavy cream, and let the mixture reduce to a thick consistency. Add chopped chives, some capers, Tabasco, and cut-up Westphalian ham. Let it all cook for a minute or two, and serve in a little heated dish, from which it can be spread on thin rounds of buttered toast.

Another Noack product from Holland is canned sliced salami—a nice substitute for the smoked sausage one usually seeks in vain in country markets. It is a distinct loss to our luncheon menus, I think, that the custom of serving increasingly elaborate appetizers with before-meal drinks should have just about done away with the classic *hors-d'oeuvre-variés* course, which Escoffier called the indispensable

EMERALD and DIAMOND
LEAF CLIP IN 18 KT GOLD
Made in France

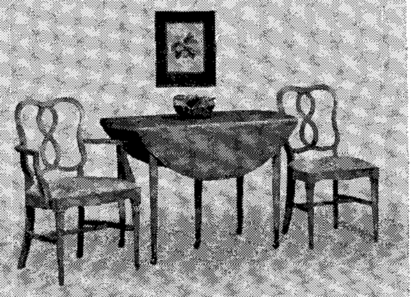


$450.00*
Available also with rubies and diamonds

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

LONDON HOUSE
Chicago MICHIGAN & WACKER
Man cannot live by steak alone . . . even our own! So make a date tonight with
OSCAR PETERSON
RAY BROWN, HERB ELLIS
no cover, minimum or amusement tax

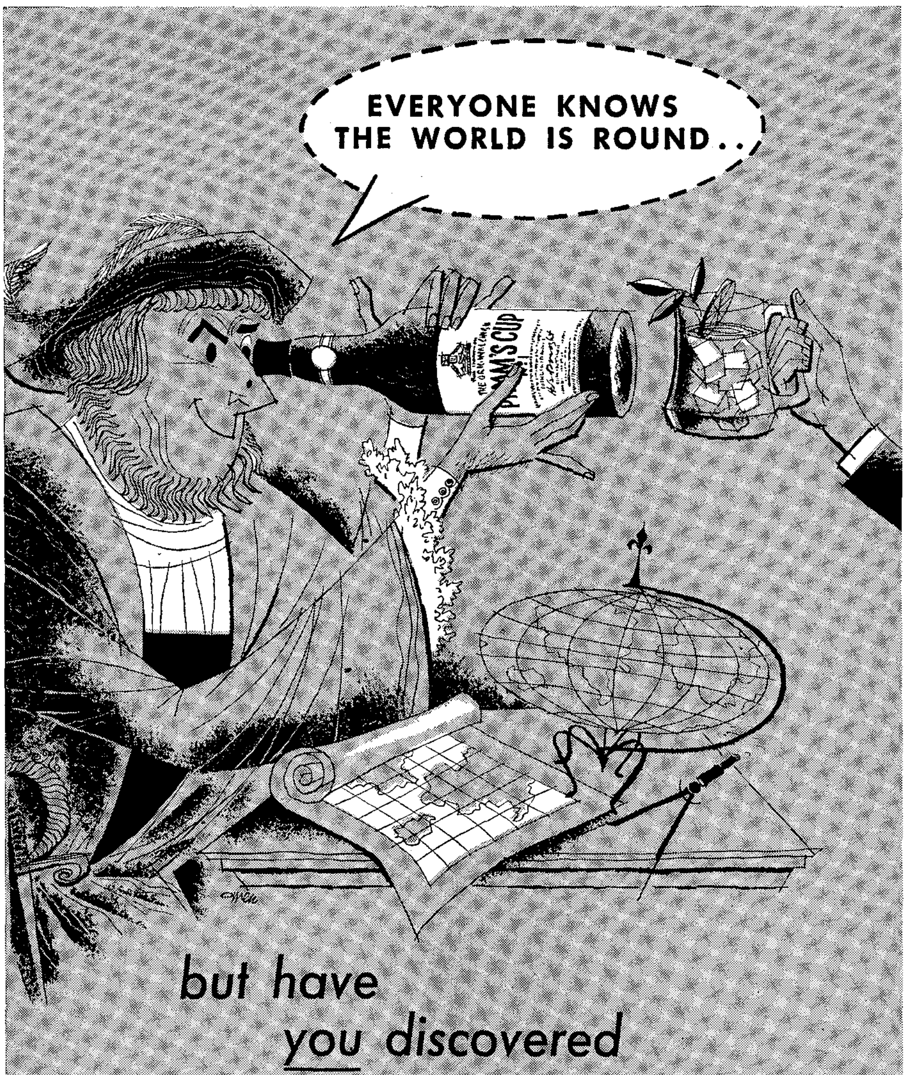


PARMA
Italian Provincial
At better furniture and department stores. Send 5-cent stamp to Department N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

introduction to luncheon. And even without the blessing of the French, could a summer luncheon possibly get off to a better (or easier) start than with an array of those small dishes of fine sardines, herb-seasoned tomato slices, egg salad, *thon à l'huile*, and salami? With the arrival of the Noack product (sixty-five cents for a three-ounce can, at Maison Glass, Charles, and Vendôme), there might well be a revival of this simple first course.

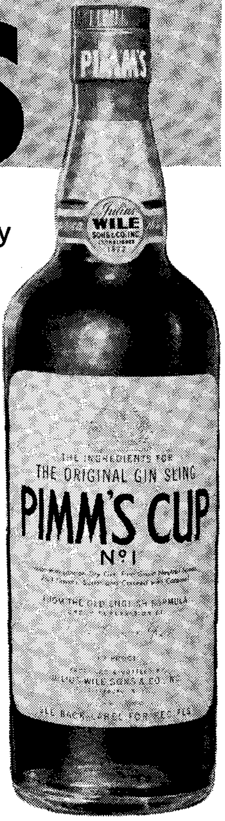
TO move on from canned to frozen foods, a splendid hot-weather salad can be made with Seabrook Farms' superior chopped spinach. Just cook it in the usual way and serve it icy cold with a highly garlic-flavored French dressing on romaine or garden lettuce. . . . And if the weather ever cools off, Stouffer's roast-beef hash can furnish an acceptable emergency dish of *crêpes farcies*. To make these, fill French pancakes with the defrosted hash mixture (better season it up a bit with celery, shallots, and so on), roll them into cylinders, and arrange them on a gratin dish; then cover them with a thin cream sauce, dust them with grated Parmesan, and brown them lightly under the broiler. . . . Or if it stays too hot even to think of a broiler—let alone light one—you might pick up a carton of Schrafft's lemon sherbet, sprinkle the contents with a little grated lemon peel and a good squeeze of lemon juice (to heighten the rather too mild flavor), and serve with a dribble of well-chilled green crème de menthe. The combination is as cooling to the eye as to the palate.

FOR some years now, Saltwater Farm, in Damariscotta, Maine, has been shipping lobsters and clams to inlanders who have a taste for a New England clambake, but while these have been wonderful in quality, the vast quantities in which they arrived might well dismay any except the most robust appetites. These mail-order Maine-style bakes are so well known that I wouldn't bring up the subject except to announce that the farm now has a humane offering of a paltry peck of its superlative soft-shell clams (the lovely long-neck steamers), marking the first time, as far as I know, that Saltwater Farm has given consideration to the capacity of a mere family who just want a dish of clams for supper without making a production of it. With an unusually broad-minded regard for the foolish prejudices of inlanders (it's only outside the State of Maine that anybody minds a little

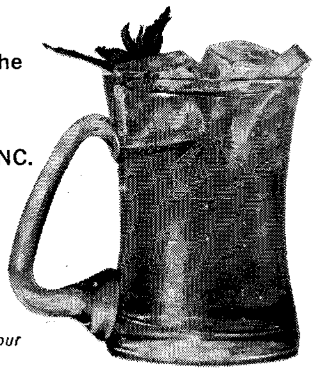

EVERYONE KNOWS THE WORLD IS ROUND..
PIMM'S CUP

but have you discovered

PIMM'S



Welcome sight to the traveler, navigating his way homeward from office, tennis court, golf club or garden—the Great Refresher—Pimm's Cup No. 1, first concocted in London a hundred years ago. Today, being discovered by discerning adventurers everywhere. Plan on Pimm's Cup tonight!

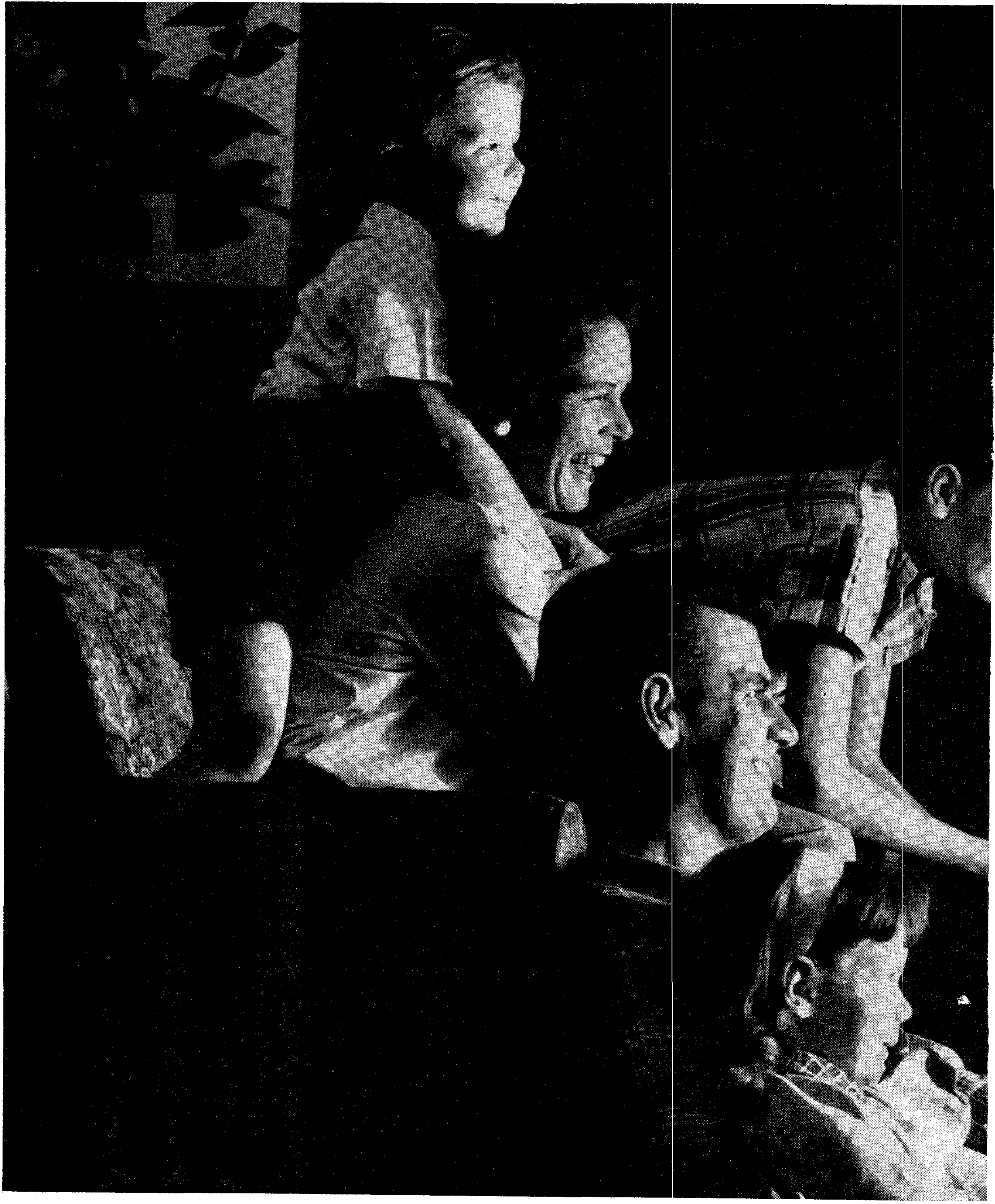


Pimm's Up! Enjoy Pimm's the traditional way in Pimm's original tankards. Four for $3.50. Write to JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. Dept. P1, Teterboro, N. J.

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality

PIMM'S MADE WITH LONDON DRY GIN, GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, SUGARED AND COLORED WITH CARAMEL. 67 PROOF.



Please look again at this photograph.

These six people are a real-life family — a man, his wife and their four children — and they are all doing the same thing, at the same time, completely happy together.

What's marvelous is that it gives you a true picture of family life in Columbus, Ohio, where parents and offspring think nothing of spending hours in the same room with each other.

It's because their favorite station, WBNS-TV, has a native sixth-sense for the type of entertainment and education that appeals to Central Ohio *families.* Its evening programs are masterpieces of showmanship, compounding marquee stars, CBS comedy and drama with such intense grassroots interests

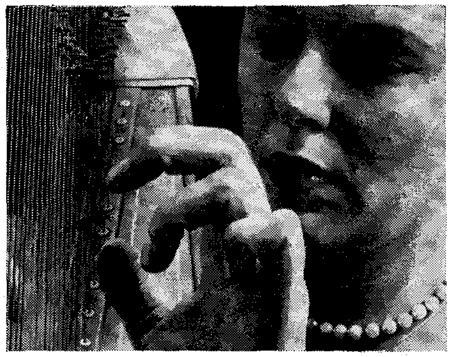
la baby and the local civil war
eople love it.
at 163 of the 180 top family
's why time-buyers define the
tion market in a 10-word cap-
Central Ohio — WBNS-TV.”

Affili

NOTHING

TAKES THE PLACE

OF GOOD MUSIC



And because it *sells* over a million families in metropolitan New York for advertisers like Con Edison . . .

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WQXR

Radio Station of The New York Times

sand with his clams), the farm has scrubbed its steamers within an inch of their lives, so there is nothing to do upon their arrival except start cooking them. For this purpose, the clams, packed in rockweed, come in a metal container that can be lifted out of its prodigal bedding of ice and put right on the stove. This relatively modest-sized shipment costs $7.50, plus express charges, and contains from a hundred and sixty to two hundred clams, every one of which is as fine as a clam ever gets to be. Twice the quantity of steamers (that is to say, two pecks) will cost you $13, express collect, and, of course, you can always get shipments of lobsters and clams or of lobsters alone. —S. H.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE POLITICAL SCENE

[*Adv. in the Pikeville* (*Ky.*) *Pike County News*]

G. TOM HAWKINS SAYS

To the Republicans & Ike Democrats

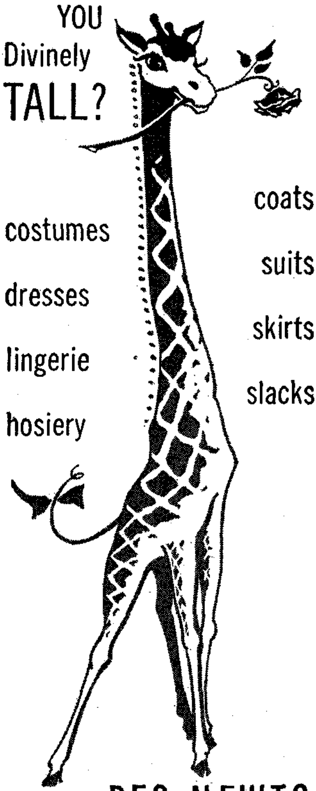
I have qualified as a Republican candidate for the important office of Representative in the lower house of your General Assembly, to go to Frankfort Kentucky and help make your laws to givern you. I will succeed Representative Goble Newsome who has creditablly acquitted himself. You will please write to me at Elkhorn City, Ky., between now and the May 28th Primary (Repeblican) and tell me what you want the law to be and I will do my best for you.

The Republicans and Ike Democrats will control the Legislature together with "Happy." I somewhat hesitate to say that I am hot about "Happy," thinking of the past. But, I do welcome him and the "Ike" Democrats into the Republican Party. We all want to make a greater Kentucky, more jobs, more business, better schools, better roads up the hollows, less tax on the farmers eggs, and let old ring live.

These and many big issues will be decided by your Legislature next session. Our flood relief and disaster laws should have the "red-tape" cut so as to bring relief quick and fast, when needed. We must take care of our poor and unfortunate. That is why God ordained Government on earth that people could govern themselves by voting.

May 28 is the day. Don't forget to vote. I served you in this office 53 years ago when I was a boy and very well qualified but I am a man now and better qualified. Look up my record in 1904 House Journal, for I am not ashamed of that record. I helped enact and supported: The new capitol for Kentucky, Six months school term, Free books in every schoil house in the state, voted for the pistol toting tax, wife beaters to the whipping post, jury services for women, Union labor. I will support legislature to exempt Manufacturers from tax for 5 years as inducement to locate in Kentucky. I want disabled police officers pensioned with some increase in other pensions. You will, before you vote for me May. 28th., want to know what

Are YOU Divinely TALL?

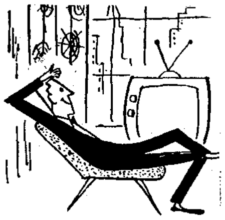


costumes
dresses
lingerie
hosiery

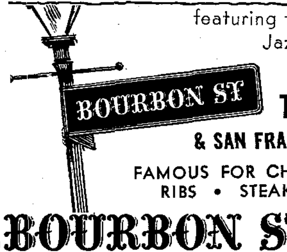
coats
suits
skirts
slacks

PEG NEWTON
TALL GALS' HAVEN
3 East 48th Street, New York 17

KEEP COOL IN NEW YORK AT THE SAVOY PLAZA



A HILTON HOTEL
AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS WITH TV AT NO EXTRA CHARGE
5th Ave. at 58th St. • EL 5-2600



featuring the greats of Jazz and Dixieland
Now . . . in person
TURK MURPHY
& SAN FRANCISCO JAZZ BAND
FAMOUS FOR CHARCOAL-BROILED RIBS • STEAKS • ROAST BEEF
BOURBON STREET
OPEN UNTIL 4 A.M. DINNER SUPPER
330 EAST 56th STREET, EL 5-8865 FOR RESERVATIONS

Europe at your fingertips
Come see how we've combed the old world to make your gift-giving sheer delight and inspiration! Valuable antiques . . . charming fashion baubles . . . to enhance a home, enchant a friend. We'll gladly send our free catalog on request.
HOUSE OF EUROPEAN SPECIALTIES
29 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

kind of liquor I drink. The answer is, None., But, If You are an alcoholic, I will try to have a State Hospital to care for and treat you when "It bith like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Our highway death toll is getting too big. You and me may be the next batter in the box. I want to make the High Schools Sub-Universities for a two-year course to save time and money which will fill our State Univercity which will give the two years final course.

Don't forget to write to me for I am desirous to trade good service for your Vote May 28th.

The Democrat party is very much divided. A great party cannot do well when divided. Kentuckians will be forced to turn to the Republican Party for good service. That is why I ask you "Ike" Democrats to take a cushion seat in our party., and help cut the pie, and help eat the fishes. You know the law of limitations on "Turn-coats" is two years. Get into the Republican Party now while getting is good and help "Ike" keep us out of war and feed the poor. Let us hang into "Ikes" coat tail and help him and maybe we'll be Happy.

Let me say to our Republican Nominees. I am able and willing to carry my part of the load in November. And, too I am able to help register the young voters ten days after the May 28th., Primary.

Republicans you will do well not to cull me this time for my precinct is still Republican and will be represented in November for the straight ticket. Make me happy by giving me a job watching and helping "Happy" make your laws.

Your Friend in The Past, Present, And Future,

G. "TOM" HAWKINS
Elkhorn City, Ky., May 23, 1957

•

I GATHERED

I gathered wild strawberries
In a paper drinking cup
While you slept in the nif-
ty white cabin by the road
And dawn came loping up,
Roan, riderless, reins
Trailing, over the cliff
Into the valley.

Seen from a distance (and I
Could see myself from where
You slept), I was barely
An athletic dot on a hill.
The distance left me there.
As I turned up the shy,
Green leaves, each berry
Beat like a little heart.

Now the dawning is done
And the paper cup is full.
What did you dream as I
Was picking them for you?
No thought is safe in the sun
This morning, but they seem,
The berries, to be a lovely
Dream covered with dew.

—ANDREW OERKE

What? Gin'n Nothing?

FLEISCHMANN'S
EST. 1870
DISTILLED
GIN
FLEISCHMANN
EST. 1870

Yes, when it's FLEISCHMANN'S GIN, it's so smooth you'll like it straight!

And gin that smooth makes a perfect Martini every time!

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • DISTILLED DRY GIN • 90 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

EAU
DE
COLOGNE
CHANEL
POUR MONSIEUR

5.00 PLUS TAX

A
GENTLEMAN'S
COLOGNE

CHANEL

THE UNEASY VISIT OF R-34

WHEN I read in the newspapers a while back that a free balloon had ascended from Roosevelt Field, on Long Island, marking the last official takeoff of any aircraft from that field, which is now largely a shopping and industrial center, I was vividly reminded of the time I had the responsibility for the landing at the old Roosevelt Field of the British rigid airship R-34, when it made the first westward aerial crossing of the Atlantic, in July, 1919. The rigid airship, as a type of aircraft, is now extinct, but for four frantic days it was the dominant factor in my life.

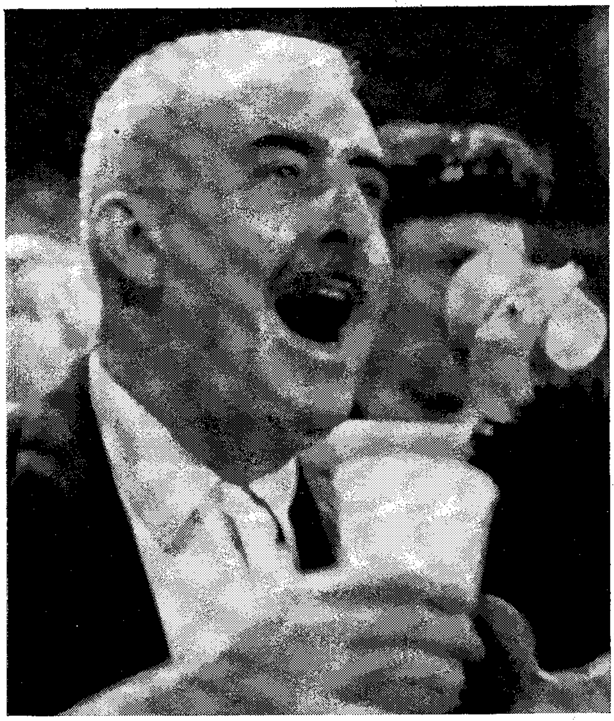
In June of 1919, I was at nearby Mitchel Field, awaiting my discharge from the Army Air Service—as it was then called—in which I was a captain. I had returned from France some ten weeks previously, and had been organizing from among postwar recruits an observation-balloon company for service in the Philippines. I had earned a rating as a free-balloon pilot in 1917, and had commanded an observation-balloon company in France for sixteen months. My knowledge of airships was a bit limited, however; in fact, the only one I had ever seen was a yellow French blimp that patrolled the harbor at Le Havre. At the time I was awaiting discharge on Long Island, I was, by chance, the only "trained" lighter-than-air officer on duty in the area. Even so, I was not prepared for the shock of being summoned by the Air Service area commander, Colonel Archie Miller, whose office was at Hazelhurst Field, adjoining Roosevelt, and being told that R-34 would arrive from England within three weeks and would refuel at Roosevelt Field for the return flight, and that I would be in charge of the landing crew during her landing, her stay at the field, and her departure. I wanted to question my capability, but, being a veteran of military service, I said nothing.

Limited as my qualifications were for my job, they were as good as Roosevelt Field's for *its* job. No airplane hangar was anywhere near big enough to house R-34, and the mooring mast was not yet a practical device. At the time, the Army and Navy flying services were in the middle of a controversy over which should be custodian of rigid-airship development in this country. Presently, plans were made for the Army to do the actual handling of R-34; personnel from the naval air station at nearby Rockaway would provide technical services. The Navy accordingly began trucking in fuel and hydrogen cylinders, and laying pipes to supply water for ballast. Its technicians also planted, deep in the ground, a concrete block with an iron ring, or eye, set in its top. A two-hundred-foot cable was attached to the eye, and R-34 would float aloft at the end of this cable.

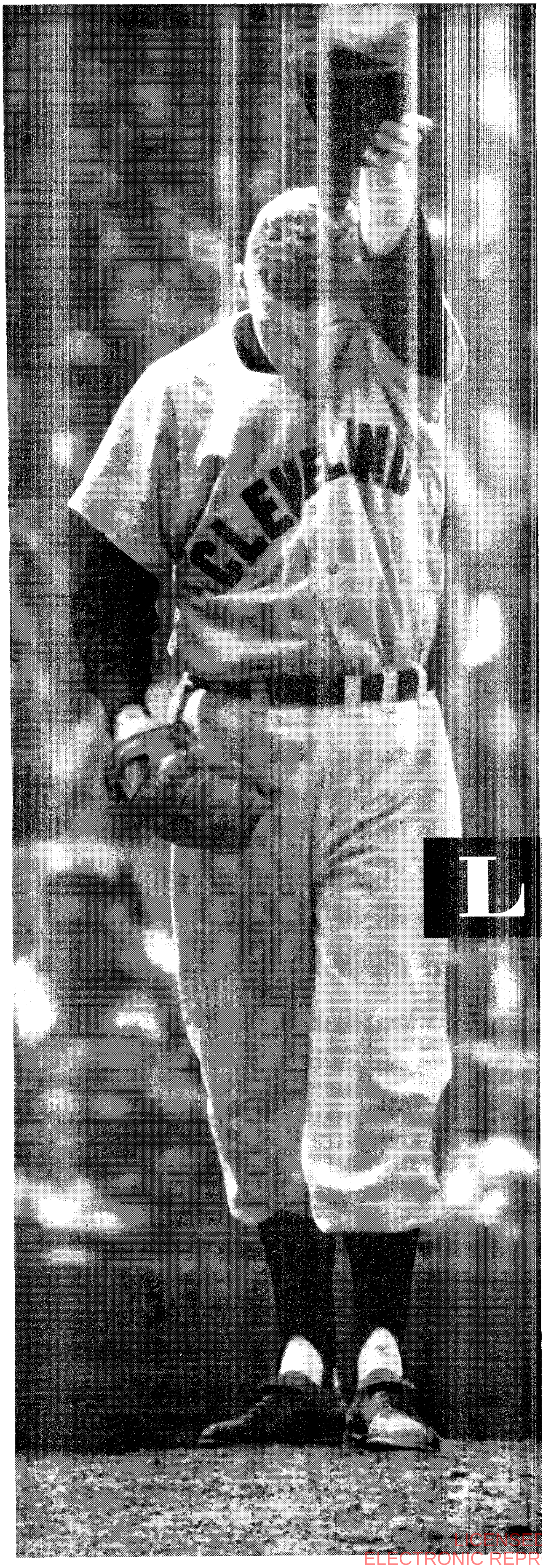
Colonel Miller gave me what information about R-34 he possessed. It was sketchy, but it was all anybody at the field had. Those were innocent days, when America as yet owned no rigid airship. (Later on, I learned that the British had sent an advance party of experts to advise on the landing of R-34, but they must have spent their time with the Navy, because of the primary importance of assembling supplies. At any rate, I don't recall seeing any member of the party.) R-34 was reputed to be cigar-shaped, six hundred and forty-three feet long, or almost as long as three average city blocks, and about eighty feet through at the middle. Its rigidity was maintained by a duralumin framework, which was covered with an envelope of doped linen, and between the frames were eighteen chambers, or gasbags, which provided buoyancy. A catwalk, or keel-corridor, ran the length of the aircraft, inside the envelope. Suspended below the keel were four gondolas—one forward, one aft, and two side by side amidships. The gondolas housed the engines and propellers, and in the forward, or main, gondola there were also the wireless and control mechanisms. The crew, including several observers, numbered thirty officers and enlisted men, who, when they could, slept in hammocks slung inside the envelope, above the catwalk.

While the Navy was preparing for R-34's arrival, I got busy with pencil and paper. I knew from experience that it took forty men to maneuver a single observation balloon with a gas capacity of thirty-five thousand cubic feet and a lift of little more than a ton. R-34's

Heart and soul in a game . . .



MARVIN NEWMAN, LOOK, JUNE 25, 1957



FRANK BAUMAN, LOOK, MAY 28, 1957

. . . supreme in grace— and despair.

LOOK

. . . the exciting story of people . . .

what they do, what they feel, what they want, what they think . . . an ever-changing story told with warmth, understanding and wonder.

■ read by more than 20,000,000 people

Pardon the intrusion...but if you're an engineer, Douglas needs you!

Maybe your engineering talents won't win her heart. But how about trying them out on us?

Douglas offers you assignments on projects of such tremendous scope as

. . . the exciting DC-8 jet transport.

. . . THOR, top-priority intermediate range ballistics missile.

. . . and many more commercial and military projects that assure engineers greater promotion opportunities, a chance to plan far into the future and to gain substantial rewards.

Douglas plants and facilities give you a nationwide choice of pleasant places to live.

Please write for complete information to:

C. C. LaVENE
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY
BOX 620-D
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Go further with DOUGLAS

capacity was about two million three hundred thousand cubic feet. She had a gross lift in excess of eighty tons. By my computation, which allowed for absentees and relief shifts, I was going to need six hundred men. Colonel Miller immediately requisitioned them—not from the Army Air Service, which couldn't supply that many, but from the Army, which was then operating a separation base at Camp Mills, adjoining Mitchel Field. While the First World War had been over for eight months, a shipping shortage had delayed the return of a substantial number of the two million men who went overseas. My men were not enthusiastic about their assignment, however historic it might be, since their only real interest was in getting out of the service. But I ordered a pair of cotton gloves for each man, so that his hands wouldn't be blistered by the airship's landing ropes, and hopefully went to work. After splitting the men into shifts, I organized them by rope stations (about eight stations on each side of R-34, with several ropes per station) and then taught them what I could of the fundamentals of rope discipline and maneuvering techniques. Within a few days, my landing crew had obviously shaken down as much as it was going to shake.

ON July 2nd, R-34 left Scotland, with its commander, Major G. H. Scott, in radio communication, by a system of relays, with a Navy headquarters set up temporarily at Roosevelt Field. On July 4th, while still some eight hundred miles away, Major Scott expressed concern over his fuel supply. The Navy at once started outlining plans for emergency landings, and suggested that R-34 might come down in the vicinity of Boston or at the Chatham Naval Station, on Cape Cod.

During the afternoon and early evening of July 5th, my landing party was standing by at Camp Mills. About two o'clock the next morning, a Navy officer informed me that R-34 was then three hundred miles away and that the fuel outlook was more reassuring. Head winds had died down, enabling the ship to throttle back on her engines and save gas. Working deftly with slide rule and calipers, the Navy officer told me that R-34 could not possibly be over Roosevelt Field before ten o'clock that morning, July 6th. With eight hours to go, I decided to get some sleep, and instructed the Navy officer to alert me at my room at the Mitchel Field visiting officers' quarters, either by phone or by messenger, if anything developed. Then I added, "Just in case I drop dead on the way to my bunk, here's the phone number at Camp Mills to get out the landing party."

Six hours later, shortly after eight o'clock, an Army orderly shook me awake. He was too excited to talk, but he had no need to. Through the thin walls of the barracks I could hear an unfamiliar but instantly recognizable drone of engines in chorus aloft. Rushing outside—I had slept with my clothes on—I saw R-34 hovering some two thousand feet above what is today Roosevelt Raceway. I dashed back into the barracks and phoned Camp Mills to turn out my landing party. I got devastating news. Most of my more or less trained crew of six hundred soldiers were aboard a truck convoy that was speeding them eastward to Montauk Point, ninety miles away.

I learned later what had happened. About four o'clock that morning, Major Scott had radioed that he doubted whether he had fuel enough to reach Roosevelt Field after all. The Navy had then advised him that if he could nurse his craft as far as Montauk, they would get men there to handle the landing. I suppose that in the excitement the Navy officer I had spoken to forgot to call me. At any rate, while I slept peacefully, Navy officials called Colonel Archie Miller, and he, through his executive officer, hurriedly rounded up some seventy trucks and automobiles, loaded them with most of my sleepy, bewildered crew at Camp Mills, along with some Navy personnel, and started them off for Montauk. (In addition, the Navy sent some two hundred and fifty men to Montauk by destroyer, from New London.) The Camp Mills convoy had not quite reached Montauk when the men in the leading vehicles saw R-34, whose fuel situation was now less critical, pass blithely above them in the opposite direction. Thereupon the convoy turned around and headed back toward Roosevelt Field. They failed to arrive in time to assist in the landing.

July 6, 1919, was a Sunday. Sunday is a notoriously bad day on which to mobilize barracks soldiers, especially those who are one step away from becoming civilians. I frantically telephoned duty officers at Camp Mills and at the three flying fields in the vicinity and asked them to rush every available man to meet me at the landing site. It was R-34 itself, however, that made the emergency mobilization job comparatively easy for me. Attracted by the historic spectacle, the imminence of which had been played up in the metropolitan newspapers, thousands of Long Islanders, civilian and military, were now converging on the landing area. Arriving there with a megaphone, I began feverishly assembling recruits—Army, Navy, and Air Service—while R-34 slowly circled overhead. To its crew the scene on the ground must have represented unalleviated chaos. Presently, just as I glanced up, a human figure leaped from the forward gondola. A parachute billowed out, and seconds later the parachutist landed close by, rolling over on the ground. Regaining his feet, he disengaged himself. I squeezed through the crowd toward him.

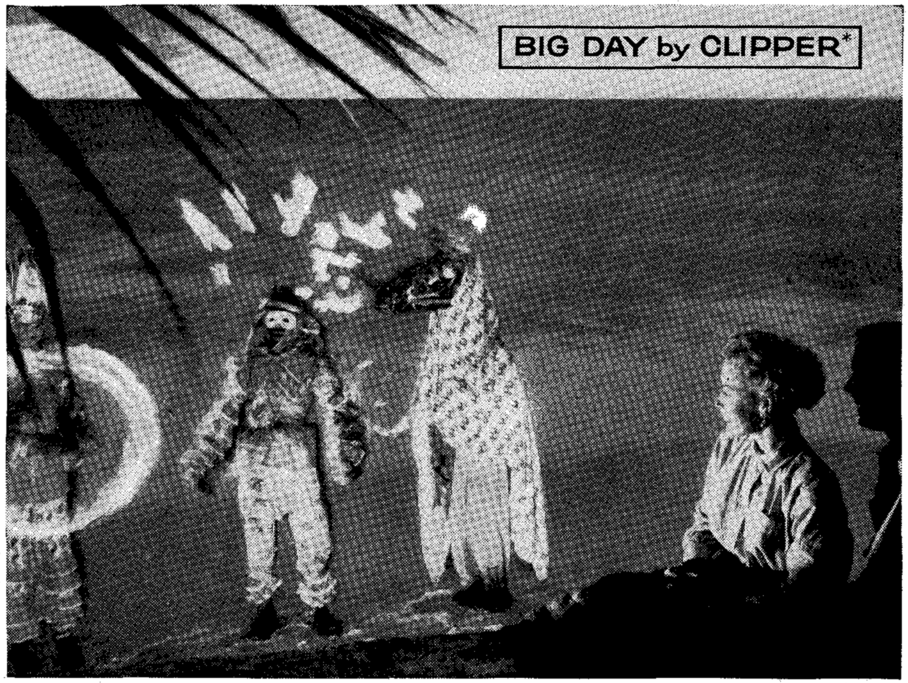
"I'm Captain Moore, in charge of your landing party," I said.

"Righto. I'm Major Pritchard. Want a spot of help?"

Pritchard seemed not to be aware of it at the time, but he was the first human being ever to reach America from Europe by air. He was just what I needed. It took no more than ten minutes to organize makeshift rope parties. Then Pritchard, who was standing in the clear, waved his arms, signalling a come-ahead as the ship made a final turn over Mineola. Major Scott, down to his last few teacupfuls of fuel, must have sighed with relief as his binoculars picked up that signal. R-34 began its slow descent, its long dragline, or main landing rope, which had been thrown out, slanting and weaving from the nose, while shorter ropes whipped back along the sides.

The green rope-handlers responded promptly, and as each group prepared to grasp its assigned rope, engine power was cut. But apparently Major Scott believed the gondolas might hit the ground too hard. He eased the descent of the craft by ordering the release of all the remaining water ballast. And in a moment the rope parties and the spectators who were standing close by were thoroughly doused. Then R-34 came to rest, in the inexperienced hands of my rope parties, within stepping distance of the ground. Brigadier General E. M. Maitland, the ranking British officer, was the first person to emerge from the main gondola, but the reporters present seemed more interested in a bedraggled Cockney private, who was hustled off the aircraft as transatlantic aviation's first stowaway.

THE dirigible had a complement of about ten officers, but until her departure, four days later, I rarely set eyes on even one of them. They had arrived



Mystic Rituals...hours away by Pan Am

It's no mystery why people find fun and excitement close at hand along Pan Am's 64,085 world-wide route-miles. Nearly 30 years of overseas flying has made our service enchanting. Only 10% down on Pan Am's World-Wide Plan, Go Now—Pay Later.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Haiti	7½ hours	$22 down †
Fiji	26 hours	77 down ‡
West Africa	23½ hours	66 down †

†FROM NEW YORK ‡FROM WEST COAST

Call your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN

OUTSTANDING NEW 1957 COLLECTION

Carol Carter

CARDS for CHRISTMAS

Shown by Appointment

Personal representatives in important social centers

1950 NORTH FAIRFIELD AVENUE · CHICAGO 47

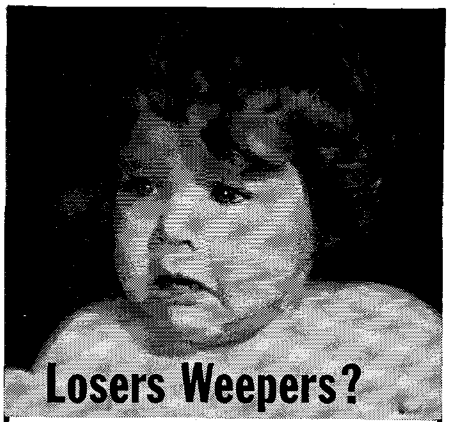
CHIANTI SUPERIORE
CONSORZIO PER LA DIFESA DEL VINO TIPICO DEL CHIANTI
MARCA DEPOSITATA

THE MARK OF CLASSIC CHIANTI

have you ever tasted real Chianti?

THINK before you answer. Only Chianti imported from Italy's famed Chianti region bears the proud symbol of the black rooster. Ask for Brolio . . . the perfect accompaniment to fine food.

be cocksure . . .
ask for **BROLIO**
ITALY'S *Chianti* SUPERIORE
FONTANA-HOLLYWOOD CORP., N.Y. Sole U.S. Agent


Losers Weepers?

Not when you carry First National City Bank Travelers Checks

No, little girl! Your Daddy always carries safe First National City Bank Travelers Checks—and they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Famous for over 50 years! Backed by America's greatest world-wide bank, they're spendable everywhere! Cost only $1 per $100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS
Backed by The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

exhausted after a trip of a hundred and eight hours, during which nothing but short naps in their hammocks had been possible. The only hot items on their menu for the better part of five days had been steak pudding, tea, cocoa, and coffee warmed at the engine exhausts, and, of course, they had not been able to smoke, because of the danger of igniting the dirigible's hydrogen. The Army Air Service had arranged a chicken dinner for them, and had provided accommodations at Roosevelt Field's visiting officers' quarters, but immediately after a brief welcoming ceremony they were whisked off by the Navy to the Garden City Hotel for an elaborate luncheon, and later they were installed in rooms at the Ritz-Carlton, in New York, where they got some needed sleep. Most of them then embarked upon a series of parties. The British enlisted men likewise disappeared, though a few may have been around to advise the Navy technicians. Before the officers left the field, I suggested to several of them that a skeleton crew of either British or Americans be put aboard R-34, in case of emergency. The suggestion was ignored, and I began to think the visitors had already had enough of their airship. As I've said, I rarely saw any of them around.

By noon that first day, the Montauk expeditionary force had returned, and I was able to organize shifts for taking care of the airship. During the daytime, she would be suspended only a few feet off the ground, and my men would hold ropes to keep her pointing into the wind. At night, when the cool air would contract the hydrogen sufficiently to assure stable flight, she would ride unattended a couple of hundred feet in the air, at the end of her cable, to which she would be attached by a nose bridle. That evening, I supervised a crew as it slowly paid out the cable, allowing R-34 to float upward. Because the hydrogen would expand with the heat of the morning sun, it was imperative to get R-34 back down before sunrise. As the craft rose into the air that first evening, I became somewhat alarmed, and so did the Navy technicians, who had begun replenishing fuel tanks, hydrogen chambers, and water-ballast compartments. These technicians, whose work schedule was upset by a severe thunderstorm during the afternoon, had been able to fill only the forward water-ballast compartments, instead of distributing the water evenly in compartments spaced along the entire length of the hull. This fact had been overlooked in the confusion, and now, with

Candy striped polo shirts in two ply mercerized lisle.
Choose from Navy/White,
Brown/White,
Red/White, Copen/White,
Navy/Red, and
ten other
color combinations.

at most
quality stores.
◆
A. Kuehnert
& CO., INC.
150 Madison Ave., New York

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN
Bachrach
DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS OF MEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET
PLaza 5-6233

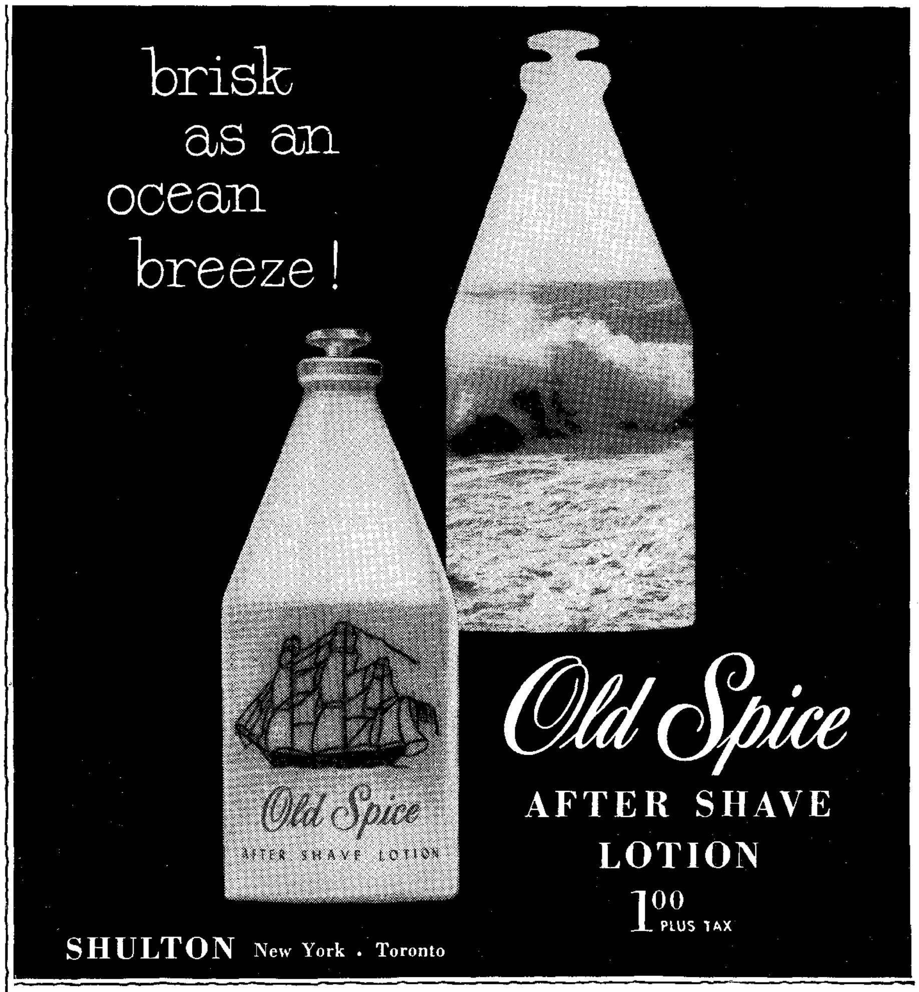
Gaston PRE-THEATRE DINNER
an intimate restaurant
"C'est Formidable" Air Cond.
discriminating continental cuisine and matching wine cellar . . .
48 East 49th Street PLaza 5-4285

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S
Helen Sigel's
1523 WALNUT ST.
RESTAURANT BAR

the craft badly off balance, her tail shot upward. As R-34 reached the cable tip, her posture became not unlike that of a six-hundred-foot leaning tower that rose out of nothing, several hundred feet in the air. Nose down and tail up, the airship slept almost erect throughout the night.

When I dismissed my startled crew that evening, I tried to impress on them the absolute necessity of reporting back before sunrise. But next morning, because plans for an early breakfast went partly awry, only about half the crew got back on the job at the appointed hour—not enough to haul the ship down. By the time the full crew was assembled, the heat had begun to take effect, and the men, who could grasp only the forward lines and some supplementary lines attached to the cable itself, had to pull with all their strength. R-34 strained at her nose bridle, and as she reluctantly started to descend, you could hear the ripping of fabric and the snapping of some of the duralumin girders around the bridle. Finally, in spite of the fantastic posture of the ship, my rope parties were able to get hold of the aft lines, and R-34 was returned to earth.

As I had feared, several of the craft's nose frames were broken. Since there were no spares to replace them, a Navy carpenter substituted two-by-four joist sections for the broken frames, bracing them against undamaged units, and a sailmaker sewed up the rips in the fabric nose covering. To enable these specialists to operate some forty feet above the ground, the Navy borrowed an extension-ladder truck from a neighboring village fire department. After the repairs were completed, two of R-34's officers—at least, I saw only two—showed up at the airship. They made a


brisk as an ocean breeze!

Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 PLUS TAX

SHULTON New York . Toronto

FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE...

belgium THE CROSSROADS OF EUROPE

beautiful

This year plan to go to Belgium. Enjoy unique age-old pageants and carnivals. Visit the smart seaside towns, the beautiful spas, the venerable "art cities" and the very old town halls and medieval moated castles.

And of course you've heard of Belgium's excellent foods!

See your Travel Agent now for complete details or write: Official Belgian Tourist Bureau.

Visit belgium First!

World's Fair in Brussels in 1958.

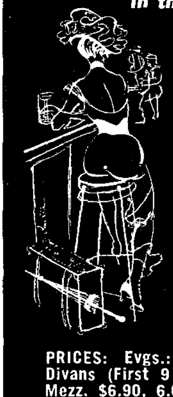
Official Belgian Tourist Bureau
589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me complete information about Belgium.

Name

Address Y7-3

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
WITH
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
PRICES: Evgs.: Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $8.60; Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $9.20; Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $6.90, 6.00; Balc. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Wed. Mat.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $4.80; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50. Balc. $3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. Divans (First 9 Rows) $5.00; Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.00, 3.50; Balc. $3.00, 2.50 (Tax Included). Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.
AIR CON. 46th Street THEATRE 226 West 46th Str.
Circle 6-4271 • Mats. Wed. & Sat.



N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
BEST MUSICAL OF THE YEAR
FRANK LOESSER'S MUSICAL
THE MOST HAPPY FELLA
starring ROBERT WEEDE
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
PRICES: Eves. Mon. thru Sat.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.25; Balc. $4.95, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50, 2.00. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and LIST 2 ALTERNATE DATES.
AIR-COND. IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45 St., N. Y.

"RIOTOUSLY FUNNY!" Coleman, Mirror
WALTER PIDGEON
in
the HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE
Prices: Eves., Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mats. Wed. and Sat. Orch. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30; 2nd Balc. $1.75. Tax Incl. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Air-Cond. LYCEUM Thea., 149 W. 45 St., N. Y. C.

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—*KERR. Her. Trib.*
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
in
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
Air-Cond. BOOTH, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

casual inspection of the jury rig, grunted approval, and went away.

FOR me, the next two days were hell. The weather, which had been relatively cool and pleasant, became humid and sticky. Ground winds shifted whimsically, sometimes in lively twenty-five-mile gusts. These vagrant breezes tended to work under R-34's belly and produce dangerous upsurges, which sometimes yanked the rope parties off their feet. To keep the nose into the wind required continuous maneuver. Well, that at least broke the monotony of standing in one position and holding on to a rope, but it was tedious work at best. The crews had lost whatever interest they may have started out with, and there were rumbles of mutiny. Only by threatening to delay them in the process of being discharged could I keep them in line. I myself needed relief. Among the visitors at Roosevelt Field were several old friends—balloon officers from distant points who had been ordered to the field to find out what an airship looked like—and I had invited them to share my assignment. When they learned of the makeshift arrangements, however, all but two had pleaded pressing engagements in Manhattan. The exceptions were a couple of Army Air Service lieutenants named Shoptaw and McKee. They were with me on the third night of R-34's visit, when we raised the ship on her cable through the warm, sticky air. An hour later, with R-34 riding evenly at her cable tip, there was a sudden chill in the atmosphere. I looked at Shoptaw and McKee. It was good to know that the heat wave was breaking, but our charge wasn't likely to take kindly to the drop in temperature. The hydrogen would contract at the expense of her buoyancy, which was now at the critical point, because she was heavy, with all the fuel and water aboard for the return trip. Anxiously we turned our eyes upward. What we were afraid of was already happening. A slight slack in the cable showed that R-34 was descending. Had a single man been aboard, he could have checked the movement instantly by releasing water ballast.

The thing to do in this crisis was to get somebody aboard who could do just that. Otherwise, the airship would settle onto the ground, and the gondolas, making the first contact, would be driven up into the light framework of the hull. There wasn't much time to lose, as the ship was beginning to fall more rapidly, though on an even keel. But what *could* we do? I looked around

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
with SYDNEY CHAPLIN
Book and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE
Entire Production Directed by JEROME ROBBINS
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by
JEROME ROBBINS and BOB FOSSE
Prices: Evgs. $8.05, 6.90, 5.75, 4.95, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Included.)
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Specify several alternate dates.
Air-Cond.
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. Ci 6-5990

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
REX HARRISON · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
REGINALD DENNY
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times
Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas
Prices: EVES: Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. WED. & SAT.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44th St.

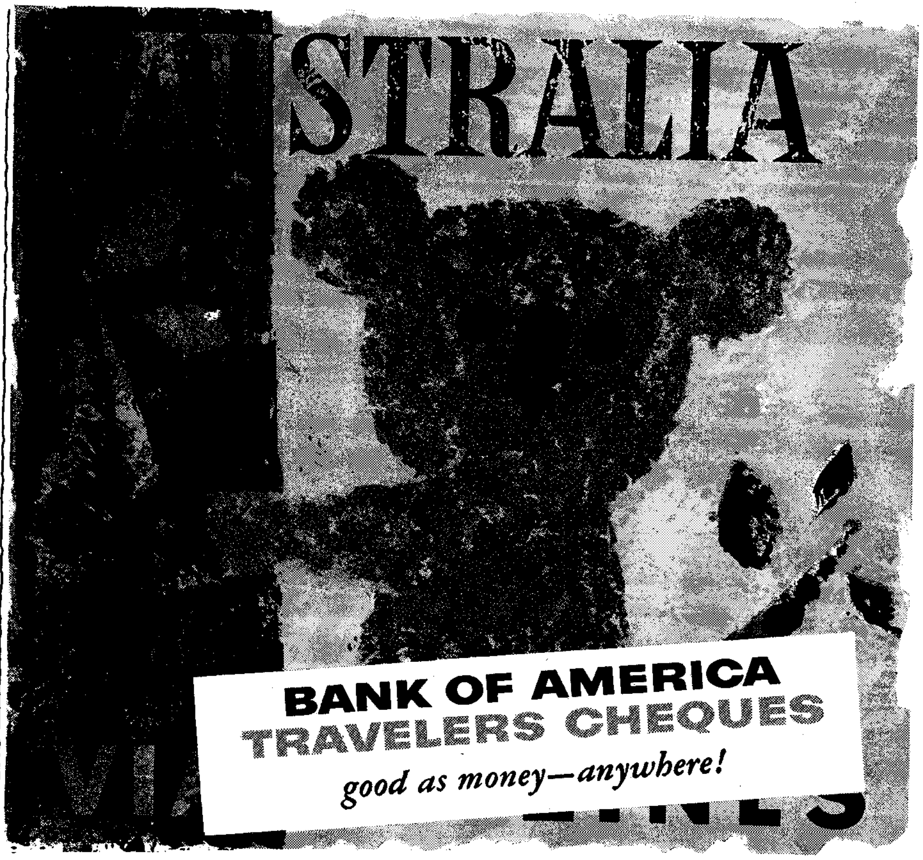
"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
damn yankees
THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL
starring
STEPHEN DOUGLASS
with DEVRA KORWIN • SHANNON BOLIN and HOWARD CAINE
Air-cond. ADELPHI Thea., 152 W. 54 St. JU 6-3787. Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GREAT SOUTH BAY
JAZZ
FESTIVAL
JULY 19, 20, 21
Tickets $2 • $3 • $4 available at
TIMBER GROVE CLUB
(just east of Heckscher State Park)
Great River Road, Great River, Long Island

me. There, parked just outside the maneuver area, was a firetruck—the firetruck that the Navy had borrowed from a neighboring fire department and had providentially neglected to return. Some of the Navy crew were still around. One of them jumped into the truck and drove it directly under the forward gondola, raising the extension ladder as he went. The slack cable was now a broad arc. The ship was a hundred feet overhead—then eighty, sixty, forty. Without my saying anything, Shoptaw, who was small and slender, raced over to the truck and quickly climbed the ladder. As the doorsill of the gondola came within his reach, he swung aboard, and the truck roared out from beneath, just in time to prevent the ladder from puncturing the descending hull. Shoptaw then mounted the short ladder leading into the hull from the gondola. All three of us had inspected the interior when the ship was on the ground and had memorized its arrangements; Shoptaw therefore knew just where to find the ballast valves. We could tell that he hadn't forgotten when, a few seconds later, a series of minor cloudbursts occurred.

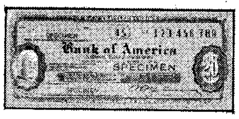
It was a bath that we welcomed, but had it come in time? Airships were sluggish creatures at best, and reacted slowly. R-34's rate of fall had plainly decreased, but she was still descending. Shoptaw was now back in the doorway of the gondola, eager to debark and add himself to the total of lost ballast. From a distance of twice his own height, he jumped to the ground. R-34 wavered slightly, but she continued downward. It was McKee who saved the day. Running over, he ducked under the main gondola, got down on all fours, and arched his back. R-34 settled upon it. McKee was lucky that the ship had reached the end of her momentum; otherwise he would have been crushed. As it was, his body pillowed her contact just the least bit, but enough. Quivering from nose to tail, she began rising—infinitesimally at first, then faster. We breathed in relief as, with a jerk, the cable finally arrested the ship's upward surge. For a moment, she teetered. Then she settled on an even keel, and stayed that way during the night.

The next day, July 9th, a holiday feeling pervaded the landing crew; R-34 was going home that night, and soon they would be going home, too. I wasn't unhappy, either, for I was almost exhausted. Night came on, clear and cool, and the maneuver area was lighted with what in 1919 passed for floodlights. About nine o'clock, R-34's



TRAVEL CAREFREE—with your funds protected by the world's largest bank! Recognized everywhere, Bank of America Travelers Cheques are sold by your local bank or travel agent.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



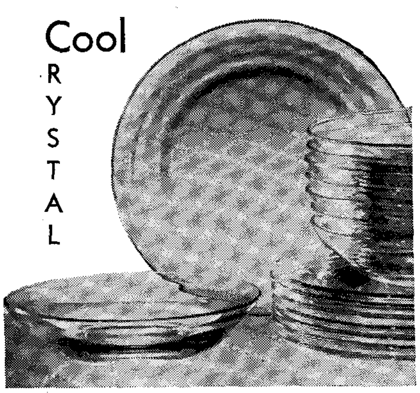
NESTLÉ'S Quik

"to Togetherness"*

© McCALL CORP.

*inspired by McCall's of course

(Advertisement)



Cool
CRYSTAL

Nappies & Dessert Plates

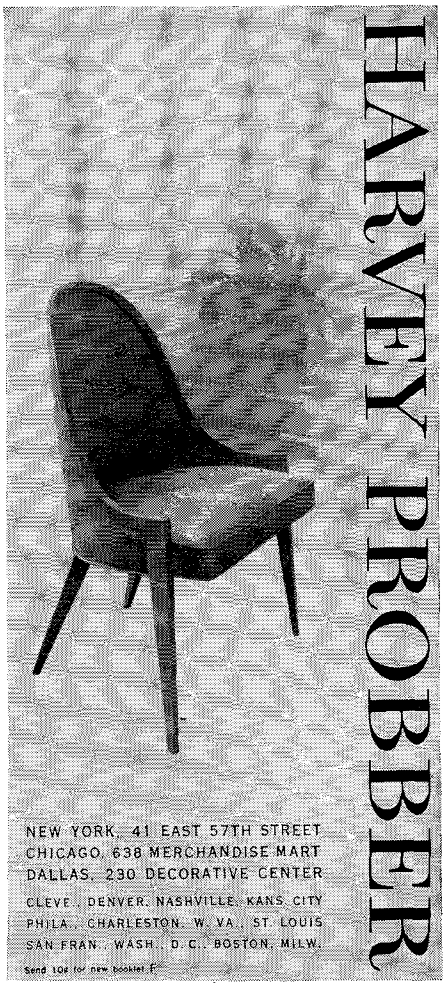
Exceptional value combination of 8 lovely Nappies and 8 Crystal Salad or Dessert plates, dia. 7 ins. Nappies are 6-in. size, ideal for baked apple, puddings, ice cream, etc. Beautifully clear, yet sturdy enough for everyday use. Set pre-packed securely but with no fancy trimmings—the value's all in the contents. **16-pce. set, $7.00.**

Please add 50c for shipping beyond our regular delivery area

Mail Orders Filled

Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N. Y. C.



HARVEY PROBBER

NEW YORK, 41 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, 638 MERCHANDISE MART
DALLAS, 230 DECORATIVE CENTER
CLEVE., DENVER, NASHVILLE, KANS. CITY
PHILA., CHARLESTON, W. VA., ST. LOUIS
SAN FRAN., WASH., D. C., BOSTON, MILW.
Send 10¢ for new booklet F

personnel reached the field, some of them moderately aglow from farewell parties. They piled aboard unemotionally, and around midnight, with engines running smoothly, the great ship lumbered up into the night, accompanied by the cheers of my relieved rope-handlers and the honking of spectators' automobile horns. R-34 sailed over Manhattan, and then, favored by a brisk tail wind, set off on the return trip to England, making it in seventy-five hours.

Major Scott had shaken my hand before he climbed aboard, but I felt that his action was purely perfunctory. Low in mind about my part, as well as that of my men, in the whole performance, I went back to my room at the visiting officers' quarters and stumbled into bed. I awoke late the next day. Over a noontime breakfast, I read the New York *Times* account of R-34's departure and, in doing so, came across this quotation from Major Scott: "The arrangements that the Army and Navy made for our reception could not have been better. The men who handled our balloon while it was here showed an intelligence far above any body of military men I have seen." That breakfast was almost forty years ago, but I have never forgotten how, when I read that improbable statement, I almost choked on my coffee.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

•

Attention: Mr. Ralph E. Doherty
Re: 3rd floor, 4th floor, 10th floor, 11th floor, 18th floor, 21st floor, 26th floor
Gentlemen:

I have been asked to call your attention to an unfortunate condition that is prevalent on all the above mentioned floors.

To be specific, in connection with the thermostatic controls on the periphery air conditioning units: they have been installed in such a manner that in many cases the control is in the space of one tenant controlling the unit in another adjoining tenant's space. This situation also occurs where the thermostat is in one office and controls units in another office. This of course has already brought on quite a bit of dissatisfaction with the air conditioning installation.—*From a memo circulated to executives of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.*

Turn everything on full blast and let cool heads solve this mess!

•

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Parrott (Priscilla Gunther) have a daughter, Judith Maxwell, born on Nov. 5 in Charleston, W. Va. After finishing in the West Virginia project, they moved back to New England in February.—*Oberlin Alumni Magazine.*

First things first.

SAILOR'S DELIGHT

Free beachwear catalog upon request

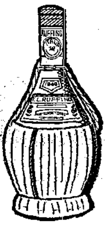
TERRY BEACHCOMBER SHIRT. Going sailing? Going ashore? The wide boat neck slips easily over your head in this smartest of all T shirts. One of those indispensable go-with-everything fashions for land or sea. In half-inch stripes of red or blue on white. Sm, Med, Lg. **$3.95**
CAPRI SHORTS. Brief and well tailored. Zipped up the back. For all active sports. White terry. Sizes 10-16. **$3.50**
Give size and color: add 25¢ for shipping

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Only 2 things make Italian food taste better... a good cook and

RUFFINO
Italy's Prize
CHIANTI

Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

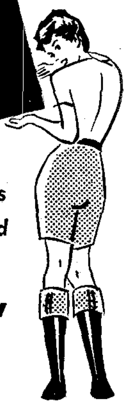


OUR NATIONALLY FAMOUS SEVEN COURSE SHORE DINNER $3.95

Prime Steak • Chops
Prime Ribs • Seafood

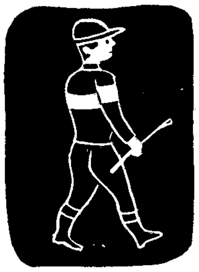
2 Beautiful Dining Rooms

McGINNIS'
of Sheepshead Bay
Broadway at 48th St.



THE RACE TRACK

Glorious



SINCE this department was waving a small flag for Traffic Judge even before he won the Metropolitan Handicap this spring, it was particularly gratified to see him win the Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park on the Fourth of July. The race was a thrilling one, too, as the Suburban traditionally is, for Traffic Judge came in a scant head in front of Lofty Peak, and Dedicate was only a neck behind. Added to that was the suspense of a quarter-hour wait to see whether the stewards were going to disqualify Traffic Judge for interfering with Dedicate. They finally decided he wasn't guilty enough.

At the start of the race, which is at a mile and a quarter, Lofty Peak, a washy sort of chestnut, went straight to the front, and in the first half mile he opened up a long lead, with Admiral Vee and Dedicate closest to him and Traffic Judge ninth of the eleven runners. Lofty Peak continued to lead by lengths for more than a mile before Dedicate began to wear him down. Then Traffic Judge moved up fast along the rail, but bore out in the stretch and—the way I saw it—bumped Dedicate. Meanwhile, Lofty Peak, whom everybody had expected to tire, didn't, and Arcaro had to ride Traffic Judge his hardest to win. Dedicate made a good try, but he had even less luck than he'd had in the Suburban last year, when he finished second to Nashua. Career Boy, who was the showiest animal in the post parade and is being pointed for another go at the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris this fall, was seventh.

As for Traffic Judge, one would hardly call him a picture horse, but I must say that Jim Maloney, his trainer, brought him up to the race in faultless condition. He was bought by Lou Doherty and Barry Ryan, two alert young men in the horse business, at the sale of the late Clifford Mooers' stable last December, for a sealed bid of $362,345.67. (I am told that the sixty-seven cents was for luck.) Later, they sold shares in their horse, and as of last week he had twenty-eight owners. He ran in the name and colors of Mr. Doherty, however. It had been the plan all along to retire him to Stallion Station, the Doherty farm in Kentucky, after the Suburban, so you might say that he is departing in a blaze of glory.

ON its own merits, and not just because its purse was the richest ever put up for fillies and mares, the Delaware Handicap, which was run off at Delaware Park the Saturday before the Fourth and was won by Calumet Farm's Princess Turia, was as exciting as the Suburban. Still, one can't avoid the inference that money makes the mare go, because the nineteen fillies and mares who ran in it were the best in training. More than one horseman remarked in the paddock that you could start a dandy stock farm with them. Right from the break, Pucker Up, who had done a mile in the remarkably fast time of 1:34⅗ at Hollywood Park last month, went off as though she'd make a runaway race of it. She almost did, too, for Princess Turia, who was never worse than fourth, didn't catch her until the very last furlong, and then beat her by only half a length. Little Pache, who was always close to the pace, was third. There was a bit of crowding during the running, but no more than might have been expected with so many racers and their riders going all out around the sharp turns of this little track for a grand total of $164,625. Taking one thing with another, I'd say that the best horse won. Princess Turia, who is a half sister of Real Delight and Bubbley, Calumet stars of other days, was one of the better three-year-olds early last season, when she took the Kentucky Oaks, the Black Eyed Susan, and the Acorn Stakes. Then she developed leg trouble, and has had it ever since. Despite her ailments, though, she's won four of her six starts this year, including the New Castle Handicap, which was run a week before the Delaware. For the record, her share of the Delaware was $112,625. The same afternoon, her stablemate Iron Liege beat Greek Game in the Laurance Armour Memorial at Arlington Park in Chicago. It looks like another million-dollar year for Calumet.

Granted that the Delaware Handicap is a good show—I haven't missed it in years—and that the management deserves full marks for putting up the prize money it does, I still have a criticism to make. It seems to me that an event of such importance should be at weight for age, rather than run as a handicap. There would be fewer entries, but the race would be a real classic. Anyway,

And It Was Recorded In Irish History

From the Book of Kells (Seventh Century)

SO RICH AND RARE was the glass drinking cup of the Druid Broichan in the time of Saint Columba that when it fell to the ground and was shattered in ten thousand pieces, the scribes recorded it in the pages of Irish history. In Ireland, there have always been fine things to drink from—and wonderful things to drink from them.

Take Irish Whiskey . . . For centuries the world has been enjoying this pleasure—this treasure—from Ireland. The distillers still hold true to the oldest traditions of their craft; they use the finest grains, the purest, most limpid waters; and they crown it all with patient aging.

Small wonder Irish Whiskey is a tribute to those who make it as well as to the excellent judgment of those who drink it. With your very first sip, 'Irish' makes friends with your taste—it's a very fine whiskey indeed!

It's only natural that so many men who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

IRISH WHISKEY

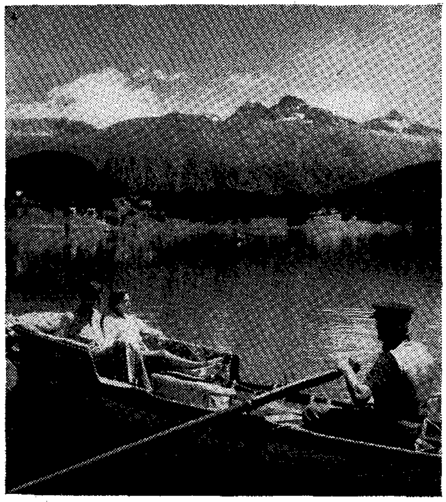
IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND
Dunphy's Original Irish, Gilbey's Crock o' Gold, John Jameson, John Locke, John Power, Old Bushmills, Paddy, Tullamore Dew

Unique Casual Crystal

The El Rancho design in fine hand-blown crystal by Bryce is a conversation piece on every terrace. Available in a multitude of shapes both footed and unfooted, in clear or milk crystal or a series of seven smart colors. Visit your favorite fine glassware department or write to Bryce for the name of the dealer nearest you.

SHOWN: *7 oz. footed sherbet about **$1.25** each*
*16 oz. iced tea tumbler about **$1.00** each*

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841



Summer in

The long relaxing days of Summer are ideal when you spend them in Switzerland. There is something for everyone in this center of Europe. For Switzerland has perfected the art of pleasing the traveler. It offers everything needed for a glorious rest — the greatest vacation buy in Europe today.

See your travel agent or write Dept. 166

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
10 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.
661 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

Switzerland

it's fun going to Delaware Park to watch horses from the hill at the clubhouse turn and to cool out under the trees in the paddock. Right now, there's talk of changes, improvements, and such. Let's hope the march of progress doesn't rob the place of its charm.

ONE more word about the Delaware Handicap: Manotick, who finished thirteenth in it, moved on to Monmouth Park and won the Molly Pitcher Handicap last weekend from Rare Treat, Stolen Hour, and three others. To switch over to the two-year-olds at Monmouth, Poly Hi and Bolero U. have been going great guns. Poly Hi was an easy winner of the Colleen Stakes a couple of weeks ago, and Bolero U. set a track record of 1:03⅗ in the Tyro Stakes, at five and a half furlongs, on the Fourth of July. It was Bolero U.'s sixth victory in ten starts, so perhaps we shall have to take him seriously. By the way, Bill Mitchell, his trainer, used to handle and race greyhounds at the Florida dog tracks; he won the All-Florida Derby four times with a dog named Rural Rube. And if you care to make anything of it, Hirsch Jacobs once trained racing pigeons.

I CAN remember—and it wasn't so awfully long ago—when racegoers spoke with bated breath about any hundred-thousand-dollar race. Well, there are three this weekend—the Hollywood Gold Cup in California, the Monmouth Handicap in Jersey, and the Arlington Classic in Chicago. I'd like to see them all, but since I must pick one, I guess it will be the Classic. As this is written, the important probable starters for it include Iron Liege, Barbizon, Greek Game, Jet Colonel, Clem, and Bold Ruler. If Bold Ruler goes, I'll string along with him. He's the best miler. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Construction of the 300-foot Pillar of Peace at the junction of the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, planned by the Interfaith Committee for Peace in the Holy Land, has been delayed temporarily by conditions in that area, a spokesman explained.—*The Times.*

Labor trouble, probably.

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPT.

[*Elsa Maxwell in the Journal-American*]

Countess Volpi, who also was in New York last Winter and whose palace is a dream, gave us a wonderful lunch next day. We were 40 at an enormous table. It looked like the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci.

A&F

Imported Denim Sport Shirt

Our latest import of typical Italian styling with the accent on casualness combined with smart appearance. Fine quality denim in red, gray or blue, with striped collar and dickey **$15.50**

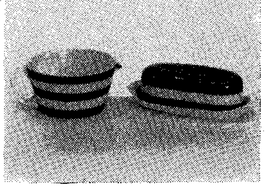
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH

The Ultimate in Acapulco! Mexico

HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash., D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London
Affiliated with the Hotel Pierre, New York City

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



Covered Butter Dish
¼ lb. $2.75 pp.

CORNISHWARE

Boat: Ideal for Gravy, Marinade, Basting ½ pt. $3.75 pp.

Write For Free Catalogue

133 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

IN A VERY MODEST AND ABBREVIATED WAY

BACK in April, during the convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, an official of the United Press boasted that the ubiquity of wire services had made it possible to furnish news items last year for I forget how many hundreds of thousands of individual copies of shipboard newspapers, which, of course, are the only link that ocean voyagers ordinarily have with events beyond their horizon. I have a strong affection for these papers, in part because I once edited one. To be sure, this was a rather special maritime journal, since it was published, in mimeographed form, on a troopship crossing the Pacific. The radio operator was stingy about passing along news of the outside world, so I found it necessary to concentrate on shipboard intelligence. The voyage lasted more than three weeks, and before it was anywhere near over, I ran out of legitimate stories. At that point, my commanding officer suggested that, to pad out the sheet, and maybe even liven it up, I invent some local news. His suggestion was my command, and in the next issue I put in a front-page bulletin to the effect that a San Francisco-society-girl stowaway had been discovered on D Deck and taken to the brig in irons. My commanding officer's commanding officer found no amusement in the piece, and I was deposed.

The *paquebot* Flandre, on which I sailed to Europe a few weeks ago, bears little resemblance to a troopship, but as I went aboard, I found myself thinking of my brief career as a seagoing editor, and wondering what kind of paper this elegant craft would put out. Naturally, I did not expect its news content to measure up to that of the *Times* I was carrying up the gangplank with me, but I hoped to be kept reasonably well informed on various current happenings—the United States Open Golf Championship, for instance, and the tight National League pennant race, not to mention such weightier matters as the progress of the foreign-aid and civil-rights bills in Congress. It was with great interest, then, that I picked up, outside my stateroom door the next morning, a copy of *L'Atlantique*, whose cover bore, along with a photograph of a hunk of coral, the promising legend "*Nouvelles de Dernière Heure*." A notice in English on page 4 advised the passengers that they would receive *L'Atlantique* every morning and that its editorial policy was "to tell them, in a very modest and abbreviated way, about what is going on in France and to give them world news as received by the ship's wireless. It will also give them news of life aboard ship."

A quick glance through the paper revealed that our daily ration of last-hour news would indeed be modest; of its dozen pages, all but two appeared to have been printed some time before, most likely in Paris, and were largely given over to essays on contemporary French literature, undersea life, and so on. Some of them were in English and some in French, and scattered among them were cartoons, *bons mots*, a crossword puzzle in French (the one next day was in English), and a great deal of advertising. The first item was a selection from "Selections from the Reader's Digest," which began, "The airplane has become indispensable to private enterprise." The choice of this triply digested nugget for the lead-off spot surprised me almost as much as if it had read "Go Cunard," and I sensed that the editor of *L'Atlantique* must be a fellow of a beguilingly independent turn of mind.

As a matter of fact, I soon concluded that *L'Atlantique* must have two editors—one on land, to deal with the preprinted matter (while I was aboard, this included treatises on folk costumes, Angkor Vat, French music, French perfume, French art, French couture, and French Line cuisine), and the other stationed somewhere on the Flandre, for the *dernières nouvelles*. It struck me that the second chap must have to make some thorny editorial decisions, since he has only two pages at his disposal for actual news, and one of them is filled with bilingual announcements of shipboard events—ping-pong tournaments, clay-pigeon shoots, the day's movie, and the rest of it. The other page is all world news, about a thousand words of it, and the editor splits the space fairly between the two languages,

SUPER-3

liquid cleanser

Use it and you will realize that your skin has never before been really clean

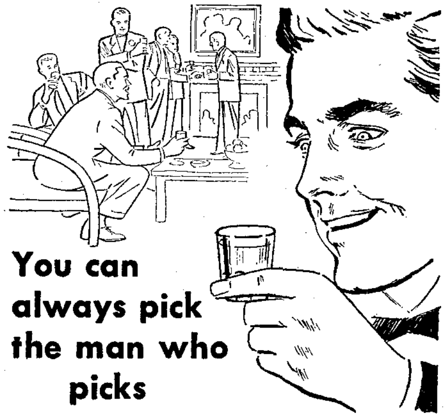
This new ultra-penetrating cleansing agent, which contains Monteil's famous self-sterilizing G-62, is the best protection against surface infections and will give your skin the three most important attributes of beauty

moisture — cleanliness — health

2.00, 3.00, PLUS TAX

Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



You can always pick the man who picks

CARRINGTON'S *Canadian*

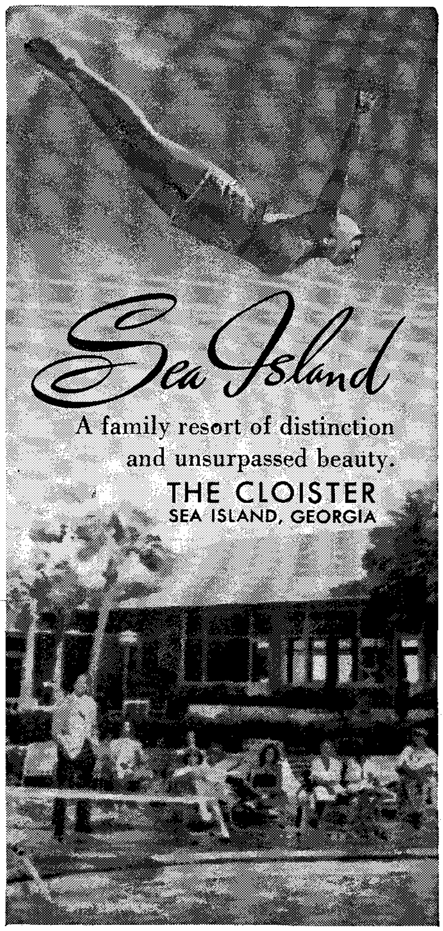
Men who know and appreciate fine Canadian Whisky always choose CARRINGTON'S.

Six Years Old. 90.4 Proof Blended Canadian Whisky.

BEAUQUER

The only Canadian Liqueur with a Canadian Whisky base.
80 PROOF

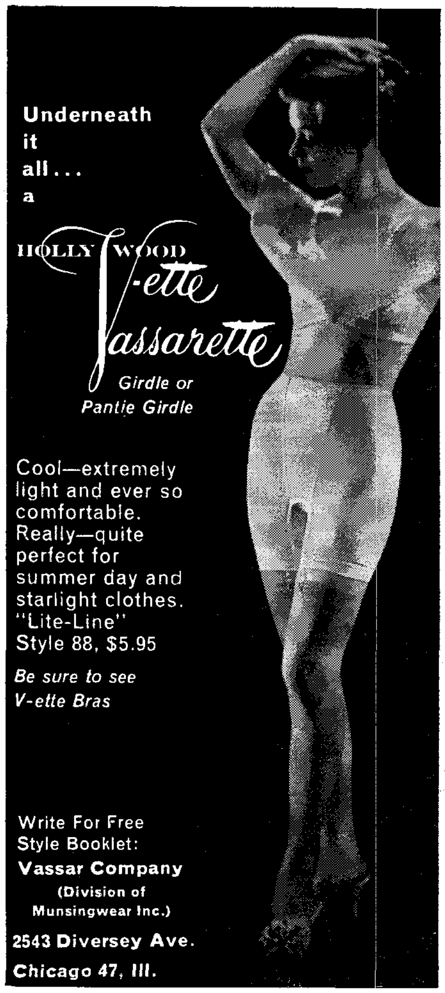
SOLE IMPORTERS, ROGERS, ALLEN & CO. LTD., Balto., Md.



Write for Booklet W, see Travel Agent or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 5-8055

the English text on the starboard side of the page and the French aport. Since there simply isn't room for a duplication of stories, the editor has to decide which shall go in French and which in English. As far as I noticed, he touched on the same theme in both languages only once during the whole trip, and in that instance the details were entirely different. The story was about a nuclear explosion in Nevada; in the English-text version the editor played up the fact that the flash was seen as far off as San Francisco, while in the French-text version he said (unless my limited reading knowledge of French has led me astray) that a light radioactive fallout had obliged the scientists and technicians on the scene to abandon their control center. Clearly, to be as *au courant* as it is possible to be on the Flandre, one must read two languages, and I wondered how people who couldn't were making out. For my part, I accepted the situation as a stimulating challenge, and felt flattered that the editor seemed to think we passengers were up to it. I fear I wasn't, though. For several hours one day, I was happy in the thought that the stock market had gone up sharply, but then, with the aid of a French-English dictionary I found in the ship's library, I realized that it had actually moved in the opposite direction.

For some reason, all financial news, regardless of its national origin, was printed in French. I deduced from this that our editor believed the French passengers were more prosperous, or at any rate more money-minded, than the American passengers, and that seemed to me a refreshingly new slant on *le tourisme*. However, market quotations in English were posted every morning on a bulletin board outside the purser's office. The figures were typed on a form that had the names of certain stocks already printed on it. It must have been an old form, for Socony Mobil was still carried on it as Socony Vacuum, a name the firm forsook a year ago, and the North American Company, which was dissolved in 1954, was also listed. Whoever filled in the figures wrote "Unquoted" next to North American every morning. For the first couple of days out, the major-league baseball scores, which on most ships occupy a prominent spot in the paper, were also posted outside the purser's office, next to the market quotations, but thereafter we had no baseball intelligence whatever, either on the bulletin board or in the paper. Maybe it was raining at home. A few sports stories were sandwiched in among the *dernières nouvelles*, but they always



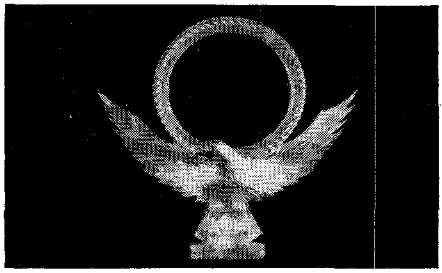
Underneath it all... a HOLLYWOOD V-ette Vassarette
Girdle or Pantie Girdle

Cool—extremely light and ever so comfortable. Really—quite perfect for summer day and starlight clothes. "Lite-Line" Style 88, $5.95

Be sure to see V-ette Bras

Write For Free Style Booklet:
Vassar Company
(Division of Munsingwear Inc.)
2543 Diversey Ave.
Chicago 47, Ill.

BULL'S EYE MIRROR FRAME AND BROAD EAGLE



One of many original carvings designed and executed by
JOHN UPTON
STAR ROUTE, WALDOBORO, MAINE
Information about eagles and other hand carvings will be sent upon inquiry.

FINEST FOOD IN TIMES SQUARE SINCE 1899
Park your car at our expense... indoors from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.
Rosoff's RESTAURANT
43rd St. East of B'way
JU 2-3200

Bob Dalton's
"ON RESTAURANT ROW"
BEVERLY HILLS

turned up in French, and had to do with cycling, Rugby, and the like. The only American athlete who rated a plug in the paper while I was dependent on it was someone called Gutowski, who broke the world's record "*de saut à la perche*." I assumed at first that this was a competition for cooking fish, but as I got deeper into the story I realized it must have been pole vaulting, since Gutowski cleared the bar—if that is what he did—at 4 m. 819. Good for Gutowski, but who won the National Open?

THINKING back over the news as it was given us on the Flandre, I can see that the passengers who read only English were kept pretty well abreast of the William Girard case, knew that the new Canadian government contemplates no changes in foreign policy, and knew that President Eisenhower had congratulated John Foster Dulles on the fiftieth anniversary of his first taste of diplomacy, which, *L'Atlantique* went on to say, he got during the Hague Peace Conference. They also were up on the news that the mayor of Roghudi, Italy, hadn't really kidnapped a young schoolteacher but had just eloped with her; that Haiti had had what *L'Atlantique* called a "bloodbat;" that Senator Wayne Morse had warned liberal senators to be careful about something or other; that the House Un-American Activities Committee had been busy in San Francisco (you could see the flash, I surmised, in Nevada); that the House as a whole had rejected the jury-trial amendment to the civil-rights bill; that the Queen of Jordan didn't want any alimony; and that New York City had been in the throes of a terrible heat wave. How we snickered at that one as we churned along through a cooling fog! We were a bit puzzled, though, by one more or less English-language story that went, "New Yorkers have been hot for four days, but hopeful glances North for an import of Canadian air see little change for relief." Apparently Canada's determination to maintain the status quo covered air as well as foreign policy.

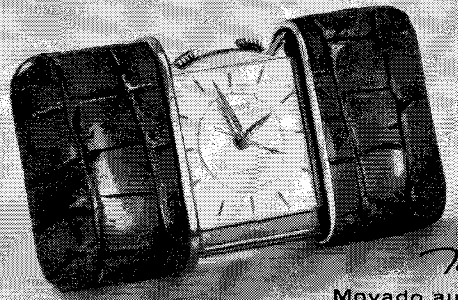
The French news diet, like all French diets, was a little richer. Much of it, of course, related to M. Bourgès-Maunoury and his fledgling Cabinet, but the passengers aboard who could make no sense whatever out of French missed quite a few other items. They presumably do not know, for example, that the United States Senate has approved a foreign-aid program of $3,637,000,000, or that the world's high-

FINE FURNITURE BY
erwin-lambeth

"Beyond
the sphere
of Time..."

ERWIN-LAMBETH, INC. THOMASVILLE, N.C. CHICAGO NEW YORK

GARLAND OF BREASTS JEAN ARP Peggy Guggenheim Coll.



Time is precious...
Movado automatic alarm watch. Ideal for pocket or purse. With easel for table or travel use. Self-winding. Leather case. 17-Jewels. $150.00. F.T.I.
GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 5th Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE
ARE
DISCOVERING
"New York's
Biggest
Little Hotel"

*(It's the very best
and luxuriously different)*

Rates higher? Yes, but not for what the Tuscany offers! New York's only **all air-conditioned, all-televisioned** hotel: every room with bathroom extension phone, "silent valet," butler's pantry and every luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany

39th St., just East of Park Ave., N.Y. 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600 Teletype NY 1-392

LUAU

DINNERS EVERY NIGHT EXCEPT SUNDAY

Hawaiian Room

HOTEL LEXINGTON 48th & LEXINGTON PLaza 5-4400

est dam (two hundred and twenty-six metres) has been—or perhaps it was "will be"— built in Italy (just where, *L'Atlantique* did not divulge), or that *le Japonais* Ishimoto, *comme l'Américain* Gutowski, has broken a world's record—this one for the butterfly breast stroke—or that the Pasteur Institute is about to license an unspecified, but big, American firm to make and sell a polio vaccine developed by one Professor Lepine, or that an unnamed Nationalist Chinese officer on the island of Matsu thinks that his base and Quemoy are under threat of invasion from the Communists, or that the British also conducted a nuclear explosion, near Christmas Island. (No San Francisco reaction was reported.)

THAT about sums up what any of us knew of world events when we landed, but I carried ashore with me a strong feeling that other things had been happening. Perhaps that was because the day before we were due at Le Havre, and a couple of hours after *L'Atlantique* hit the deck, we were astonished to hear, over the ship's loudspeaker, that the Flandre wouldn't land us in France at all. It seemed that there was a strike of French Line engineers at Le Havre. *L'Atlantique* had never even hinted that a strike was in the wind. Oh, well, an editor doesn't have space for *everything*. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

The Shepherd Park Citizens Association has passed a resolution asking the Board of Education to assign psychiatrists to help children who need cars.—*Washington (D.C.) Daily News.*

Well, in our experience *all* children need cars.

•

We are especially honored to have the Honorable Sinclair Weeks, who is not only a Bostonian, but for the last 4 plus years has been Secretary of Commerce, in the Cabinet of President Eisenhowever.—*Notice from the Boston Club of the Harvard Business School Association.*

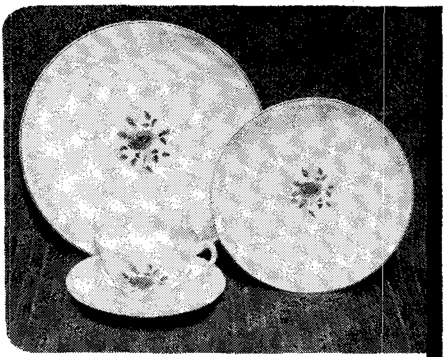
That's pretty good, too.

•

PLAYHOUSE
ENOSBURG FALLS
Last Times Today
KENNETH C. WILLIAMS'
"BABY DOLL"
2 Shows Continuous
from 7:30 P.M.

—*Adv. in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

He's a newcomer with a lot of promise.



TREASURES FOR YOU

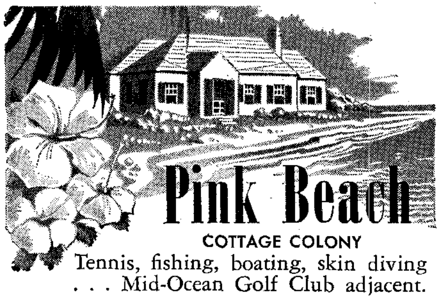
You will find our **English China Shop** resplendent with the traditional elegance of Doulton and Shelley bone china—etched crystal from Stourbridge —pottery from Italy—miniature pieces from France—and a myriad of other delightful articles of gracious charm and lasting value.

Do visit us when you come to Bermuda and see for yourself the treasures that await you here.

For **free** booklet "Things To Do In Bermuda", write to Dept. 9.

H.A. & E. Smith Ltd.
HAMILTON • BERMUDA
Bermuda's Largest Selection of Outstanding Importations

BERMUDA Breezes, Sports, Swimming — 3 hours from N. Y.



COTTAGE COLONY
Tennis, fishing, boating, skin diving . . . Mid-Ocean Golf Club adjacent. Private beach on cool South Shore.
Color booklet and reservations from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
Leonard P. Brickett, *American Rep.*
Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 9-3967

KILTS
TWEEDS
NOVELTIES from SCOTLAND
IN
BARN
Margarette Hines
BLUE BROWN SHOP
FROM NORTHAMPTON

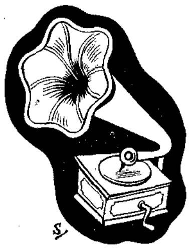
JUstice 4-3760
46 Green Street
Northampton, Mass.

SUMMERS
Rt. 28 & Phinney's Lane
CENTERVILLE
CAPE COD
TEL. 4788

HOPKINS INN,
of Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Conn.
A distinctive New England inn surrounded by unusual mountain scenery overlooking a natural lake. Famous for outstanding food and beautiful outdoor dining terrace. *Write for brochure.* James T. Maguire, Owner-Mgr.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records



WHEN Art Tatum, the miraculous, almost totally blind pianist, died last fall, at the age of forty-six, he was widely considered the greatest of all jazz pianists. This universal regard, however, has been at least partly created by the ballooning powers of a legend that confused his massive technique with his somewhat average abilities as a jazz improviser, and that got its start when Tatum appeared in the early thirties as the first full-fledged virtuoso performer that jazz had produced. In any case, the astonishment at his style—smooth, whipping arpeggios that seemed to be blown up and down the keyboard; impossibly agile bass figures; and furious tempos played with perfect touch—was deep and apparently permanent. For the rest of his life, Tatum continued to receive more attention than the average jazz musician, perhaps because he worked largely as a bravura solo pianist, whose surging, orchestral approach never fitted into the collaborative confines of a jazz band. When he played with other musicians, an embarrassing thing happened: no matter how resolute his cohorts, he inevitably overran them; even while supplying accompaniment, he never seemed able to keep himself from swelling up, like an enormous djinni, alongside the soloist. Thus, Tatum was practically forced to establish his own medium of expression. His technique, which may have been equal to that of any pianist who ever lived, was, of course, based in jazz, but it was so superior to the standard popular songs he invariably used—peculiarly, Tatum never wrote a single tune—that it often took on a palpable life of its own, in the manner of the flawless execution of, say, a Salvador Dali. A fantastic embellisher, Tatum used the melody at hand not as a basis for improvisation but as an outline, which he would clothe with unique, rococo rhapsodies of runs, breaks, and chords that at times seemed—because of their essential similarity—as if they could be transplanted intact from number to number with identical results.

Some of Tatum's brilliant cavorting is evident in a new recording—"The Art Tatum Trio" (Verve MGV-8118), made not long before his death, with Red Callender, bass, and Jo Jones, drums—which is, compared to some of his other late work, a fairly docile effort. (A few years ago, in a set of a dozen or so Clef records, called "The Genius of Art Tatum," the pianist, unaccompanied, set down his ruminations on more than a hundred standard selections, in which he developed, again and again, wild and rather formless arabesques that departed completely from an explicit beat and lasted for minutes at a time.) Tatum's overweening attack can, however, be heard here in "Just One of Those Things" and "Trio Blues," the latter of which he converts into a sly, though always gracious, parody of the blues. While Callender plays with aplomb throughout (there are ten selections in all), Jones fearlessly provides—in addition to a couple of stunning solos with the wire brushes that override Tatum's creeping, vinelike background figures—an almost governing support, which suggests that if Tatum had played with more musicians of Jones' strength and inventiveness, he might in time have pocketed some of his insuperable fireworks and got down to business.

ANOTHER new recording, "The RCA Victor Jazz Workshop: George Russell and His Smalltet" (Victor LPM-1372), is one of the most articulate, well-scrubbed, and uncompromising offerings to date by a member of the steadily growing school of jazz composers that includes, in addition to Russell, such men as Charlie Mingus, John Lewis, and Jimmy Giuffre. The record presents twelve of Russell's compositions. They are played impeccably by Art Farmer, trumpet; Hal McKusick, alto saxophone and flute; Bill Evans, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton or Teddy Kotick, bass; and Joe Harris, Paul Motian, and Osie Johnson, drums. The result is a series of dry, taut, and intricate pieces—two of them appear to be completely written and the rest both written and improvised—that use unsparingly such devices as 6/4 rhythm, shifting tonal centers, dissonant counterpoint, and a soloist improvising in one key against a background written in another. Although there are a good many excellent solos squeezed in between the written passages—Evans, a young pianist who plays with uneven but exhilarating force, and Farmer are the most rewarding—the over-all effect is starchy and convoluted. Often

"Just watch me bounce—now that I get Vionate"

Is your dog a stick in the mud? A flop at a party? Does he hate to wag his tail?

Chances are, he needs *more than food.* Even the finest food should not be expected to provide *all* the vitamins and minerals known to be essential for a well balanced canine diet.

VIONATE®

11 vitamins, 9 minerals in balance

Vionate is a scientifically formulated diet supplement developed specifically for dogs, cats, birds and other pets (horses too.) Many veterinarians recommend Vionate for puppies to provide inexpensive insurance against rickets and other deficiency diseases, for dogs of all ages to help build vigor and stamina. Add Vionate to food once daily to improve appetite and digestion, to help keep muscles in tone, eyesight and hearing keen, skin healthy and coat free from annoying summer "itch."

VIONATE
SQUIBB
79¢ for full 8 oz. pkg.

FREE BOOKLET explains why professional breeders use Vionate. (8-oz. package lasts average-size dog 30 days. Save on 2-lb and 10-lb. economy sizes.) Write today to SQUIBB, *Veterinary Products Department*, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

VIONATE is a registered Squibb trademark.

SQUIBB QUALITY —THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT

EAT OUT!
THE WIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

EAT OUT
For variety in '57
ENJOY
HEINZ
57
Varieties
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP
IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION

IN
PHILADELPHIA
the place to stay
if you want really
superb accommodations
The Barclay
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILA. 3, PA.
Arthur T. Murray,
Managing Director

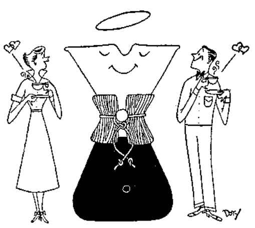
cocktails in the clouds
on top of New York at
Top O' the Tower—
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
AND TERRACE
open from 4 till after midnight
Overlooking the East River
. . . the United Nations
Beekman Tower Hotel
49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
ELDORADO 5-7300

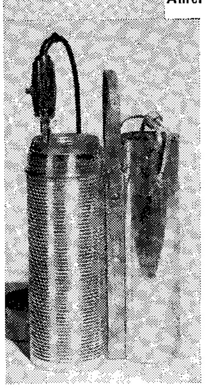
THE Divan PARISIEN
SINCE 1923
RESTAURANT • Memorable French Cuisine
Famous for CHICKEN DIVAN
Luncheon • Dinner • OPEN SUNDAYS
33 E. 48th St. New York EL 5-6726

enough, the writing, with its abruptness and its crackling discords (in "Round Johnny Rondo" there are a couple of arranged sections in which the trumpet and alto saxophone engage in a jarring and disconcerting counterpoint that resembles a badly out-of-focus photograph), doesn't seem to have much relation to the improvisation, and at times it even comes dangerously close to a highly skilled travesty of jazz that might have been cooked up, in anger and condescension, by someone who despised the music.

EVEN in the best of hands, the French horn is apt to emit a kind of strangled, mauve sound. An exception is the adroit work of a thirty-five-year-old musician named Julius Watkins, who appears in a recent recording, "Four French Horns Plus Rhythm" (Elektra 134), in company with three other French-horn players (David Amram, Fred Klein, and Tony Miranda), an accordionist (Mat Mathews), and a rhythm section (Joe Puma, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums). The record, which consists of three standard tunes and six original ones, is full of delightful things—a pinging Spanish guitar pitted against the four horns; muted ensemble choirs that produce far-off, bovine sounds; and the soaring solos of Watkins, who swoops restlessly and easily into the highest register of his instrument and plays at all times with a compelling and unfailing rhythmic sense. Fortunately, Mathews, a Dutch accordionist, avoids all the trembling, beery sounds usually associated with his instrument, and is, in fact, capable (in "Come Rain or Come Shine") of constructing solos that have both wit and considerable emotional weight.

THE celebrated Dave Brubeck is a melodramatic pianist who in his most thunderous improvisations tops even the magniloquence of Wagner. On a new and surprisingly restful recording, "Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A.: The Dave Brubeck Quartet" (Columbia CL 984)—made with Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Norman Bates, bass; and Joe Morello, drums—he plays eight discreet and hummable compositions (one is an unaccompanied piano solo) that he wrote as evocations of various phases of a recent nationwide tour. In the notes on the record cover, Brubeck says of a tune called "History of a Boy Scout," "It is a mixture of humor and reverence that is so typical of the American G.I. It



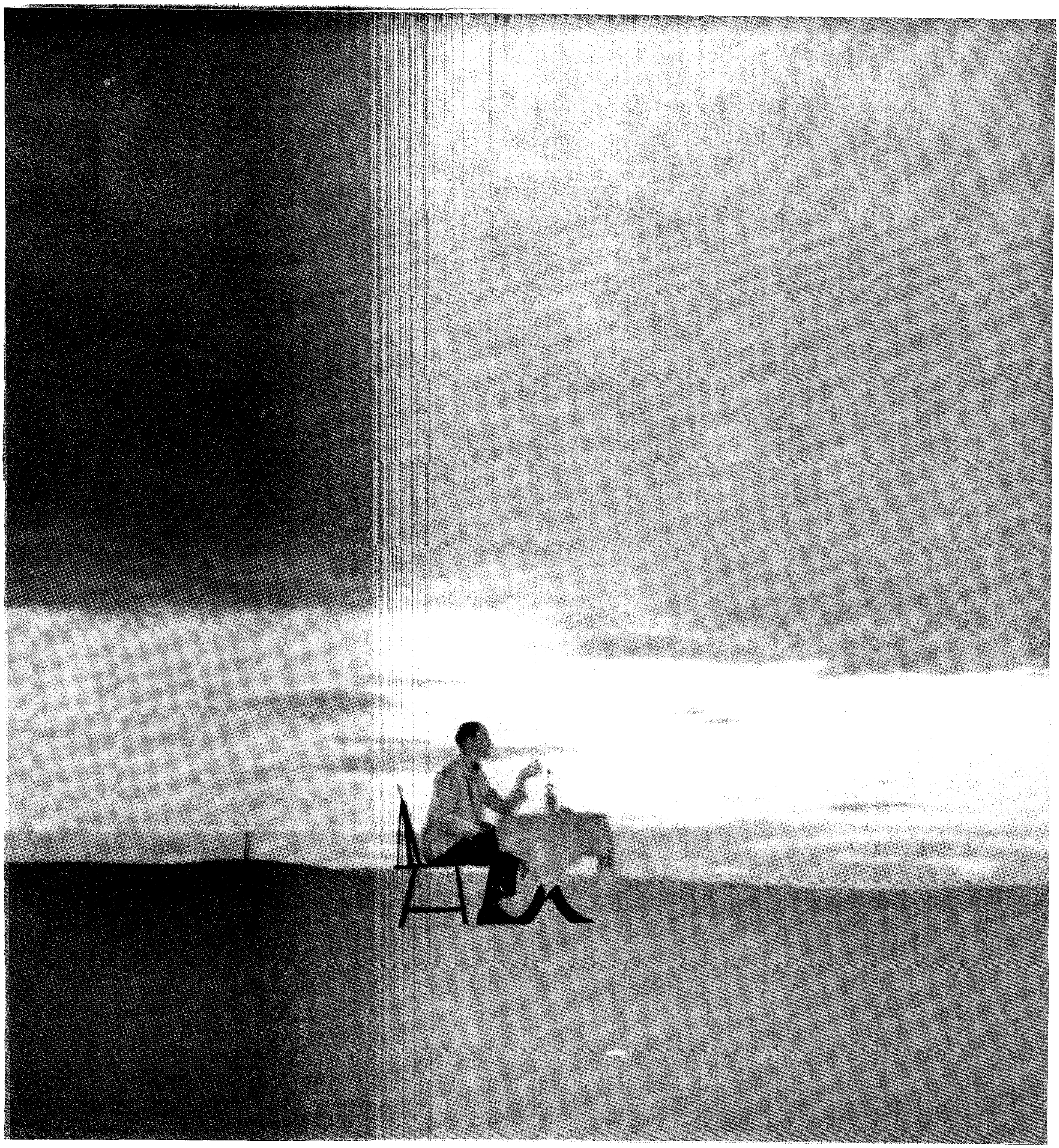


CHEMEX Coffeemaker
2 new accessories!
Twinbin
Carry the cream cold and separately from the black, hot coffee made in our CHEMEX® Coffeemaker. Such coffee will stay good for 48 hours.
Quart & Pint $12.50
THERMOS is the reg. T.M. of the American Thermos Products Co.
VACUOHM
Heatable Vacuum Flask
A Quart THERMOS® jar is joined to a casing carrying a powerful AC 115 volt immersion heater. It takes less than 6 minutes to boil the water. Practical for making Soups right in the vacuum flask.
$19.50
© 1957 by
Send your order to:
CHEMEX CORP. 41 Murray Street, New York 7, N. Y.

HARBOR
HOUSE
NANTUCKET
MASS.
ANNOUNCING
GEORGE FEYER
for August
Telephone: Murray Hill 2-4300

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE
HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR
YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon
If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $4.25 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet.
Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

PANAMA
4 hours by air from Miami. For color folder, see your Travel Agent.



OUT OF THE BLUE CAME A NEW KIND OF THIRST-QUENCHER

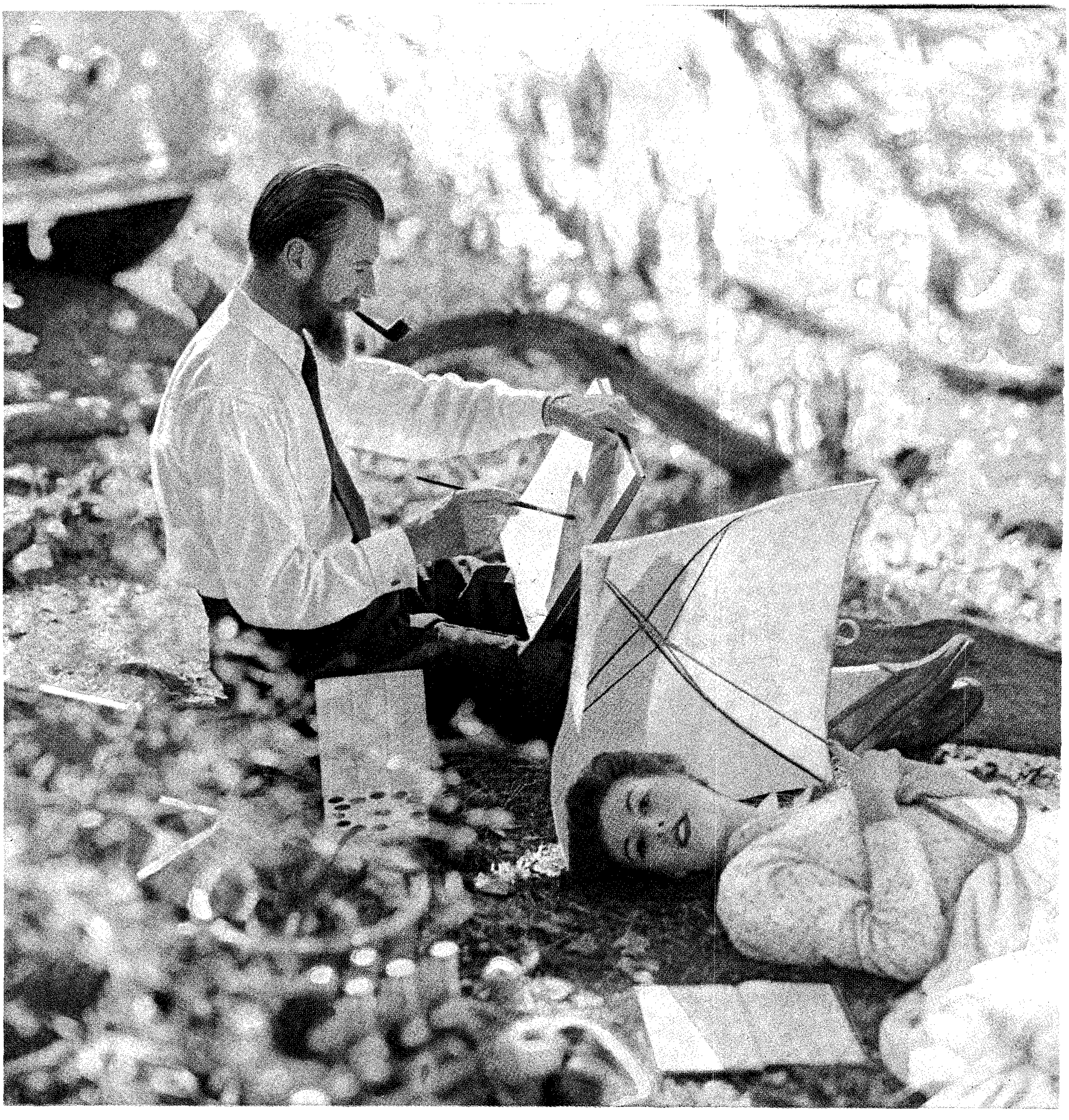
A drink glacier-blue and glacier-cold. A drink with the bittersweet taste of quinine water and the subtle uplift of Smirnoff Vodka! It's quick and easy to make... and even easier to take. There's nothing more thirst-quenching, no drink more satisfying than a Smirnoff vodka and tonic. Make it just like gin and tonic, but use Smirnoff instead of gin. *Smirnoff*, we said.

the vodka of vodkas

Smirnoff®

THE GREATEST NAME IN **VODKA**

80 and 100 Proof. Distilled from Grain. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. (Division of Heublein), Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., France, England, Mexico.



Can you spot the *Yellow-Breasted Schweppes?*

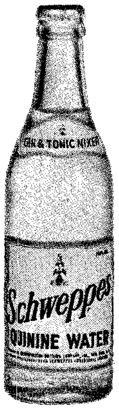
SMACK in the foreground of our picture you can count not just one but *six* Yellow-Breasted Schweppes, nested snugly in their six-bottle carton.

Dear reader, it will pay you to watch for Schweppes wherever you go. Why? Because Schweppes *tastes* better. Once you've tasted a Gin-and-Tonic mixed with Schweppes, you will be able to spot the substitution of any other tonic *blindfolded*.

After all, it took the Schweppes people a century to perfect their flavor. A bittersweet, curiously *refreshing* flavor that nobody has succeeded in duplicating in a hundred years.

One of Commander Whitehead's favorite American disciples (shown meditating, above) insists it should be made *unconstitutional* to mix a Gin-and-Tonic without Schweppes. And yet Schweppes (with the bright *yellow* label) costs you only a few pennies more than ordinary brands!

P. S. Schweppes patrician little bubbles—called Schweppervescence—last your *whole drink through!*



contains some of the skyrocket spirits of a Fourth of July parade, but there is an undercurrent of hallowed respect for the men of Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Ardennes, Wake, the Bulge, and Korea." As if that weren't enough, Morello, an exceptional young drummer who lately joined Brubeck, contributes masterly support, and, in "Sounds of the Loop," takes a four-minute solo that should not be missed.
—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

SIR:
I found Robert Bibbero's article "Integrating Servos in the Master System" to be a valuable epitome on the art of designing servo controls for complex mechanical systems. However, the title of this excellent article is ambiguous.

Our work is with analog computer machine control systems. This may be why I had interpreted the title to mean that the article was about servos which integrate, a subject of great interest to us. Consulting Editor Bibbero's article proved to be about the integration of servos into a complex control system.

Here is why a reader could confuse the pitcher with the catcher in this semantic ball game. The trouble lies in the two words *integrating servos*.

Integrating could be either a participle or a gerund. As a participle, it is a word derived from a verb (integrate), used as an adjective. If the participle *integrating* modifies the noun servos, then *integrating servos* means "servos that integrate," just as *running waters* could mean "waters that run."

As a gerund, *integrating* is a word derived from a verb (integrate), used somewhat as a noun. If *integrating* is used here as a gerund, servos is the object of the gerund, so *integrating servos* means the act of integration as applied to servos. In this sense, *running waters* could mean the process of running waters, such as through pipes.

If the title were written "Integration of Servos in the Master System," there could be no confusion as to whether servos is the subject doing the integration, or the object of the integration.

I suggest that we don't allow semantic smoke to obscure control context.

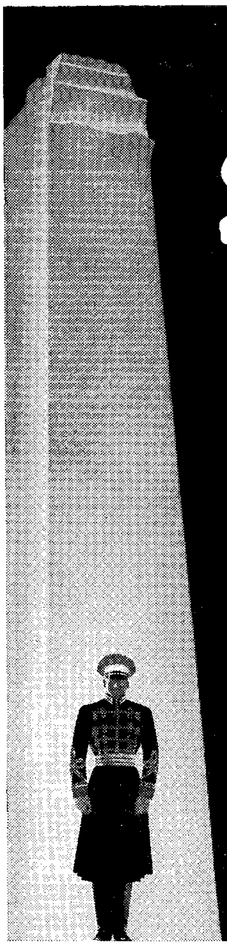
GEORGE H. AMBER
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
—*Letter in Automatic Control.*

Don't call us "sir"!

•

Watchers were urged to watch the single-engined planes flying south. Remember, we are at ready reserve alert status and are to be extra watchful, Mrs. Bill Chubb said. Reports on jets have to be made quickly because the average jet flies about 7 to 10 miles per minute and would be in Missoula or Kalispell before you'd finish your report, she said. Cancel any calls on jets that take too long to put through.—*Hot Springs (Mont.) Sentinel.*

And the hell with Missoula and Kalispell.



HOTEL
St. Regis
Fifth Avenue at 55th Street
in NEW YORK is
Air Conditioned
FOR YOUR COMFORT
FOR YOUR PLEASURE

On Upper Fifth Avenue in the heart of the world's most glamorous shopping and entertainment center—perfect service—centralized air-conditioning—everything that makes The St. Regis the place in New York for you to stay whether you are on vacation, on business, or shopping.

Air Conditioned Bedrooms

Owned and operated by Vincent Astor Pierre Bultinck, General Manager

"I sure go overboard for a Gin* and Tonic made with Angostura"

When folks drop in, be ready to serve the dryer kind of cooler so much in vogue these days. When mixing gin or vodka, first prepare the glass with a dash or two of Angostura bitters. After you've mixed your drinks, you'll note a refreshing light pink color...a zestful, altogether delightful flavor. That's why Angostura rates so high in modern thirst quenchers. And remember Angostura works wonders with soup-on-the-rocks, madrilène and fruit desserts.

*or vodka

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
INDISPENSABLE IN DRINKS
IRRESISTIBLE IN FOODS

SOLD IN YOUR LOCAL LIQUOR PACKAGE AND GROCERY STORES.

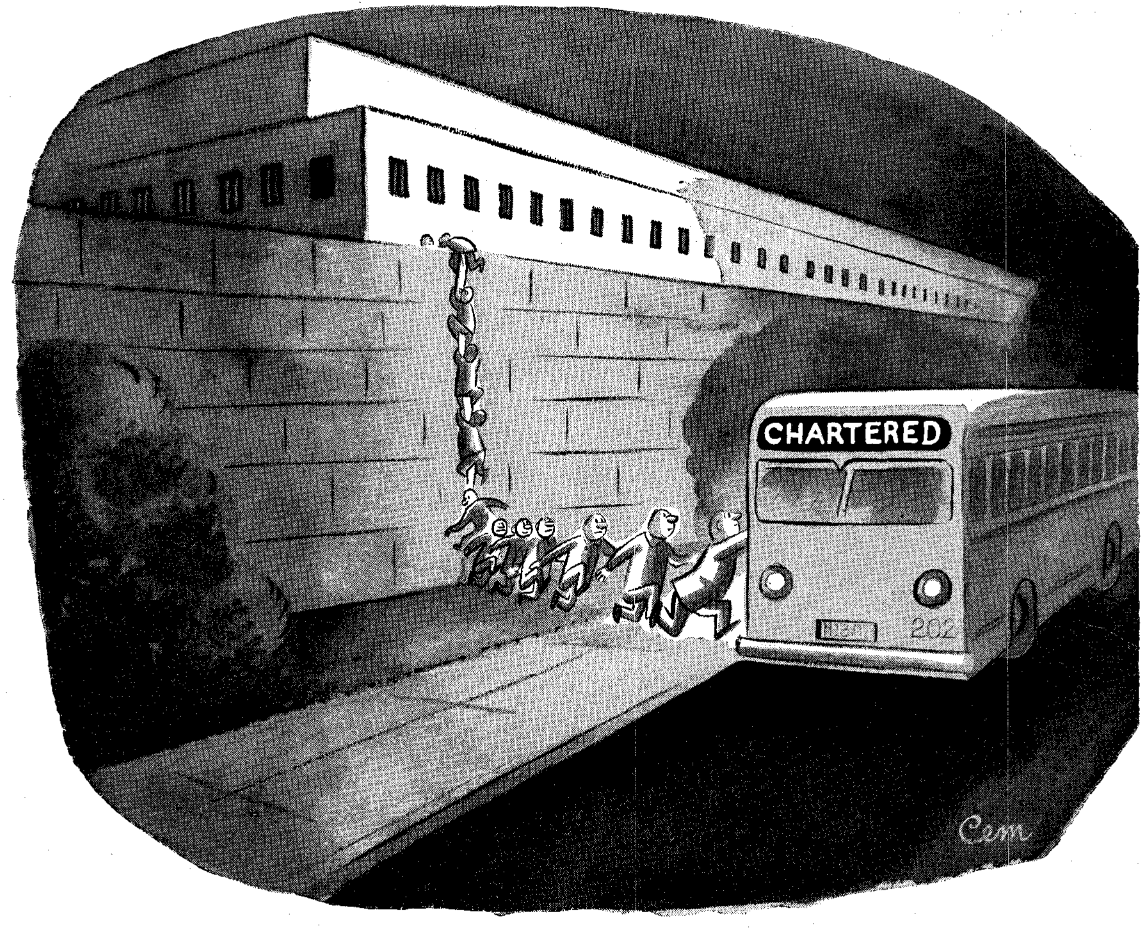
BOOKS

Biography and Autobiography

Stendhal's writings on music have almost always been looked at askance by the world of official musical scholarship, and not without reason. Oscar Thompson's *Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* states flatly that his "Life of Rossini" is a plagiarism from a work by one Giuseppe Carpani—a statement undoubtedly in error, but one that is based on a long-standing suspicion of Stendhal. Eric Blom, writing in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, concedes that the "Life of Rossini" is an original work, "based on direct acquaintance with the composer," but adds contemptuously that it is "now superseded as a biography and interesting only as a personal document and an example of an all too exclusive taste." Blom goes on to demolish Stendhal's earlier "Vies de Haydn, Mozart, et Métastase," published in English as "Lives of Haydn and Mozart," by saying that much of it was pilfered from Carpani and calling it a work of "little or no original research." That Stendhal, during his early days as a journalist in Italy, deserved a reputation for wholesale literary piracy seems to be a fact, and Carpani wrote some angry denunciations of him. As a result of all this, Stendhal's record as a musical biographer is marred by charges of poor judgment, irresponsibility, and even criminality. But the "Life of Rossini," now for the first time available in a complete translation, by Richard N. Coe (Criterion), is at least conceded by many of the best authorities to be his own, and it would be hard to conceive of its having been written by anyone else, since few other writers have been gifted with the curious mixture of wit, charm, outrageous generalization, joyous discursiveness, and acute aesthetic perception that it contains.

It is, to begin with, not a biography of Rossini at all. Apart from a few vignettes of the composer at work and at play, and a small collection of stories carelessly lumped in a chapter headed "Anecdotes," Rossini the man scarcely appears in it. To be sure, the vignettes and anecdotes are often amusing. The famous one—that Rossini was so facile and so lazy that, rather than get out of bed to retrieve the manuscript of an aria that a breeze had blown to the floor, he wrote a whole new one—is told again, with some added twists. Rossini is observed dashing off complete arias at a restaurant table in the time it takes to cook his *risotto*, and dashing off others in the bedlam of Ricordi's music store in Milan or during soirées with friends, when, surrounded by conviviality, the great man, dressed in his nightshirt, grasps his pen and turns out a memorable chorus in ten minutes flat, undisturbed by the conversation. The picture, or the sketchy glimpses of it that Stendhal presents, is of an unbelievably fertile genius living in a happy era when a composer could write operas as casually and naturally as a hen lays eggs, and have a wonderful, if hand-to-mouth, time doing it. There is, no doubt, a good deal of truth in this picture, and it is enhanced by further items of interest: Rossini addressing his mother in his letters as "*All' ornatissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebre maestro;*" Rossini singing a recital of ribald songs in Bolognese dialect at the home of a cardinal, who did not understand the dialect and thought he was hearing a concert of sacred music; Rossini greeting a bishop by jumping out of bed stark naked and crying, "Do you know, my lord Bishop, wherein lies my *fundamental* claim to immortality? I will tell you; it is because I am the handsomest man alive! Canova has promised me that one day he will use me as a model for a statue of Achilles! Observe, my lord, this *leg*. When a man possesses a limb so exquisitely turned, is he not certain of immortality?" But as a biographer, Stendhal on the whole appears to be as playful and lazy as his subject—so lazy that he doesn't even bother to spell correctly the names of many of the celebrated people he mentions.

What interests him is not so much the character of Rossini as the character



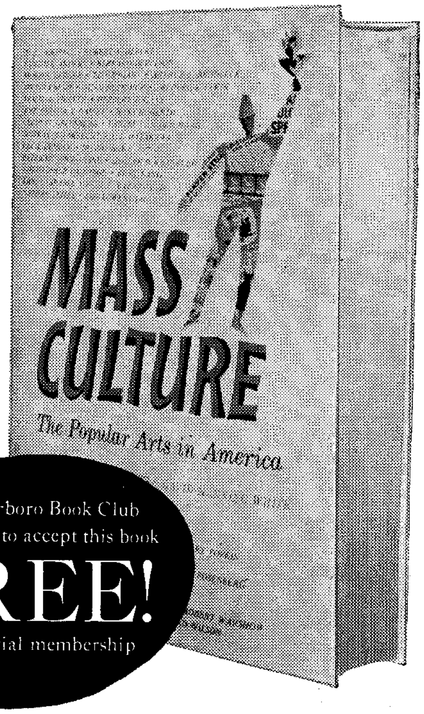
Another Marboro Book Club **Exclusive!**

THE MONUMENTAL STUDY OF

Mass Culture

A scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play

- From Mickey Spillane to Norman Vincent Peale
- From Kostelanetz to Rock-and-Roll
- From the "girlie" magazines to "Time" and "Life"
- From the Cult of Sadism to the Rituals of Conformity



The Marboro Book Club invites you to accept this book

FREE!

with a trial membership

THIS IS A BOMBSHELL OF A BOOK... a thought-provoking, fight-provoking, mercilessly honest study of our brave new world of fish-tailed automobiles, embarrassingly Freudian comic strips, orgiastic "detective" stories, and dehydrated fresh-frozen "culture". By turns stinging, hilarious, and perversely hopeful, it is the most comprehensive and significant critique of mass culture ever published—a fitting successor to *The Lonely Crowd.*

$6.50 Everywhere — Yours Free

Never until now has the scholarly world descended upon the "popular" arts with such thoroughness, such diabolical zest, and such remorseless logic. The writers of this book are justly celebrated in the academic sphere (David Reisman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald, Christopher LaFarge, Clement Greenberg, and Charles J. Rolo are just a few of them). But here their scholarship is directed at some exceedingly down-to-earth questions. *For example:*

L'il Abner Psychoanalyzed

Is L'il Abner's mother over-protective and masculine? (And if so, why did Al Capp name her Pansy?) Why do "naughty" girls in Hollywood films turn out to be "good"? (And why do good girls in French films turn out to be naughty?) Was it just a coincidence that Spillane and McCarthy happened to the same country at the same time?

No aspect of American popular culture is neglected (or spared). The hagiology and demonology of Madison Avenue... the "culture-pill" therapy of the self-help books and the digest magazines... Hollywood's contributions to theology... the rage for "nearly-classical" music... the almost clinical portrayal of advanced schizophrenia in a popular song called *Paper Doll*... the bizarre "Orwellesque" implications of *Person to Person* and *This Is Your Life*... these are just a few of the other mass-phenomena studied, diagnosed, and dissected with delightful erudition (and with utterly fascinating results).

MASS CULTURE is typical of the kind of book the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes available regularly to its members at drastically reduced prices. It has just been published at $6.50. But it is yours *without charge* if you join now.

Trial Membership Is Cancellable

You are not obligated to order any books from the Club when you send for your free copy of MASS CULTURE. Read it, enjoy it, for 2 full weeks (it is almost 600 pages long). Then, if you are not absolutely certain that you wish to remain a member, simply return the book. You'll be under no obligation and your trial membership will be cancelled. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep the book as a Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no *ordinary* book club.

A Select Circle of Readers

Like a cooperative, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of *one-half* when they buy books.

For instance, members of the MARBORO BOOK CLUB paid only $3.95 for THE MANDARINS. (Everybody else paid $6.00). THE LIVING STAGE (published at $8.00) cost members only $3.95. If you had been a member during the past year, you would have saved comparable sums on THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES, SEVEN BY COLETTE, Sartre's BEING AND NOTHINGNESS, and many, many others.

Save 50% on Books You Want Most

You will find many of these titles still available if you join now — plus, of course, the important new books that you would otherwise buy this year at higher prices—and all at the Club's remarkably low *Members'* Prices. Moreover, you will receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choosing with every 4 books you select from the scores of new and recent titles always available to members at substantial savings.

Important to Act Quickly

Meanwhile, you'll want to send for your *free* copy of MASS CULTURE and make up your own mind later about membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. So mail this coupon today while copies are still available.

> ***"Probably the best book on the subject now available. Ought to be read by everyone who still can read."***
>
> —GILBERT SELDES, ***Saturday Review.***

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS COUPON

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of MASS CULTURE. If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the free book and remain a member, I agree to buy at least 4 books during the coming year. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. Every 4 books ordered through the Club at the low Members' Prices entitle me to a free Bonus Book of my choice.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY__________________ZONE______STATE________

MY23

The Flashing Color and Excitement of 2000 years of the Corrida

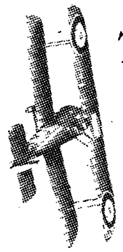
Biography of the Bulls

AN ANTHOLOGY OF SPANISH BULLFIGHTING

Edited by REX SMITH
64 superb illustrations

The story of the greatest spectacle on earth, as it has been recorded through the centuries by great writers from Pliny to Hemingway, by artists from Goya to John Groth.

"This anthology seems to me to be the very best — because it is the most vivid and the most rounded — material on that curious madness called bullfighting that I have ever seen brought together within the covers of one book . . . beautifully chosen and fitted together." — TOM LEA, author of *The Brave Bulls.* 6⅝ x 10 inches. $7.95



The Dramatic Story of the First War in the Air

They Fought for the Sky

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS
author of *Courtroom, I, Willie Sutton,* and *other best sellers*

Rickenbacker, Guynemer, Richtofen, Billy Bishop, McCudden, Billy Mitchell . . . they were a race apart, these knights of the air. They flew without parachutes or safety devices of any kind. They flew frail tinderboxes that a spark could ignite. They were individualists. So were the planes they flew. $3.95

At all booksellers

RINEHART & CO. • N. Y. 16

of Rossini's music, the relationship of this music to the mores of early-nineteenth-century Italian society, and his own conviction of the vast superiority of Italian art, social intercourse, love-making, and operatic production over corresponding phenomena in his native France. As a critic of opera, he is tireless, impassioned, and obviously knowledgeable, and he dissects the drama, the psychology, and the music of dozens of long-forgotten stage works by the Master with a racy enthusiasm that is nowadays more likely to be found in sportswriting. In the process, he throws up a continuous stream of brilliant, provocative, and, in the light of subsequent developments, perceptive ideas. He thinks of opera as the Italian substitute for the novel, which he considers a form of expression that, because of its reliance on analytical thought instead of passion, is entirely unsuited to the Italian temperament. He draws analogies between description as it appears in Sir Walter Scott and harmonic subtlety as it appears in the work of the great Germanic composers, and points out that these things, too, are foreign to the Italian genius, which is impatient of both. He fears that the piano—in his period a rather novel instrument—is about to ruin music by distracting musicians from the supreme eloquence of the human voice. He is under no illusion that Rossini is the equal of Mozart, but he distrusts Mozart's aesthetics because they are comparatively intellectual and Germanic, and he is afraid that they will corrupt the purity of the Italian operatic style. He doesn't believe in reading librettos; he feels that they are apt to interfere with the enjoyment of the music. He tells you how Italian audiences react (which is approximately how audiences react at the Yankee Stadium), how Italian opera companies are organized (he even itemizes their budgets), and that *opera buffa,* in particular, is an outlet for social and political satire in a nation where more direct forms of satire would be punished by imprisonment or death. He delivers long lectures on the art of singing, explaining how even Rossini is ruining it by writing out *fioritura* passages instead of leaving them to be improvised by the singer. His tirades against the French, whom he thinks of as a calculating, unemotional race, incapable of the abandon that is necessary to the true appreciation of opera, are a theme to which he returns on almost every other page. They are interspersed with rambling notes on the Italian judicial system, on the temperamental differences between

Your INVITATION TO POETRY

the most original anthology of verse ever published

Because a fine poet-editor recently wondered, "How may a poetry anthology be composed that will stimulate rather than deaden . . ." we now have this new approach to poetry in which the poems themselves—over two hundred of them—invite the reader to take part in a guided tour. Here, in their own words, the great poets ask—and answer—what poetry is, what poets think of themselves and each other, what poetry does in terms of sensations, emotions and ideas.

A round of poems from John Skelton to Dylan Thomas arranged with comments by Lloyd Frankenberg

Over 400 pages
$6.75 at all bookstores

DOUBLEDAY

Der crowden ben readen
mit laughen und grinnisch
der Grossfader's newen
from starten to finnisch

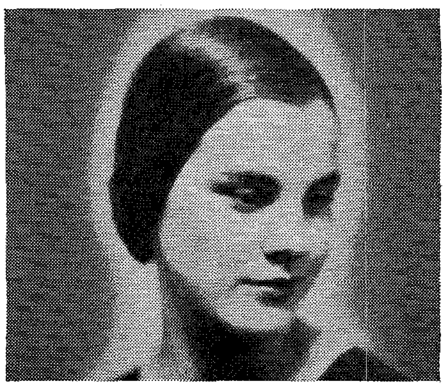
ALICE IN WUNDERBARLAND

Further tales und poems mein Grossfader told by DAVE MORRAH

On der counter also finden **Cinderella Hassenpfeffer** und **Fraulein Bo-Peepen**

$1.50 each RINEHART & CO., INC.

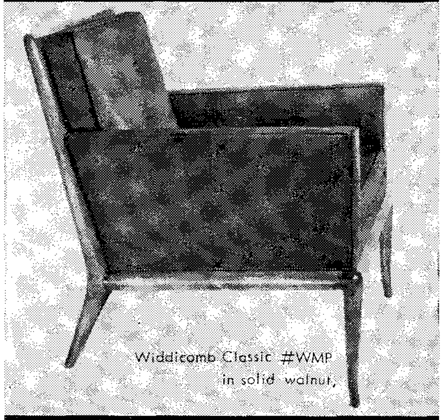
MARY McCARTHY'S



Memories of a Catholic Girlhood

$3.95 at all bookstores • HARCOURT, BRACE

WIDDICOMB
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE

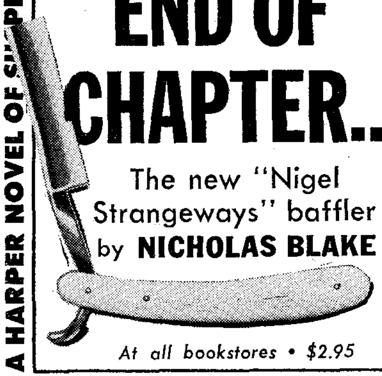

Widdicomb Classic #WMP
in solid walnut,

FOR BROCHURE SEND 10c • THE WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO • GRAND RAPIDS

EXHIBITS: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • GRAND RAPIDS • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • INDIANAPOLIS

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

END OF CHAPTER...

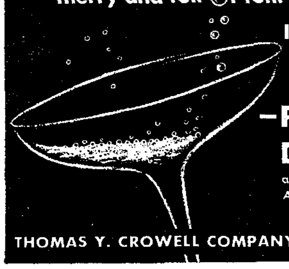

The new "Nigel Strangeways" baffler
by NICHOLAS BLAKE

At all bookstores • $2.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Of all the novels by Virginia Rowans, HOUSE PARTY is my favorite. It's gay and merry and full of fun. I wish I'd written it myself."

—Patrick Dennis
author of Auntie Mame


$3.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York 16

Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, and on the art of writing as practiced by himself, and with no end of gossip, some of it highly entertaining, about the Italian theatre. He devotes several pages, with obvious relish, to the adventures of a famous singer, Stradella, who ran away with the mistress of a Venetian grandee and, after being pursued all over Italy, was finally murdered—very operatically—by the grandee's hired assassins.

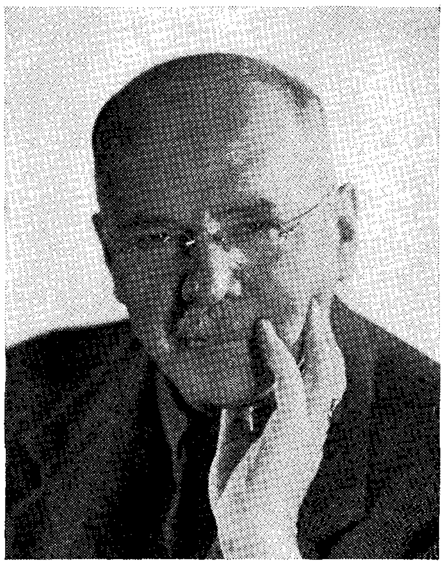
In his criticism of music, Stendhal shows an understanding of the art that is rare among major literary figures, and a responsive exuberance toward it that sometimes borders engagingly on fanaticism. He knows that it differs from the other arts in its unique capacity to express and induce passionate states of mind, and he is impatient with people who take a detached, intellectual attitude toward it. "The spectator who beholds a good *opera buffa*, unless he have the misfortune to be born *phlegmatic*, has no choice but to die, either of laughter, or else of sheer delight," he notes. And again, "In all the world there is no intolerance like that of a man of artistic sensibility. If ever you chance to meet, in artistic company, an individual who seems fair-minded and reasonable, change the subject quickly; talk to him about history or about political economy, or about some related topic; for whereas there is every possibility that he may one day turn out to be a distinguished magistrate, a fine doctor, a good husband, an excellent academician, or indeed whatever you will, he can *never* become a true connoisseur of music or painting. Never." And still again, "To enjoy the *finesse* of verbal wit requires *critical penetration* at an intellectual level; but critical penetration is the very faculty which must be jettisoned for good and all if we are to allow music to weave its elusive web of dreams about our soul; the two pleasures of sense and intellect are distinct, and the belief that both can be enjoyed at once a dangerous hallucination." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WITCHES, by Jay Williams (Random House). The narrator of this historical novel is a French swordsman and spy named Martin Marius Vinolàs, and he tells how, in the year 1591, he was chiefly responsible for uncovering a plot against the life of King James VI of Scot-

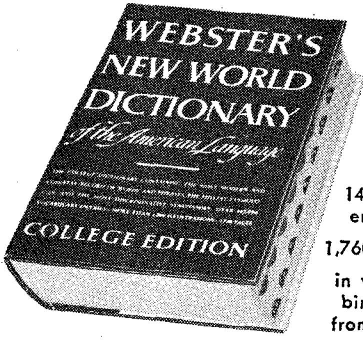
The man who reads dictionaries


H. V. KALTENBORN, dean of broadcasters and author of *It Seems Like Yesterday*, says:

"I HAVE never had a reference book of greater value than *Webster's New World Dictionary*, College Edition. Its 1760 pages of jam-packed information make it at one and the same time a dictionary, a thesaurus, an encyclopedia, an atlas, and a gazetteer. I love the spot maps, the single alphabet listing, and many other special features which, so far as I know, have never been included in a previous book of this kind."

The name Webster *alone* on a dictionary is not enough to guarantee excellence of this kind. Visit your bookseller and ask to see —

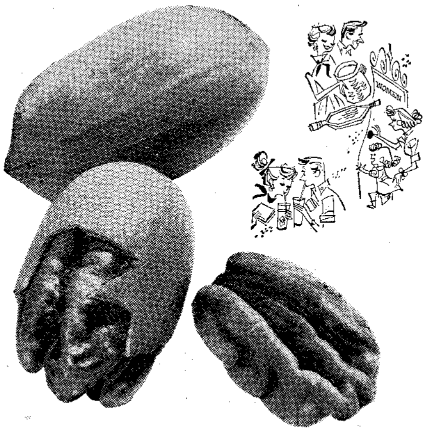
WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY



142,000 entries
1,760 pages
in various bindings, from $5.75

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Bound for sun an' fun
Stop at Stuckey's®



Motorists love Stuckey's! These friendly pecan shoppes on the highways make your traveling more pleasant. Wondrous candies, quick snacks, pure ice water, tropical gifts for friends. Rest rooms sparkle! Stop, browse—drive on refreshed. Mail coupon for money-saving travel aids.

STUCKEY'S, INC., Eastman, Ga. NY—7/13/57
Send free Courtesy Card entitling me to 2c a gallon discount on gas bought at Stuckey's Pecan Shoppes. Also Location Guide to your Shoppes.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City, State..............................

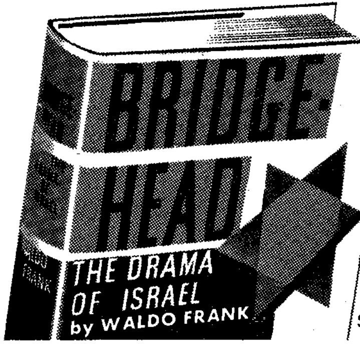
That best-selling book about childhood which **The New Yorker** calls "A classic evocation . . ." **Newsweek** calls it "magic about boyhood."

"Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing."

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH $2.95

NORTON

REINHOLD NIEBUHR says
"I am enthusiastic about it. The book has color, life and wisdom."



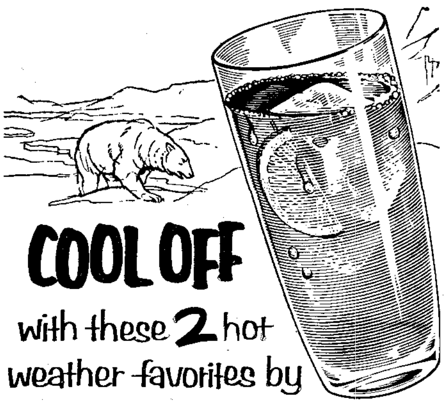
$3.75
GEORGE BRAZILLER, INC.

land, which had been planned by the Earl of Bothwell in league with a band of witches. Mr. Williams manages to imitate with unerring ease much of the knobby, somersaulting vigor of the English prose of the time, and as a result his detailed descriptions of swordplay, of the dark, windy rites of the witches, and of everyday existence in sixteenth-century Edinburgh have a doubled air of authenticity. There is, as well, a subtle, ingratiating, tongue-in-cheek tone throughout, caused, most likely, by the author's obviously complete control of both his material and his technique. A faultlessly entertaining work.

THE RED ROCK WILDERNESS, by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow). In this chilling and expertly pat tale, Andrew Colquhoun, a young and penniless Scottish journalist, makes his way to the Belgian Congo to find Dr. Ewart Clausen, a celebrated Norwegian scientist, philosopher, and humanitarian, and write his biography. In the process, he falls in love, watches Dr. Clausen's destruction—through black magic and hypnosis—by a powerful underground nationalist movement, and narrowly escapes with his life.

RIOT, by John Wyllie (Dutton). A jumpy yet curiously inert novel about a three-day native uprising in a British West African town called Port Christian. Mr. Wyllie, whose writing is full of struggling images ("leafless boughs that were as contorted as rheumatic fingers" and "houses that looked as if they had been built with packs of concrete playing cards"), deals with a variety of people—an American missionary, a European painter, an English policeman, and a Negro lawyer, among others—who pass through the uprising as if it were a kind of clearing house for their various problems instead of a brute, racial fact.

THE ASSISTANT, by Bernard Malamud (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This anxious and sombre elegy, laid in Brooklyn, concerns the slow death of an unsuccessful sixty-year-old Jewish grocer, Morris Bober, and the concurrent salvation of a wayward Italian orphan, Frank Alpine, who keeps Bober's store from bankruptcy. There is also a pitiless love affair between Bober's daughter, Helen, and Alpine, who at the end of the book sheds his former self and adopts the Jewish faith. Mr. Malamud is painfully skilled at describing the minutiae



COOL OFF with these 2 hot weather favorites by HOLLAND HOUSE

Holland House
Quinine Tonic Mix
Collins Mix

QUININE TONIC MIX
for Gin, Vodka & Other Tonic Drinks
and
COLLINS MIX
for the all-time favorites...Tom, Rum, Vodka & Whiskey Collins

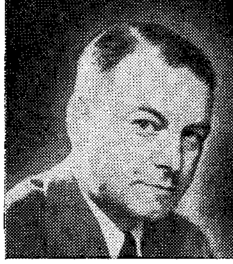
ENOUGH MIX IN EACH BOTTLE FOR 22 DRINKS

Easy to make! Add required liquor and soda. That's all! Other Holland House Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour, Old Fashioned, Side Car, Bronx.

85c Slightly higher West of the Mississippi.

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

Gilbert Highet
POETS IN A LANDSCAPE



"Fascinating and delightful"
—Saturday Review

"Discriminating and revealing"
—New York Times

$6.50

Alfred A. Knopf
Publisher

© Elliott Erwitt

an air that kills

A masterpiece of shock treatment by MARGARET MILLAR

About a man who led a double life—and died twice. $3.50, now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

of existence among the poor and irresolute.

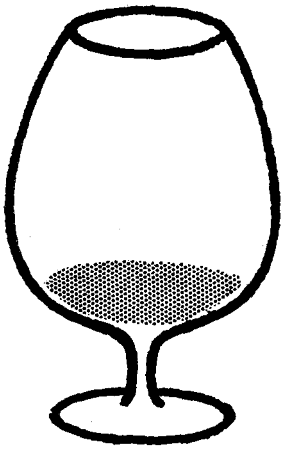
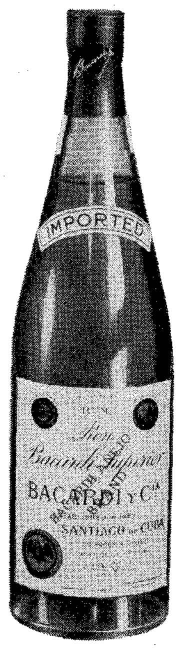
NOTE: "Tip on a Dead Jockey," a collection of ten short stories by Irwin Shaw, of which seven first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House.

GENERAL

MEN AND POWER: 1917-1918, by Lord Beaverbrook (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). In 1917, William Maxwell Aitken was thirty-eight years old; had been, in his own words, "relegated" to the peerage the year before; and, in the post of Minister of Information, was the youngest and, as he admits, the most inexperienced member of the British Government. This book, which is the first installment of a projected three-volume autobiography, takes us back to the internecine, and largely intramural, politicking that went on in England during the First World War—a time when, to English statesmen like Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Balfour, Curzon, Asquith, and Lord Derby, the primary enemy was not the Germans but the Opposition. Lord Beaverbrook writes with spirit and a touch of quiet and fairly innocent malice. Of Asquith, for instance, he says, "He repeated at intervals certain cycles of stories. If his attention was directed to a portrait of Charles James Fox he made the same remarks." And of Lord Curzon (who gets the roughest treatment in the book) he says, "Often undecided whether to desert a sinking ship for one that might not float, he would make up his mind to sit on the wharf for a day." It is a delightful book, but it is not for those who have any illusions about the dedication of men in high places. Photographs.

THE COMPACT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, by Fletcher Pratt (Hawthorn). A hundred and eighty years or so of American naval history is a large order to stuff into one volume, but the author, who died in 1956, just before the job was completed, has brought it off admirably, in an easygoing narrative style that covers all the essentials without burying the reader under a crush of facts. He traces the evolution of our naval arm from its bungled inception, in 1776, when it was little more than a collection of privateers acting pretty much on their own, on down through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and the First and Second World Wars. Mr. Pratt

OUTLOOK:
Fair and Cooler
There's a refreshing view
of beautiful Central Park
from our windows.
Exquisite air-conditioned rooms.
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
New York's only truly continental hotel
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
Charles G. Taylor, President
Teletype NY1—3646
RESERVATION OFFICES
Boston • Chicago • Philadelphia
Pittsburgh • Washington
Montreal



What! Rum in a snifter?
But, of course. This is an extraordinary rum. It's imported Cuban Bacardi Añejo (pronounced an-yay-ho), the pride of the Bacardi family, the favorite of connoisseurs.
All Cuban Bacardi is superb, of course. But Añejo is something special, even for Cuban Bacardi. Light and subtle and incomparably smooth. Unfortunately, it's limited in supply and, let us be frank, it *is* expensive.
But worth it? Try a snifter and see!
This is a bottle of Cuban Bacardi Añejo Brand
BACARDI
One of the world's great liquor names
Bacardi Imports, Inc.
595 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.
80 & 89 proof rum

SCHOLARS' DOLLARS

"What's good enough for the country's colleges is good enough for me," said a new investor to his account executive at Merrill Lynch the other day when he opened an account and placed his order.

"I've been thinking about investing for a long time," he continued, "but I always had the feeling that there was too much risk in common stocks. Then I read in the paper last week that more than half of the endowment funds of thirty-nine colleges and universities is invested in blue-chip common stocks. And I decided that if common stocks rate a place in their investment programs, they rate a place in mine, too." Amen to that.

There is, of course, always an element of risk in owning securities, but that risk can be reduced by choosing your stocks with care. And that's where we come in. Our Research Division will be glad to give you any help you need in making your selection—without charge or obligation. Just address—

FRANK V. DEEGAN
Department SB-44

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE
Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

knew enough about naval history to be a critic of warfare at sea, and this background keeps his book from being a mere recital; his chapters on the last war—particularly those dealing with the naval actions in the Pacific—are masterly expositions of a most difficult subject. This is Mr. Pratt's last book, as well as the last book of Louis Priscilla, who illustrated it, and of Captain Walter Karig, who helped put it into final shape.

FURTHER LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, edited, with notes and an introduction, by Claude Colleer Abbott (Oxford). This is a second edition (the first appeared in 1938), enlarged by a set of about sixty family letters that Hopkins wrote, chiefly to his mother, between April, 1863, when he was at Balliol, and May, 1889, a month before he died. These came to light after the death of his brother Lionel, in 1952, and are now in the Bodleian. Two crucial letters—one from Hopkins to his father on the occasion of the poet's conversion to Catholicism, and his father's reply—make it clear that the son's decision came as a severe shock and caused a break in shared family feeling and understanding. New photographs, plus appendices.

•

Claire Luce, Bill Hayes and the ever reliable Edward Everett Horton are the notables signed for the Canal Fulton Summer Theatre's 14-week season starting June 11. Miss Luce, who should not be confused with Claire Luce Booth, has been engaged to star in "Anniversary Waltz."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

We'll be very careful.

•

It's the berries that make desserts these days the spectacular treats that they are. Bright, rosy red strawberries are just beginning to arrive in local markets.

STRAWBERRY BASKET CAKE
1 Baked 9″ lawyer
1 Cup (½ pt.) fresh strawberries . . .
—*Hartford Times.*

It's not the berries that are going to make *that* cake.

•

Landon [Laird] was born in Kansas City, graduated from Westport high school and attended Kansas university at Lawrence. He was hired for one week's work at The Star by the late George Longan, then city editor. When he asked for his pay on Saturday night, Boss Longan told him: "Go back and get to work. I'll tell you when you're through." That was over 30 years ago. Lefty Laird is still very much around.—*Editor & Publisher.*

He must be awfully thin.

Voilà!
IT'LL TASTE BETTER WITH
ESCOFFIER
SAUCE! ®

Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive—and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

SAUCE DIABLE—Piquant, sharp and zesty . . . does wonders for fish and meat!

SAUCE ROBERT—uniquely spicy yet smooth . . . a must for steaks, chops and poultry.

Available at specialty food stores or send $1.10 for your choice of a bottle of Sauce Diable or Sauce Robert to Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Dept. 12, Teterboro, N. J.

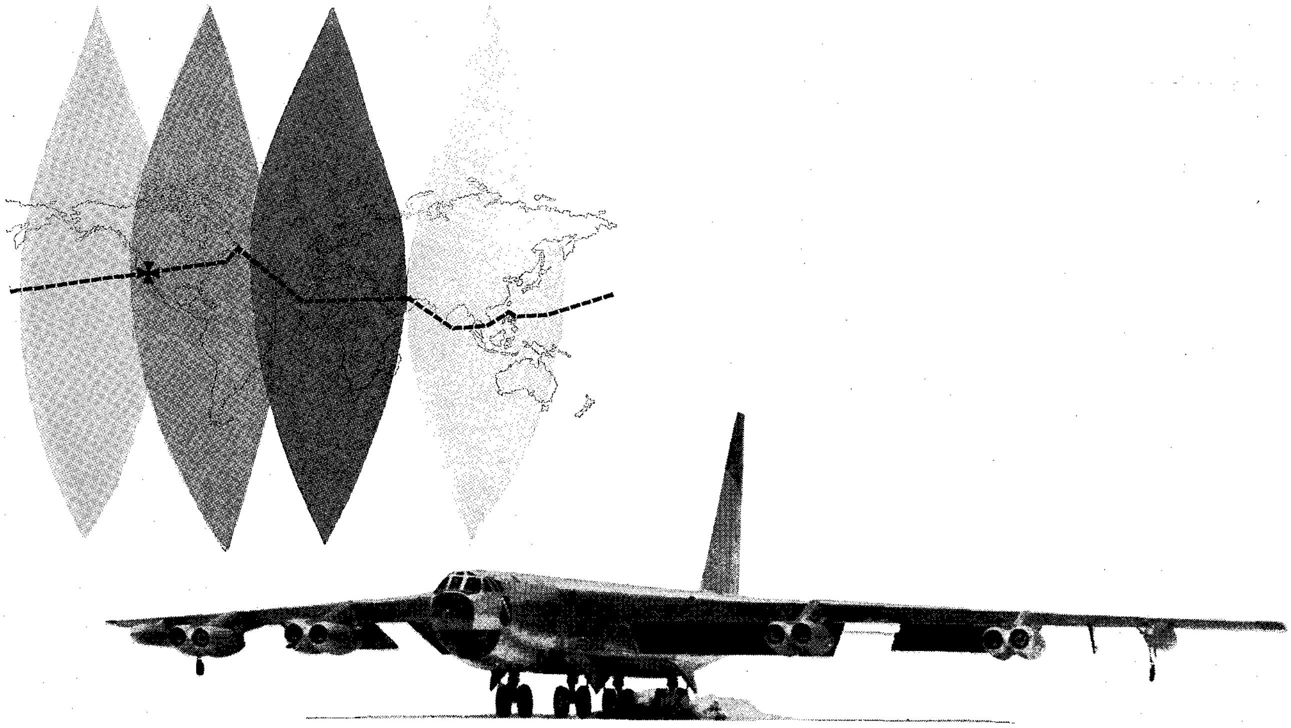
Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

a magnificent new translation of
The Masterpiece
EMILE ZOLA
translated from the French by Thomas Walton

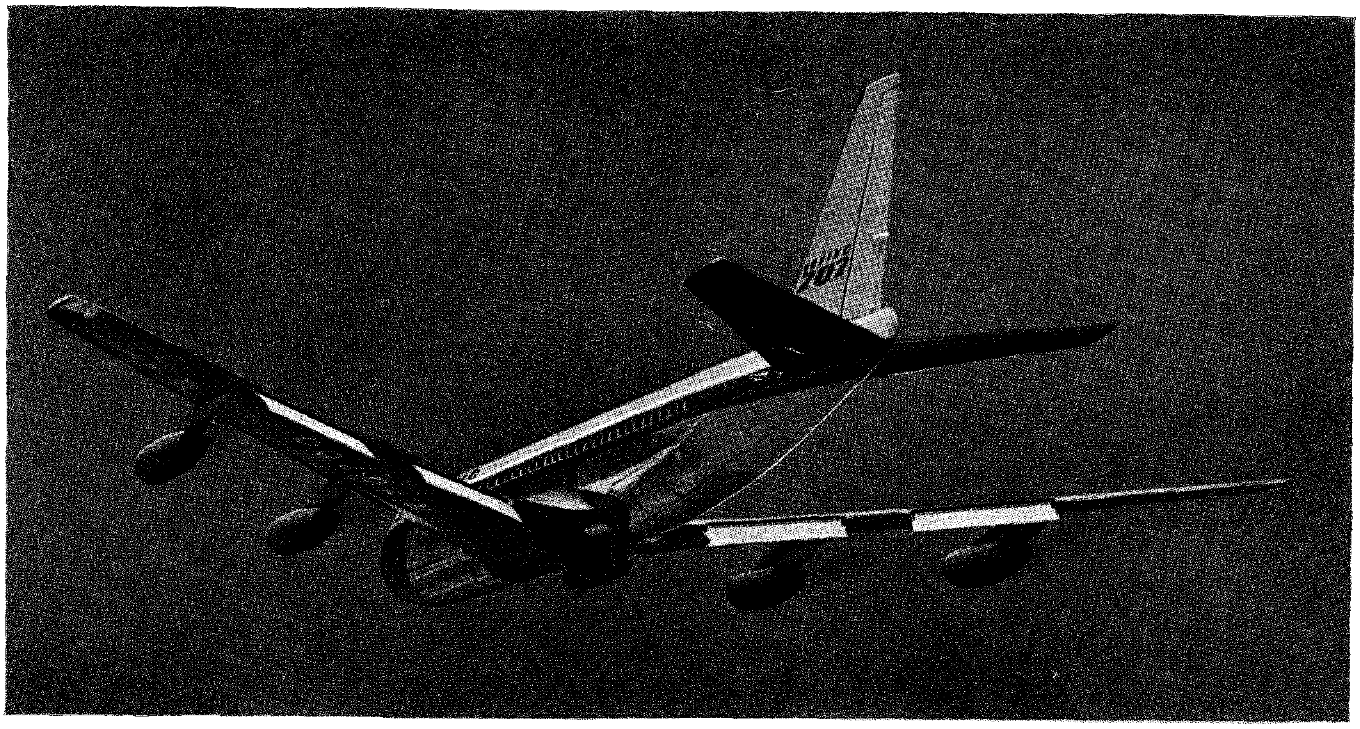
a saga of passion — in friendship, in art, in love — blending into one of the world's most sensational novels, fragments of the lives of Van Gogh, Cezanne, Manet, and Zola himself $3.75

MACMILLAN

Study Art in
East Hampton, Long Island
Under the personal direction of
VICTOR DE PAUW
Individual Instruction
Outdoor Painting Classes
Oils • Water Colors • Pastels
tel: East Hampton 4-1335



Around the world, nonstop, 45 hours, 19 minutes. Air Force makes history, flying swift, dependable B-52 Jets—by Boeing.



The Boeing 707—America's first jetliner—will bring you equally proved performance on domestic and world routes.*

BOEING 707

*AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN
B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA
PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA

Summertime Elegance
by Schenley
Schenley
Schenley
RESERVE
Schenley
GOLDEN
AGE
Gin
Schenley
SE
Elegance

Just taste the wonderful difference in summer coolers made with matchless Schenley Reserve and golden-smooth Schenley Golden Age Gin. That difference is *Elegance*... the next step beyond perfection!

This Emblem is your assurance of *Elegance*

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. SCHENLEY RESERVE BLENDED WHISKY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY GOLDEN AGE GIN, DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 90 PROOF.